THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD
THIS PRINTING 715,000

# Esquire

## • THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH
1944

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

INVEST IN WAR BONDS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

### ARTICLES
PAUL GALLICO
ADOLF CASPARY
JOSEPH WECHSBERG
SIGMUND SAMETH
ROBERT GOFFIN
RICHARD LAUTERBACH
ALBERT A. OSTROW
R. H. PHELPS
HARRY SALPETER

### FICTION
DONALD BARR CHIDSEY
EDWIN LANHAM
ARTHUR MANN
FRANK X. TOLBERT
DWIGHT CUMMINS
DAVID DRESSER
ROBERT FONTAINE

### ART
JOHN FALTER
REVINGTON ARTHUR
ALEXANDER LEYDENFROST
LESLIE SAALBURG

### PHOTOGRAPHY
GEORGE HURRELL
HENRY WAXMAN
JON ABBOT
GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF
BUDDY LONGWORTH
SIDNEY RAVITZ

### VERSE
PHIL STACK

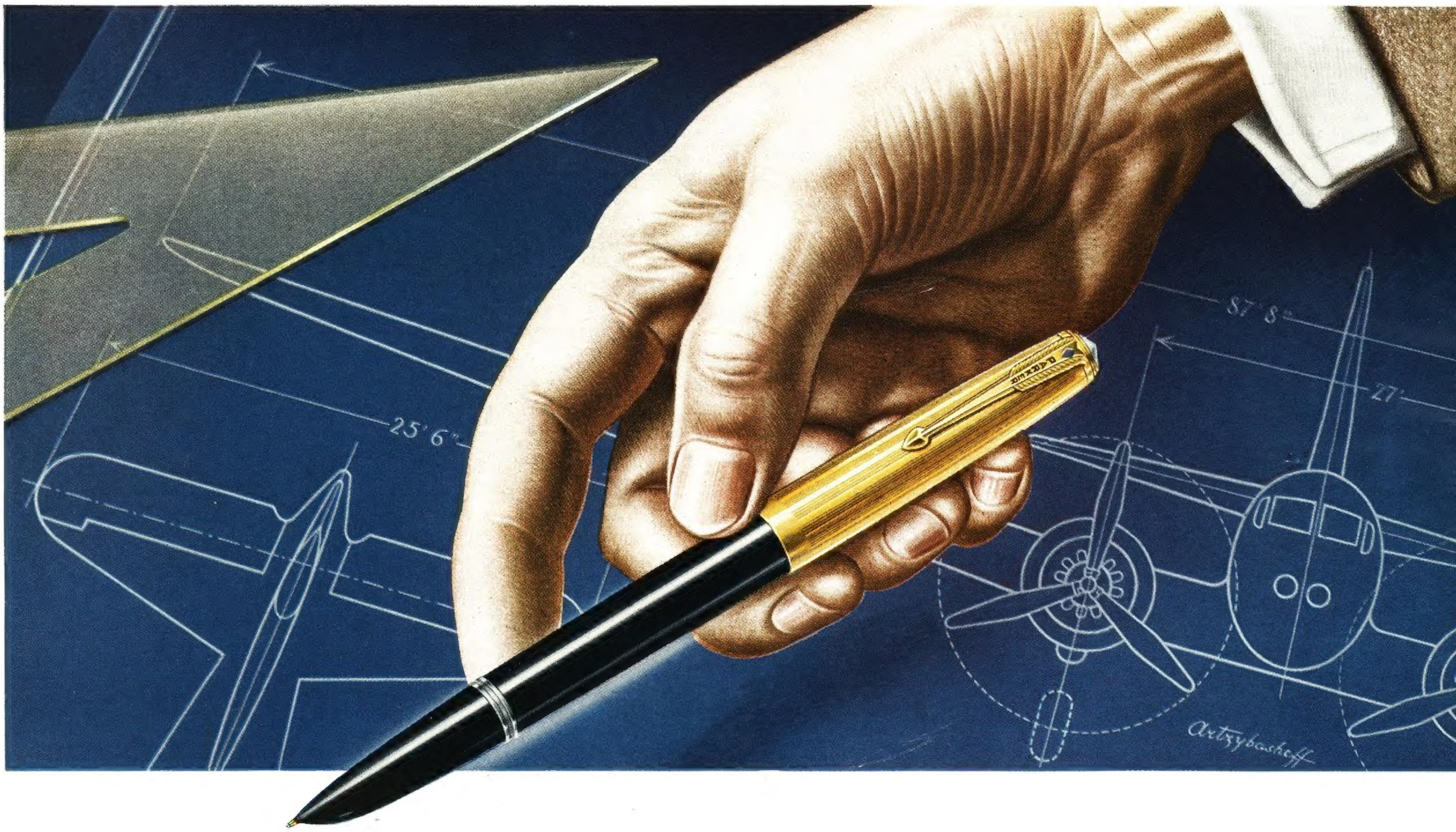
### SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
COL. HARVEY L. MILLER
SAM BYRD
W. C. HEINZ
VINCENT D. LUNNY

### DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
BENNETT CERF
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
BRUCE PATTERSON
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

### CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
CARL ROSE
GARRETT PRICE
IRVING ROIR
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 172

# *If you find them scarce . . .*



# *there is a wartime reason!*

AT ATTENTION IN your fingers . . . the Parker "51" is bound to kindle rare excitement.

Its beauty is the beauty of a plane in flight. Its precision is that of a fine machine. The "torpedo" point starts instantly on contact with paper . . . brings a new conception of smoothness to every writing task.

Naturally, your American eagerness says, "This is the fountain pen for me!"

And so it is. But you may have to wait. You see, the making of *all* pens is now limited by government order. In fact, even before Pearl Harbor, Parker *voluntarily* cut its production of fine fountain pens to speed the creation of vital war goods.

So successful has Parker been in turning out precision equipment such as fuzes, primers and detonator caps that it is America's *only* penmaker to win the Army-Navy "E" for Excellence!

If a new pen is essential to your war assignments—or to write letters of cheer to your fighter—place an order for a Parker "51". It's the *only* pen of its kind – protected by basic U. S. Patents. This pen *alone* can use the new Parker "51" Ink—the *world's fastest drying ink!* Dries as you write. You need no blotter. Of course, the Parker "51" can be used with any ink if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors: Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. World famous Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

★

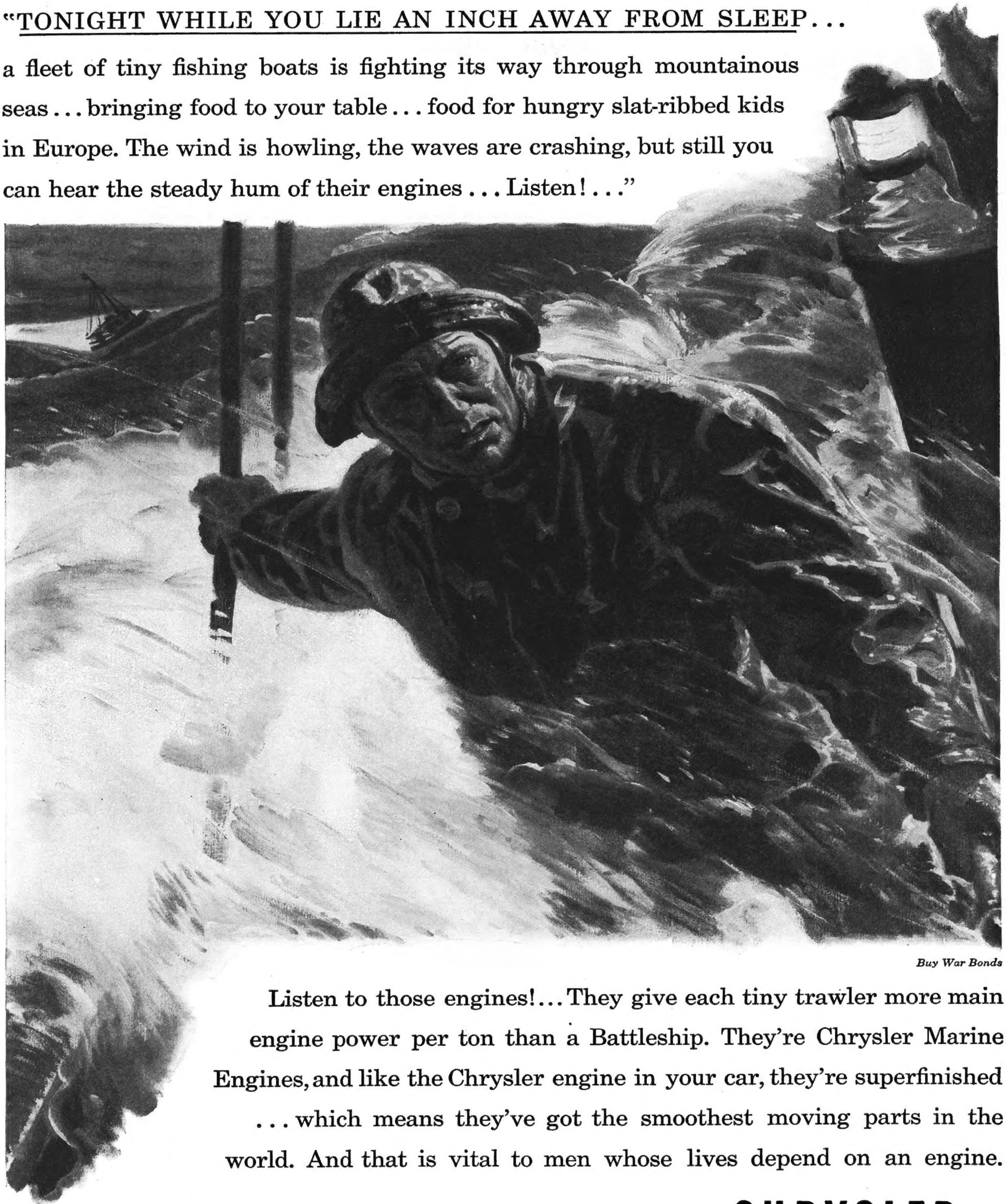
**Make your dollars fight — BUY WAR BONDS NOW!**

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

# PARKER "51"

"TONIGHT WHILE YOU LIE AN INCH AWAY FROM SLEEP...

a fleet of tiny fishing boats is fighting its way through mountainous seas... bringing food to your table... food for hungry slat-ribbed kids in Europe. The wind is howling, the waves are crashing, but still you can hear the steady hum of their engines... Listen!..."



*Buy War Bonds*

Listen to those engines!...They give each tiny trawler more main engine power per ton than a Battleship. They're Chrysler Marine Engines, and like the Chrysler engine in your car, they're superfinished ... which means they've got the smoothest moving parts in the world. And that is vital to men whose lives depend on an engine.

**WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION**

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

**CHRYSLER**

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

# FLORSHEIM *Quality*

## FOR **LONGER** RATIONED WEAR

The VIKING S-1111

***Our Best Post-War Plan for TOMORROW:***
***"Make TODAY'S Florsheim Shoes Last Longer"***

Our wartime job today is to make *fewer* shoes go farther—by building *better* shoes—so that Florsheim wearers will get enough, our fighting men get more; so that men can under-spend on shoes and over-spend on Bonds; so that the *extra* pairs we don't make and you don't buy can help bring Victory one day closer.

*Most Styles*
*$10^{50} and $11*

**Florsheim** *Shoes*

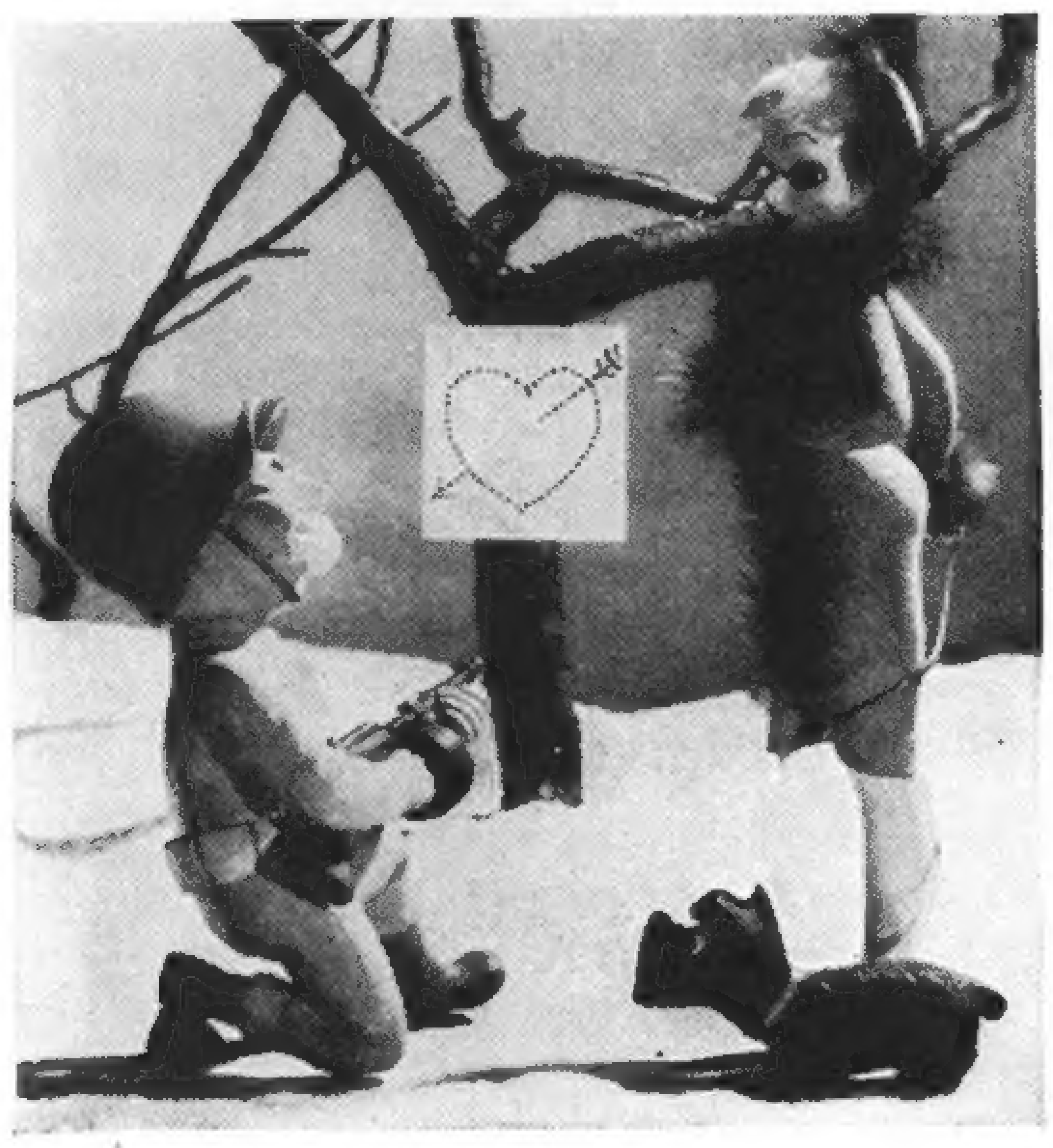
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

# Esquire

**THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1944 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

*Publisher:* **David A. Smart**
*Edited by* **Arnold Gingrich**



***Asst. Editor:***
Bernard Geis
***Board of Editors:***
***Fiction***
Max Wilkinson
***Non-Fiction***
Harriet Paddock
Genevieve Pfleeger
***Features***
Georgette Carneal
Bruce Patterson
***Sports***
Ralph Cannon
***Fashion***
O. E. Schoeffler
Dora Deane
***Research***
Fritz Bamberger
***Production***
Gus Berkes
***Format***
Don May
***Graphics***
Tony Palazzo
***Circulation***
A. L. Blinder
***Associate Editors:***
A. D. Pitney
Helene Richards
Edith Roberts
Mary Vested
J. L. Cates

## CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1944

Page

### ARTICLES

War Is a Business, As Usual. .*History has repeatedly proved the fat purse always wins if the people holding it aren't afraid to shell out* . . . . Adolf Caspary 29
My Wife Is a Lady . . . . . . . *Exposing some nice distinctions of manners and morals by which you know the Colonel's lady from Sister O'Grady* . . . Anonymous 30 ℞
The Death of a Sailor . . . . . *Reinhardt J. Keppler might have survived his wounds had he not stayed to fight the fire and rescue his comrades* . . . Paul Gallico 32
Victory Garden in Retrospect. .*Last year's amateur with the hoe is this year's sage, so here's a chance to profit by his trials and errors* . . . . . . . . . R. H. Phelps 40
Honorable Composer Big Click. .*The ship's orchestra's weird improvisation, together with mass suggestion, panicked Jap connoisseurs* . . . . . . Joseph Wechsberg 45 ℞
Boss of the Bomber . . . . . . . *Picture yourself the flight engineer and top gunner of a Flying Fortress on a bombing mission from England* . . . . Sigmund Sameth 51
The End of an Era . . . . . . . *In her heyday as America's superwoman, Mrs. Harrison Williams stood for the extreme right side of the tracks*. . Richard E. Lauterbach 54
Bix at Lake Forest . . . . . . . *Success formula suggested by Beiderbecke's school career is: make sure you're a genius, then be expelled* . . . . . . . . . . . Robert Goffin 59
Five Ways to Win at Checkers. .*National checkers champion Harold Fischer presents five fascinating problems together with their solutions*. Albert A. Ostrow 67

### DEPARTMENTS

*Correspondence:* The Sound and the Fury. .*No quarter in the war of words* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 10
*Contributors:* Backstage with Esquire. . .*Home life of the scribes* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 24
*The Lively Arts:* Singing and Dancing and Fun. .*So ballet has come into its own* . . . . . Gilbert Seldes 70
*Books:* Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf. . .*Stumping for* The Barefoot Mailman . . . . . . . . . Bennett Cerf 88
*Camp Humor:* Goldbricking with Esquire. .*Laughter from the boys in uniform* . . . . . Bruce Patterson 90
*Edibles:* Man the Kitchenette. .*Remarking the virtues of soup, beautiful soup* . . . . . . . . . Iles Brody 92
*Theatre:* First Nights and Passing Judgments. .*The good intentions of Moss Hart*. George Jean Nathan 94
*Wearables:* After Uniforms, What?. .*Servicemen pioneer new and practical garments*. O. E. Schoeffler 104
*Discs:* Esquire on the Record. . *Best sellers, quick ones and steady goers* . . . . . . . . . . . Gilbert Seldes 106

### FICTION

Cerbere and the Nazi Officer. .*It seemed he was too weary to cope with his young, vigorous wife or the Germans who came to his bistro* . . . . . . . . Edwin Lanham 38
The Morale Builder . . . . . . *They challenged one of the half-starved Yankee prisoners to battle a Jap jujitsuer before the war school students* . . . . . . . . Arthur Mann 46
Good Night, Sweetheart. . .*The only flaw in an otherwise perfect evening was that unopened V-mail letter from her soldier husband* . . . . Donald Barr Chidsey 52
The Winning of Muscle Shoals Mike. .*It was both humiliating and saddening to Murdo MacBain to lose his bird dog in a game of chance*. . Frank X. Tolbert 60
Bridge Is So Relaxing . . . . . *Mr. Andrews warned his trusting wife that the new couple from New York might not play their friendly kind of game*. . Davis Dresser 68
The Girdle of General Glugg. .*At first General Ananzia laughed at his aide's suggestion that the stays might conceal state secrets* . . . . . . . . . . Robert Fontaine 75
A Disreputable Interlude. .*Exciting narrative based on likely rumors to fill in a mysterious gap in John Paul Jones' career*. Theodore Goodridge Roberts 80 ℞
The Babe at the Senior Ball. .*Her letter carried the same perfume she had worn twenty years ago before he married the dowered Martha*. . Dwight Cummins 82

### PERSONALITIES

High Register Colorist. . . . *Revington Arthur paints from memory and imagination and his forte seems to be landscape rather than portraiture* . . . . Harry Salpeter 87

### PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . . . . . . . . *Cupid in 1944* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
Keeper of the Faith . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* John Falter 33
The Varga Girl . . . . . . . . . . . *Pistol Packin' Mama* . . . . . . . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack, *Painting by* Varga 35
Broadway for the Boys. . . . Early to Bed . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Photograph by* Jon Abbot 49
American Beauties, Western Style. .*Ann Savage* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 50
American Beauties, Eastern Style. . .*Betty Jane Hess* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Photograph by* Jon Abbot 55
Among Hollywood's Nebulae. .*Wanda McKay* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 56
Stage Door Esquire . . . . . . . *Cuties at the Club Versailles* . . . . . . . . *Photograph by* George Serebrykoff 58
Hollywood . . . Set to Music. .*Irene Manning* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Photograph by* Buddy Longworth 71
Old Time Songs. .*A Bird in a Gilded Cage*. .*Design by* Staples-Smith: *Photograph by* Sidney Ravitz 72
Insignia of Rank for United States and British Army Officers. . . . *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 74
Anything for a Laugh . . . . . *A portfolio of cartoons* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Drawings by* Howard Baer 84
A Selection of Four Paintings.*from the Babcock Galleries, New York*. *Paintings by* Revington Arthur 86
Our Navy's Catalina Carries On. .*History of the PBY* . . . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 132

### SPORTS

Boxing Needs No Defense.*Counter punchers excel in jungle combat* . . . Col. Harvey L. Miller, USMC 37 ℞
Eastern vs. Western Ski Sitting. .*Contrasting Sun Valley and Vermont techniques* . . . . . W. C. Heinz 48
A Byrd on the Links . . . . . . *Big league batter finds golf tougher than baseball* . . . . . . . . . . . . Sam Byrd 62
The Best Team Seldom Wins. .*There's something rotten in the Stanley Cup award*. .Vincent D. Lunny 76
The Esquire Sports Poll. . .*Voters okay taxation for recreation* . . . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 78
The Sporting Scene . . . . . . . *Shall we give the golf course back to the gophers?* . . . . . . . . . Herb Graffis 99

### BRIEFS

Ye Old Ski Trooper . . . . . . . *An interview with Hannes Schneider at North Conway*. . Edwin M. Rumill 102
Prep Bastion of Basketball. .*About the high school champions of Paris, Illinois* . . . . . . . . . Mark Cox 112
Comedy from the Field of Sport. .*True baseball and football anecdotes* . . . . . . . . . . . . Ralph Cannon 147

### TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories. . .*Sketched by* Goodman, Underhill, Fellows and Hughes. *beginning on* 108

ESQUIRE
March, 1944
Vol. XXI, No. 3
Whole No. 124

T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

# EDITORIAL: Representative expressions on the action of the Postmaster General vs. Esquire

***New York Times—1-2-44***

The magazine Esquire (circulation 695,000) has always operated on a simple formula—that men are men. Started in Chicago ten years ago as a men's fashion magazine, it published stories by big-name authors and liberally sprinkled the pages with flashy color cartoons. Soon no dentist's office or first-class barber shop was decently furnished without it. Over a decade its slogan has been "more smileage," the drawings of its curvaceous, thinly clad Varga Girl—drawn by Peruvian-born artist Alberto Varga—its chief stock-in-trade.

Last week the Varga Girl's fate seemed to hang in the balance. The Postoffice Department ordered Esquire deprived of its second-class mailing privileges. Esquire failed, said Postmaster General Walker, to disseminate information "of a public character or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts or some special industry."

The Postmaster General's action grew out of hearings begun two months ago to determine whether, as the postoffice accused, Esquire was "obscene, lewd and lascivious." In its defense Esquire had soberly marshaled the evidence.

The Postmaster's three-man board finally brought in the verdict: Not guilty. The Postmaster General's ruling followed nevertheless. To his decision, David A. Smart, 51-year-old publisher of Esquire replied, "It leaves me speechless. We'll take it immediately to Federal court."

***New York Herald-Tribune—12-31-43***

It is one of the oddest, not to say most preposterous, rulings ever handed down by a bureaucrat.

We are not defending the "taste" of "Esquire"; sometimes it has seemed atrocious. But that is wholly beside the point. To say, as Mr. Walker does, that the magazine has no standing as literature or art is silly on the face of it. The magazine numbers among its contributors and regular departmental writers outstanding names; some of its artists likewise are among the best. To bar "Esquire" for the reason given, while permitting floods of the most puerile and vapid stuff imaginable to fill our newsstands—stuff that under no stretch of the imagination could be regarded as having any literary pretensions—is to indulge in an odd form of reasoning.

Mr. Walker's position is completely untenable. It is amusing, but it is pretty serious business, too. Our friends the Australians have an excellent word for a censorious gentleman such as Mr. Walker: the word is "wowser."

***Louisville Courier-Journal—1-1-44***

If the Postmaster General intends to apply to all publications now enjoying second-class mailing privileges the standards he has quoted in the case of *Esquire,* then mailing permits may be expected to flutter like leaves in autumn. For there must be dozens of magazines now secure in their right to second-class mail rates which a strict interpretation would rule to be unconcerned with literature, the arts, the sciences, industry or the "dissemination of information of a public character." It would be possible for *Esquire's* publishers to make a case for themselves on several of the foregoing points if the arbiters were unbiased. If they were not, then several widely circulated publications are equally ready for the ban imposed upon *Esquire.*

The irritating aspect of the whole furore is that many persons who personally dislike the superficialties which are so much a part of *Esquire's* style are now forced to its defense by what seems an unjustifiably high-handed action.

If a fitness to participate in second-class mailing rates is now to become a positive matter, weighable count by count instead of the merely negative one of refraining from obscenity as formerly, then Mr. Walker must get busy on a whole gamut of publications. If he does not do so, and *Esquire* alone is ruled to be non-artistic, non-literary, non-scientific and non-informative, then he will have furnished a depressing example of an official who permits personal prejudice to decide public questions.

***Atlanta Constitution—1-3-44***

(Dorothy Thompson)

Mr. Walker says, "the language of the mailing act is plain and specific. Whatever the featured and dominant pictures, prose and verse of this publication may be, they are not 'information of a public character, or literature, the sciences, arts or some special industry.'"

Mr. Walker, if they are not, what are they? What for instance, is "literature," and what are "arts"?

Mr. Walker does not attempt to define either literature or art. He simply rules that what appears in Esquire does not belong in these categories.

Apparently this officious guardian of public culture has not consulted the dictionary.

Webster defines "art" as among other things, "the graphic arts in which conception and creation are dominated by an aesthetic intention, as architecture, painting, engraving, sculpture."

"Aesthetic" is defined as "of or pertaining to the beautiful as distinguished from the merely pleasing, the moral the useful."

"Beautiful" is defined as "delightful to the sense, strikingly fit, or especially pleasing."

"Art" is also defined by the New Oxford Dictionary as, "skill as the result of knowledge and practice, or skill applied to the arts of imitation; the gratification of taste . . ." And "taste" is defined—among other things—as, the fact or condition of preferring something . . . that which relishes and prefers."

Now let us apply these accepted definitions to even Mr. Varga's drawings.

They certainly belong to the graphic. They are certainly dominated by the "intention to delight the senses." They certainly display "skill as the result of knowledge and practice," and they certainly are "relished and preferred."

It is the fact that they do all these things that perturbs the miserable hypocritical politician who both sets himself up as public censor and displaces the Academy of Arts and Letters.

Leaving Mr. Varga aside, hardly a magazine in America has devoted as much space to reproductions of paintings by young American artists as Esquire.

What is "literature," Mr. Walker? The New Oxford defines it, among other things, as "writings esteemed for beauty of form or emotional effect." It is also defined by Webster as "writings distinguished by artistic form or emotional appeal." And Webster says, "the word is often applied to the whole body of writings on a particular subject without regard to their excellence."

There is nothing in the regulation that says that magazines enjoying mailing privileges must be devoted to "good" art or "good literature." For it was certainly not the intention of the regulation to make the postmaster general a public censor of art and letters.

But if Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, D. H. Lawrence, Sholem Asch, Maurice Maeterlinck, Thomas Wolfe and John Steinbeck, all of whom have been contributors to Esquire, are not men of letters then, Mr. Walker, kindly state who are?

But the infuriating thing is that for months Esquire and other magazines have been sending advance dummies to Mr. Walker, who has then cut out and censored words used by authors and not to his taste. One was "backside."

Mr. Walker, what do you call a "backside"? Do you think the word might offend ten million American soldiers?

Esquire will not be the first magazine nor its writers the last to be passed upon by the postmaster.

That is why the issue concerns every artist and writer in America.

***Philadelphia Record—1-5-44***

It's a capricious ruling to anyone who believes that taste isn't a matter for the censors. In consequence, a great many people who don't read Esquire are waiting to salute the day when the Supreme Court overrules Mr. Walker.

***St. Louis Post-Dispatch—1-3-44***

The ruling is arbitrary and reactionary, smacking of Fascist philosophy of official regulation of the lives of citizens. The Rev. Daniel A. Poling, an outstanding minister and editor of the Christian Herald, expressed the simple truth when he described the ruling as 'something dangerous which must not be allowed to stand'.

***Providence Evening Bulletin—1-3-44***

Whether Esquire is a magazine of literary or artistic merit is a matter of individual like or dislike. We do not like it. But what is at issue here is the power of one man arbitrarily to censor a publication . . . because of his personal judgment of its merits. The injustice of this case is obvious. This is a government of law, not of men.

***Joplin-Globe—1-6-44***

That one man's personal opinions should determine what publications are entitled to the mails and what are not is so obviously a scuttling of the principles of freedom of the press it is inconceivable that Walker's fiat shall be allowed to stand. It is like giving a man trial for life by jury and then arrogantly reversing the jury's "not guilty" verdict.

***Atlanta Journal—1-6-44***

(O. B. Keeler)

It seems quite possible that he might decide that some of the columns and articles in newspapers about sports (for instance), while not actually harmful, still were not essential "to the public welfare and the public good." I've seen some sports units myself, and have probably written a good many, which wouldn't stack up very improvingly against a model pattern of "the public good."

***Hartford Courant—1-3-44***

The latest ukase by Postmaster General Walker is no decision at all, but a total evasion and a masterly passing of the buck. He not only overrules the findings of his own official three-man board, which could not be convinced that *Esquire* was actually obscene, potentially a menace to the youth and morals of this land; he also deliberately dodges that question in order to plump for something so patently absurd that his own decision, on the face of it, is by that very act invalidated.

Sex is still a fact of life, pictures or no pictures, and *Esquire* will not stand or fall by that standard alone. Instead it has a clear case for appeal to the Federal Courts. It can definitely prove that it *has* contributed to "the public welfare and the public good" by the publication of articles on the arts, sciences and literature. One more bureaucrat has simply made himself look rather foolish.

***Kansas City Star—1-1-44***

Frank C. Walker, postmaster general, may not know much about art (or literature) but he knows what he likes—and dislikes. If he likes the pictures and reading matter in a magazine, the rest of us 130 million can get the magazine through the usual second class mail channel. We can look, read and holler about our pleasure until we are silly.

But, if Postmaster General Walker doesn't like what is between the covers, look out! We will have to reform ourselves in his image or slink off to a newsstand and hide our shame the best we can, unless the magazine can pay a prohibitive postage cost. The man appointed to handle our mail now decides what we can receive by mail. Our moral art and reading tastes are to be protected against anything that violates Mr. Walker's own moral art and reading tastes. All 130 million of us can feel as cozy and safe as the chicks under the warm feathers of mother hen.

***Chicago Sun—1-1-44***

Whatever one's opinion of the moral standards of *Esquire's* editors, the magazine contains many informative articles and much serious fiction as well as "entertainment" features. Where shall we draw the line between that type of magazine and another which emphasizes the "information" a little more and the "entertainment" a trifle less? How shall one decide that a woman's magazine, largely devoted to light fiction, is entitled to second-class mail rates though *Esquire* is not? And how guarantee that some future postmaster general will not use the "morals" approach to punish a magazine for political opposition?

***New York Post—1-5-44***

On the one hand, we have the Federal Department of Justice obtaining indictments against 30 persons on charges of working with German agents to undermine the morale of our armed forces, and to set up a fascist dictatorship in this country.

On the other hand, we have the Federal Postmaster General taking drastic discriminatory action against—what do you suppose? The scurrilous little papers and magazines by which the Dirty Thirty carried on their work? "The Broom," "X-Ray," etc.?

Not a bit. The magazine to which Postmaster General Walker has just denied vital second class mailing privileges is "Esquire."

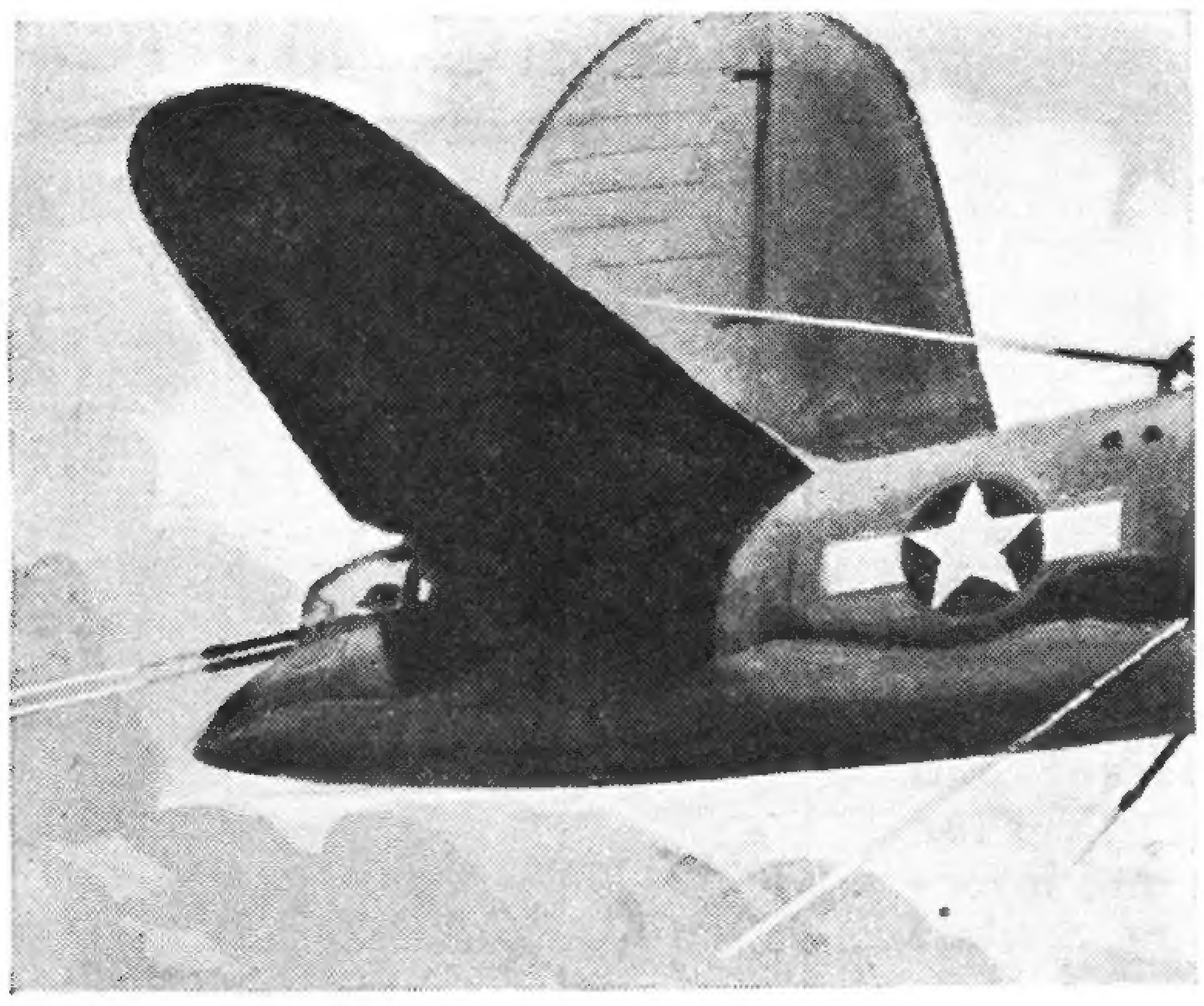
Why? Will someone tell us why? What goes on here?

We think Postmaster General Walker has lost his right to continue in office by his bizarre action against "Esquire."

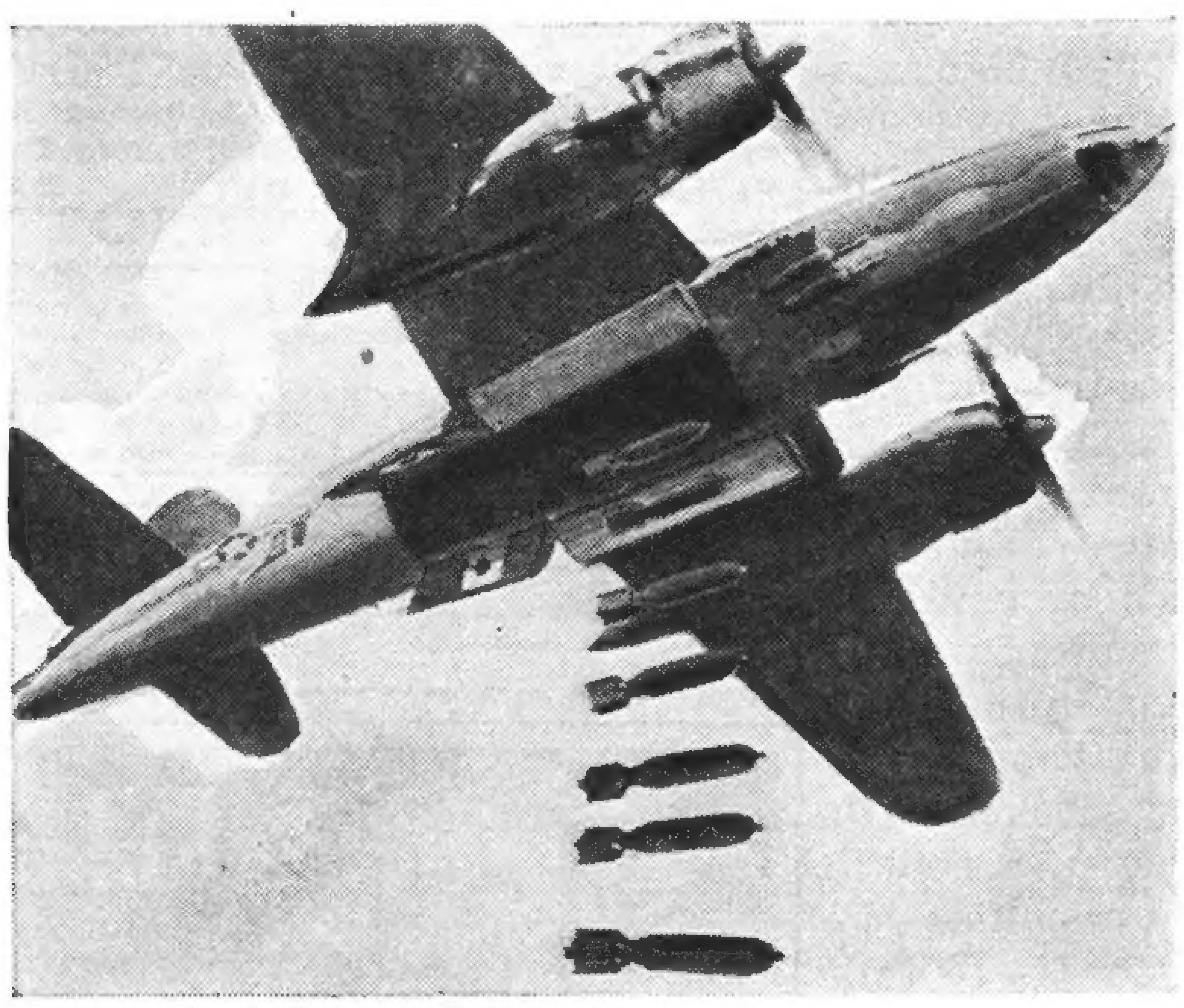
Meanwhile Mr. Walker's postmen have been carrying the filthy papers mentioned above. In fact, when the Lynch bill was recently proposed in Congress, to ban race-hate publications from the mails, Mr. Walker opposed it. He said he didn't want to have to make decisions about the political content of publications. Bare knees drive him frantic, but fascist publications don't rouse him to action. We think the issue is much bigger than merely reinstating "Esquire." We think the issue is the removal of Mr. Walker.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

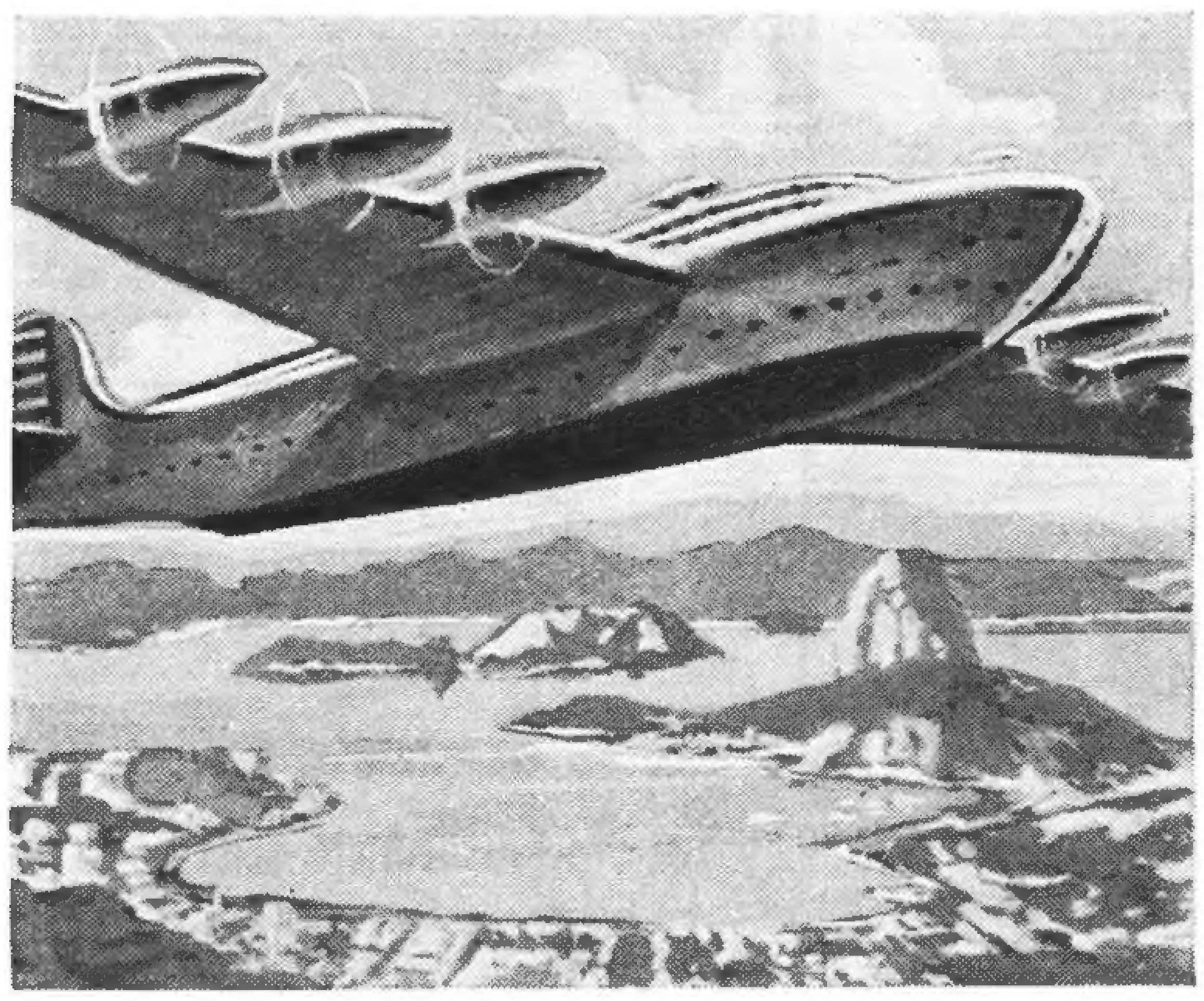
Your copy of Esquire will continue to come to you through the United States mails. The Postmaster wants us to pay fourth class rates of postage, which are more expensive than the second class rates we are now paying. The Federal Courts (up to the Supreme Court, if necessary) will decide whether your copy comes to you in the future at second class or fourth class rates of postage.



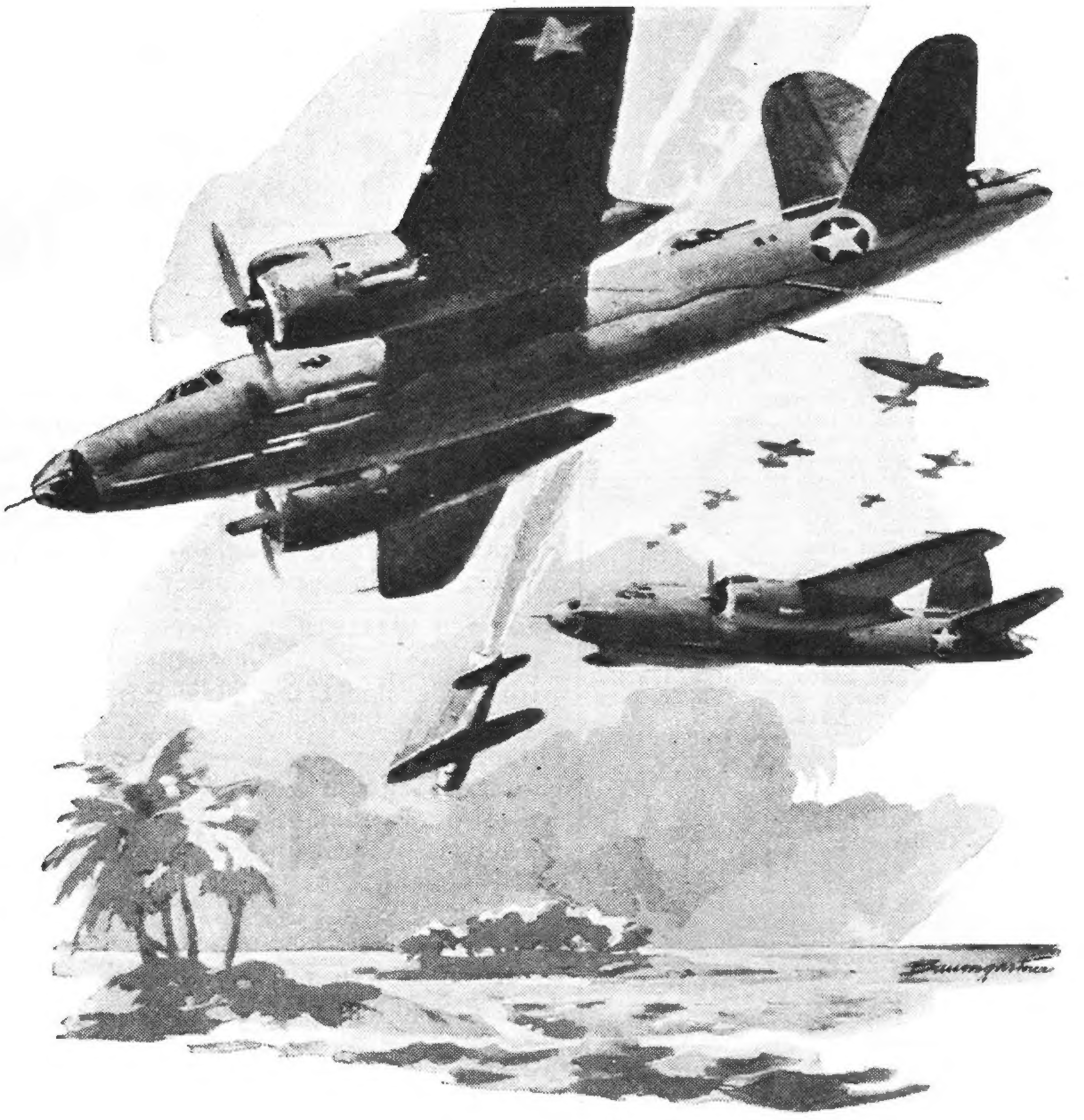
***Firepower:*** Lethal tail turret of Marauder contains two of the many heavy guns mounted on this aerial arsenal. Newer Marauders have over twice the firepower of the ones which rang up the 90-to-6 score over New Guinea. Gun turrets designed and manufactured by Martin . . . America's first . . . are standard not only on Martin-built ships but on many other types of American planes as well.



***Bombpower:*** Within their perfectly streamlined fuselages Marauders carry an annihilating load of bombs . . . more, in fact, than carried by some heavy bombers. They may unleash several blockbusters, scores of fragmentation bombs, or hundreds of incendiaries, depending upon their mission. Such pulverizing bombpower enables them to blanket target areas, to overwhelm enemy ground defenses.



***Airpower*** already is remaking tomorrow's world. For example, Martin has designed giant airliners of 125 tons, is planning others of 250 tons and more. Carrying scores of passengers, providing every comfort, these great luxury liners will make London an overnight hop from New York: Rio, a single day's flight: Australia, no more than a weekend jaunt. Tomorrow—for comfort, speed and safety, fly Martin!



# How Martin Marauders rolled up a 90 to 6 score in New Guinea

DURING the dark days of 1942 a group of Martin Marauders was rushed to hard-pressed Australia. These deadly medium bombers blasted Jap installations, wrecked Jap airfields, sank Jap ships, strafed Jap ground troops. When the Jap juggernaut finally shuddered to a stop, it was found that the Marauders had downed 90 Zeros in aerial combat against a loss of only 6 Martins.

### SECRET OF THE MARAUDERS' SUCCESS

How were the Marauders able to score such an overwhelming victory? The answer is *power* . . . terrific bombpower to completely demolish their objectives in one swift devastating attack . . . and withering firepower from every angle to rip apart enemy interceptors seeking to bar their way. Such heavy bombload and weight of armament, carried at rocket-like speed, make the Martin Marauder no ship for grandma to fly . . . but in the hands of America's best pilots it's the hottest, hardest-hitting thing on wings!

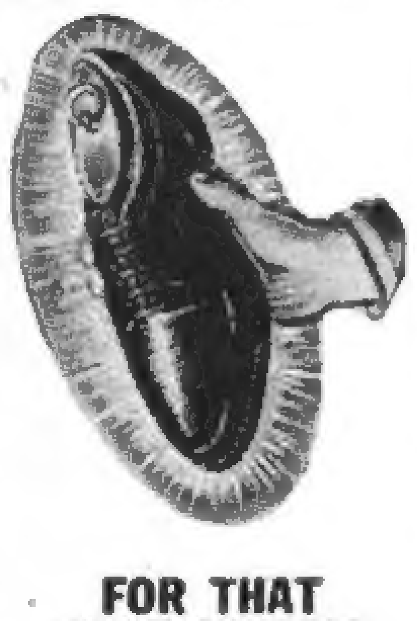
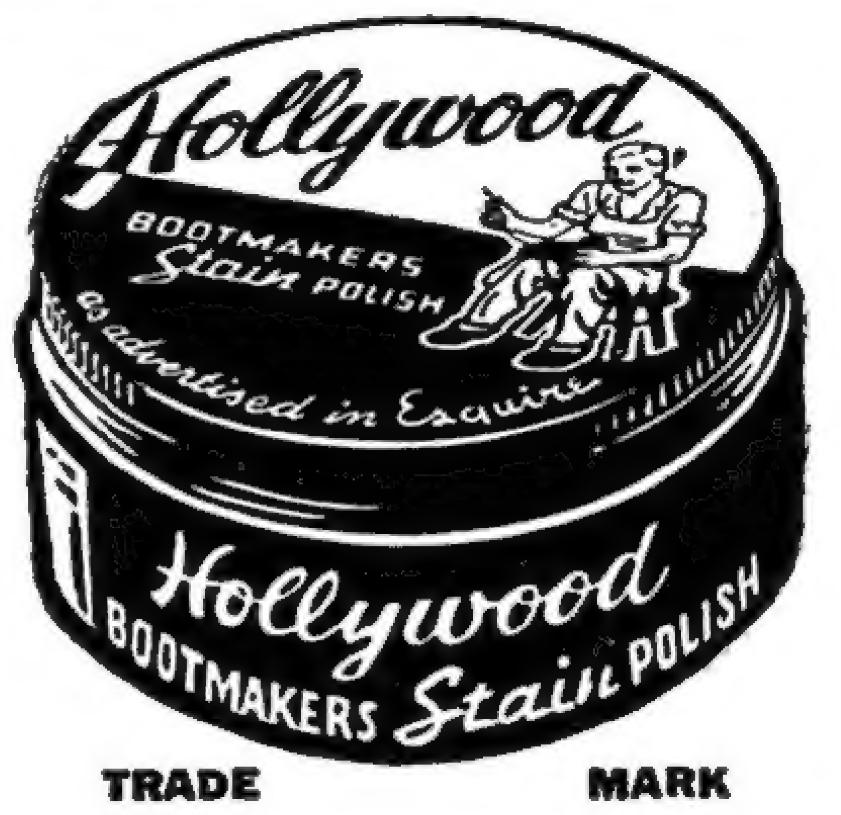
### HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR

If you've got what it takes to fly powerful ships like the Martin Marauder, now's the time to hitch your wagon to a star . . . the white star of the U. S. Army Air Force. When you ask for the Air Force, you're asking for action. And you'll get it! What's more, you'll get complete training in the trade of tomorrow . . . aviation. So for action today and opportunity tomorrow, sign up now with the Army Air Force!

The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore-3, Maryland
The Glenn L. Martin-Nebraska Company—Omaha

**Martin**
**AIRCRAFT**

BUILDERS OF DEPENDABLE AIRCRAFT SINCE 1909

**HOLLYWOOD**

SHOE POLISH GIVES YOUR SHOES

**EXTRA WEAR**

STRETCHES coupon #18

Your shoes are precious, preserve them by using this water-repellent Hollywood Shoe Polish. Gives your shoes that soft mellow violin glow of richly polished leather. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. Ask for Hollywood now at all leading independent and chainstores, Post Exchanges and Ships Service stores.

**FOR THAT BOOTMAKER'S FINISH**

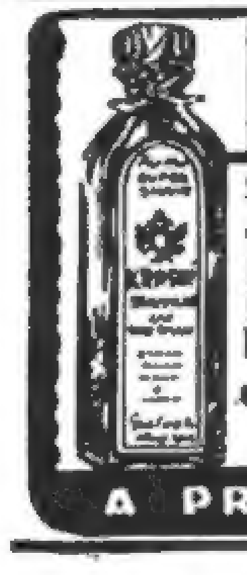
★

TRADE MARK

**Send For Set Of Five Colors** Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, plus a secret process for shining shoes, sent postpaid, if not sold by your shoe merchant. Unconditionally guaranteed.

**HOLLYWOOD POLISH CO.**

Dept. 7, 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N.Y.
Wholesale Midwest Distributors, Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Keehn Bros. 29 W. Munroe St., Chicago



**KRASHÉ**

**SHAVING AID and SKIN SMOOTHER**

Call me Crash-ay. Men find soothing, refreshing friendliness in every drop as a companion to brush, brushless or electric shaves. And for wind or sun burn, too. Servicemen are my best boosters!

$1.00 *plus tax At PX and leading drug stores or write*
GRELVA, INC. 22-26 W. 48th St., New York 19 N. Y.

A PRODUCT OF GRELVA, INC.

**Do you "fall short" of her ideal?** Well, you can be **almost 2 INCHES TALLER,** instantly and "confidentially". Simply change to Adler Elevator Shoes. Then she'll look up to YOU. Adler Elevators look and feel like any other fine shoes. The heels are no higher.

Now you can be TALLER than "SHE" is

12.95

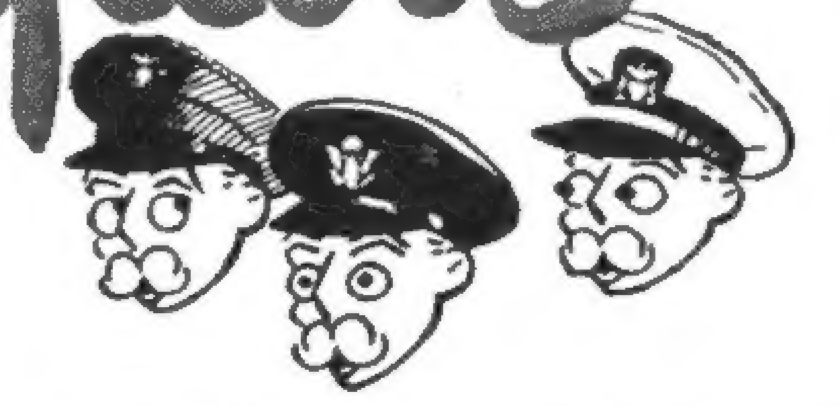
Send for FREE BOOKLET in full color

ADLER ELEVATORS
Exclusive with ADLER SHOES for MEN

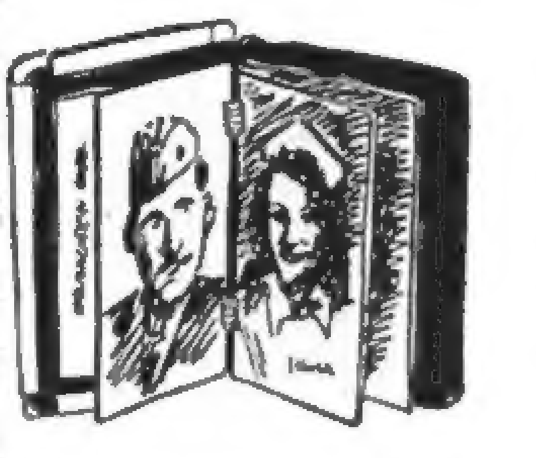
Dept. E3-44
122 E. 42 St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.......................... State........

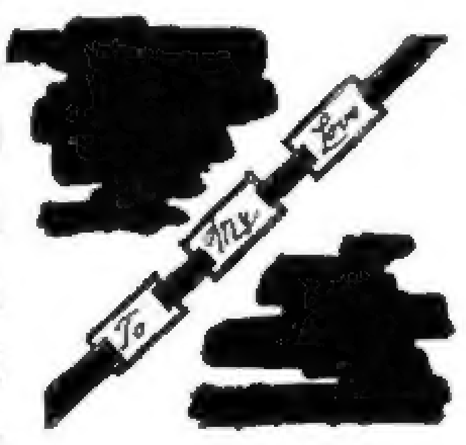
# Talking Shop with Esquire



**STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.**



**ARMORED WALLETS.** We told you about the breast pocket bibles with bullet-deflecting steel covers to protect the old aorta. Now you can get leather wallets (breast pocket size) with gold-plated, 20 gauge steel covers to do a similar job. The wallet itself holds five photos, identification card and has a pocket for money.



**GOLDEN LINKS OF FRIENDSHIP.** Fine bit of sentimentalia is the separate link bracelet. You buy a couple of separate 14 K. gold plaques (they look like identification plaques) and on each plaque you have various sentiments hand engraved . . . your name on one, hers on another, or you might spell out "I love you" or such phrases of devotion. You can keep adding links for each special occasion, birthdays, anniversaries, etc. Links are strung together on a silk ribbon.

**FUN ON FURLOUGH.** Merchant Seamen certainly fare well in New York. Take the Tuesday evening dances run by The American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps at one of the snootiest East Side hotels. There's dancing, with plenty of sightly partners provided; a galaxy of entertainment by stars of stage, screen and radio (the night we were there Cab Calloway played for dancing). There's food for free, contests with elaborate prizes, etc. Needless to say the jernt is jammed. Then there's the famous Merchant Seaman's Club, just off Broadway, and run by the American Theatre Wing, which, of course, means top-notch entertainment by celebrities, a lounge, game room, free tickets, a fine library stocked with books, magazines, even a cookie jar. And speaking of cookies . . . plenty of swell hostesses to talk to. Also for merchant seamen and enlisted men, the Music Box Canteen, down near the village. Informal dancing, good chow, and entertainment.

*Ranger*

**SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE**

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

**CUCKOO . . . but CLEVER!**

*Robust Recordings you'll Relish . . . by*

**DANNY KAYE**

A brand new album of saucy, sophisticated songs . . . malicious morsels of merriment . . . by the supreme screwball of the season . . . **DANNY KAYE!** Biggest break in months for enlightened party-throwers. Amaze and amuse your guests with the saga of the man-milliner, **Anatole Of Paris;** a rare rendition of **Dinah** a la Russe; an electrifying version of **Minnie The Moocher;** strange ideas on **Farming; Fairy Pipers; Let's Not Talk About Love; Babbitt and Bromide; Eileen.** 4 double 10 in. discs in albums, postpaid in U.S.A., $3.10.

*Write for FREE Illustrated* RECORD LIST

**RABSONS** 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 34, NEW YORK

**"730 SHAVES FROM 1 BLADE"**

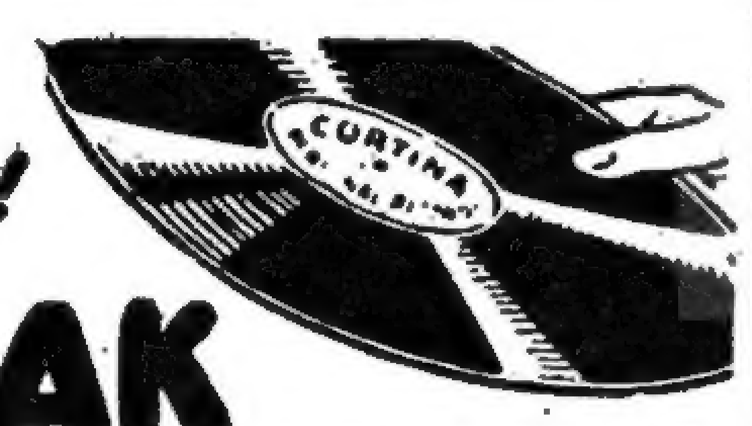
**AMAZING NEW BLADE SHARPENER**

New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "Have used 1 blade over 730 times." RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strops on leather. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges. No guesswork. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome—compact—sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

Only $1.00

**SEND NO MONEY!** Write today. Pay postman only $1.00 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 5 days and if you're not delighted with smooth, velvet shaves you get, return RAZOROLL and we'll return your money. Hurry—order today.

RAZOROLL, 620 N. Michigan, Dept. 893, Chicago, Ill.



*Listen to this Record! Learn to*

**SPEAK SPANISH**

**FRENCH, GERMAN, OR ITALIAN**

"Learn by listening" to NEW CORTINA RECORDS at home, the NATURAL way—quickly, easily, cheaply—as thousands have.

**Only 15 Minutes A Day**

Cortinaphone Method famous for 60 years. Most fascinating, most satisfactory method for learning or perfecting yourself in a foreign language. *Investigate!*

**Sent on 5 Days' Approval**

"The Cortina Short-Cut"—tells just what you want to know. Interesting. *Get It!*

**Write Today--NOW**

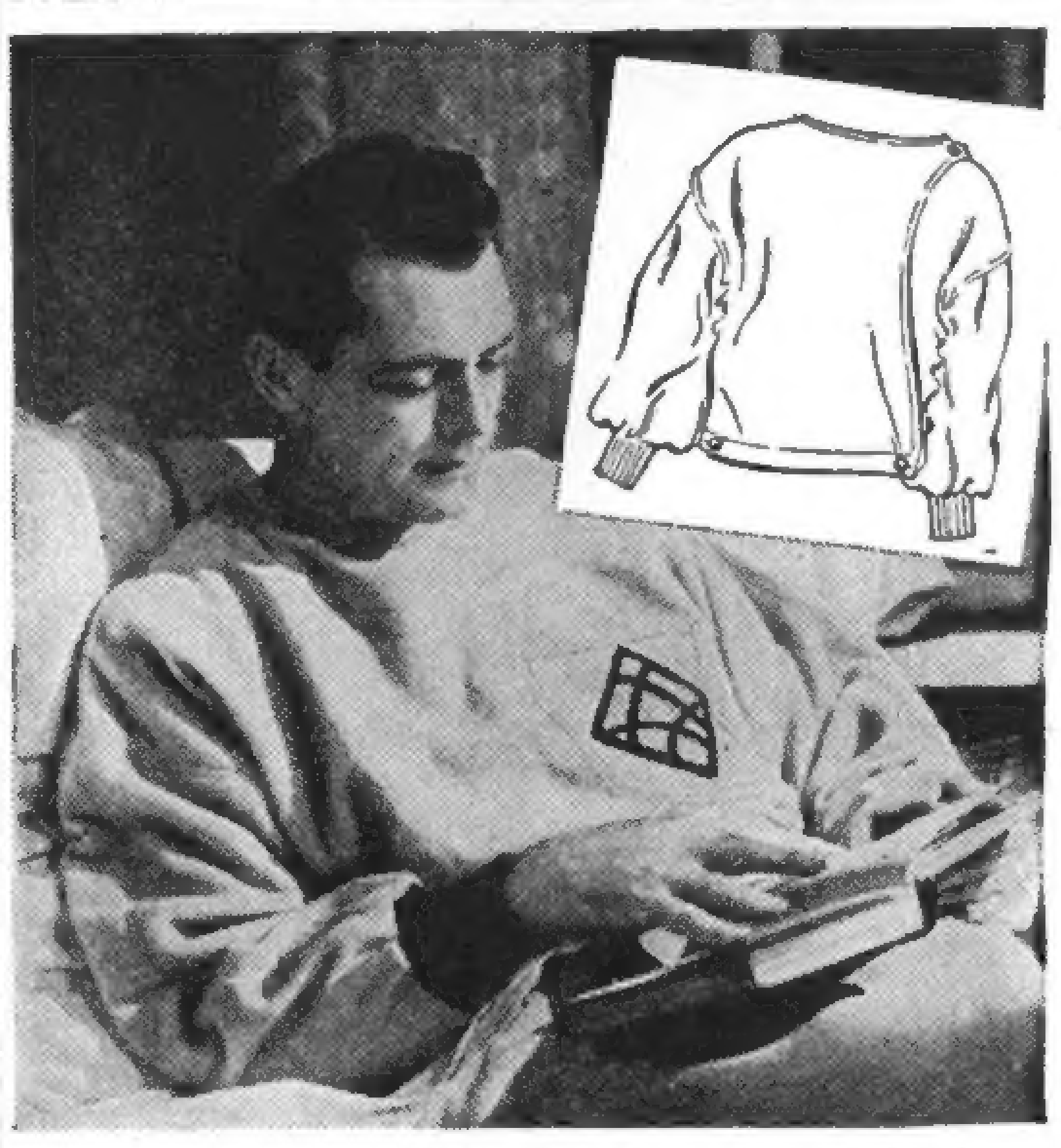
**CORTINA Academy (Language Specialists for 60 yrs)**
**Suite 453, 105 West 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.**

Please send me—without obligation—your free booklet. I am interested in (mark):

( ) SPANISH ( ) French ( ) Italian ( ) German

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________



**Readinjack**

**A MOST Original, Handy LOUNGING Jacket**

...for men at home, in the barracks, at school, or traveling—and particularly for men of the armed forces who are in hospitals and who need every comfort and convenience while convalescing. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented crisscross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy** and **so convenient.** Of soft-as-down Camelord, a fabric of Du Pont Rayon Yarn that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before. **The Perfect Answer to the Gift Problem. Postpaid. . . . $6.50**

Your favorite store has it, or send coupon direct to FIELDS & CO., 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me these Readinjacks: (Cash or money order enclosed.)

| | Small | Medium | Large |
|---|---|---|---|
| Luggage Tan | | | |
| Royal Blue | | | |
| Maroon | | | |

Name____________________

Address____________________

BELL
WATERPROOF

**Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested.**

| | |
|---|---|
| No. XF 124—15 jewels, small second hand, stainless steel back | $34.75 |
| No. XF121—15 jewels, sweep second hand, stainless steel back | $39.75 |
| No. XF 328—17 jewels, sweep second hand, SELF WINDING, stainless steel case | $59.75 |

POSTPAID, 10% FED. TAX INCL. • MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

*Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "XF"*

**BELL WATCH COMPANY**

Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

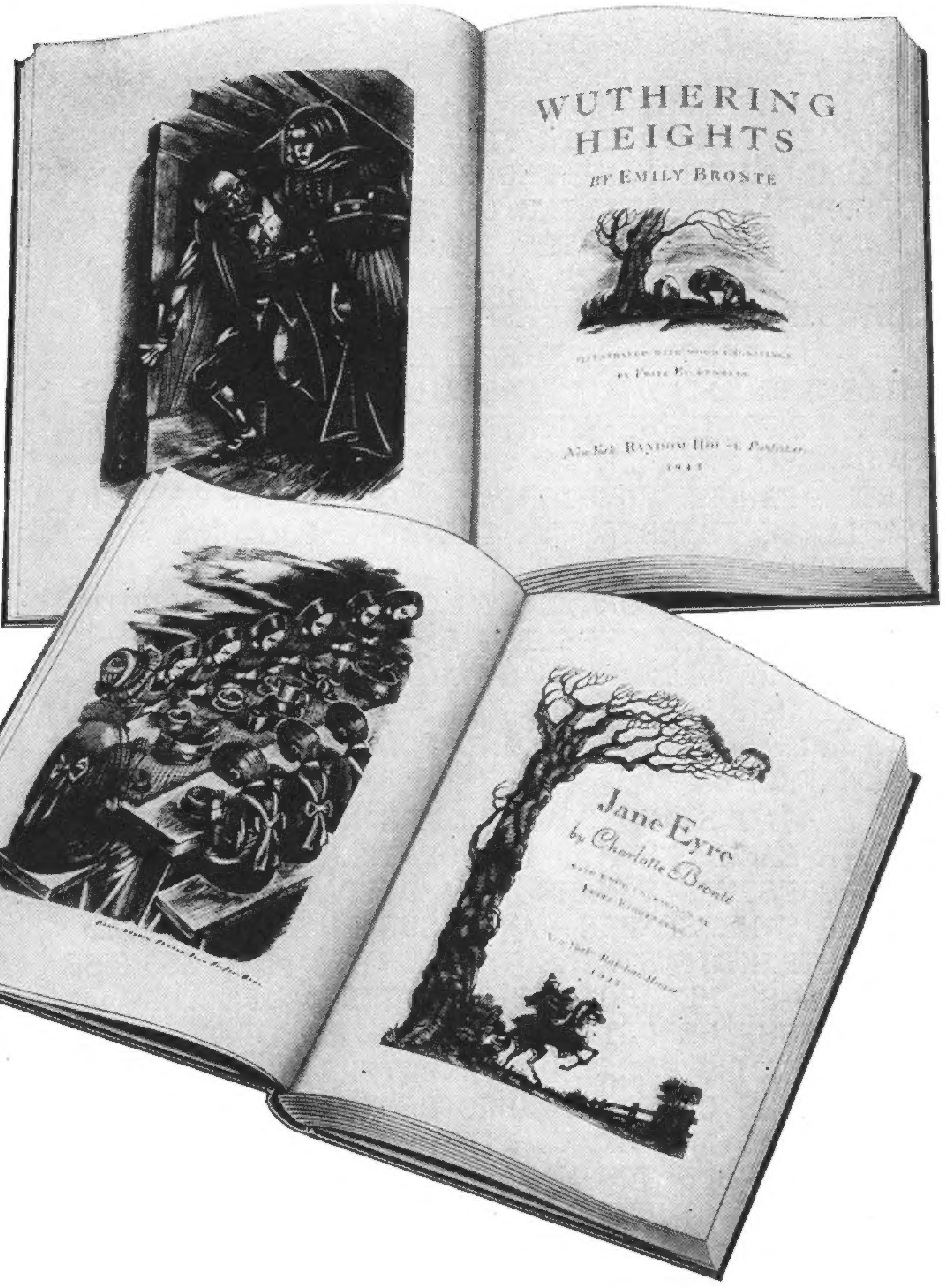
**Precious cuticle scissors**

If you own one, treasure it. It may be irreplaceable. For the duration most of our production is devoted to army-navy surgical instruments.

La Cross

*For more than four decades, America's Finest Manicure Implements*

SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION, FIFTH AVE. N.Y.



A **FREE** COPY

**TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**

*This Beautiful Edition Of*
*Two Immortal English Novels*

# WUTHERING HEIGHTS

*by* Emily Brontë

*and—*

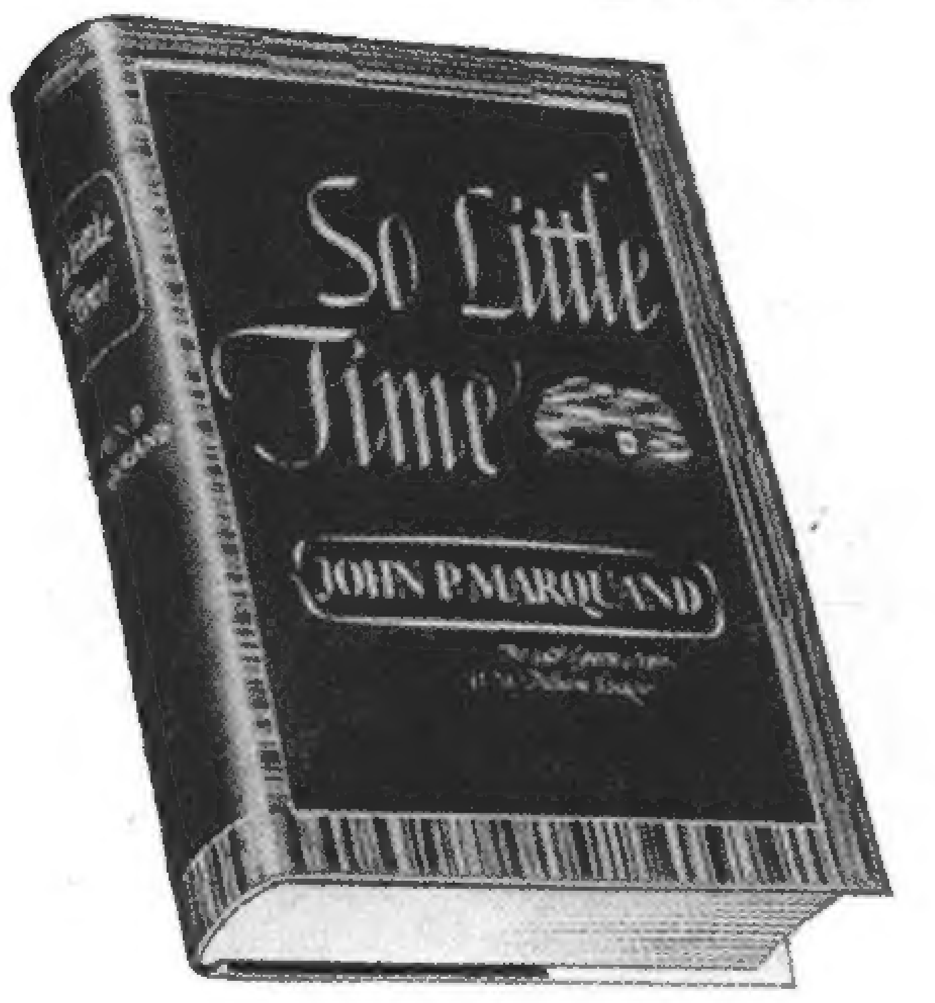
# JANE EYRE

*by* Charlotte Brontë

IN TWO SEPARATE VOLUMES • BOXED • RETAIL PRICE $5.00

*Illustrated with 37 Wood-Engravings by Fritz Eichenberg*

**BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WITH**



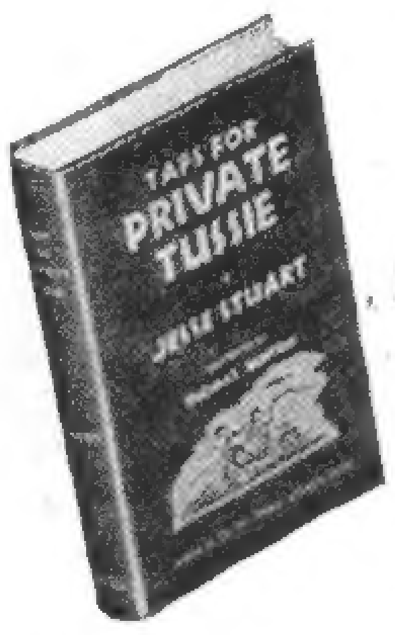
# SO LITTLE TIME

*by* John P. Marquand

JOHN P. MARQUAND

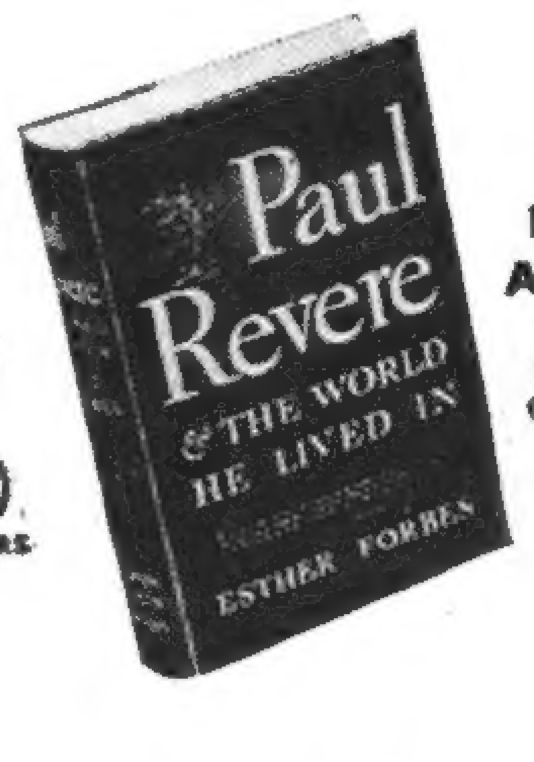
—or you can begin with any one of these other recent selections

America's No. 1 best-seller, and a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, *So Little Time* is the most widely discussed novel today. The Club believes that this is a book which you surely do not want to miss, and we will be glad to begin your subscription with it if you so wish or with any of the other selections pictured at the right.



**TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE**
BY JESSE STUART
Illustrated by Thomas Benton
**$2.50**

**PARIS-UNDERGROUND**
BY ETTA SHIBER
*and*
**c/o POSTMASTER**
BY CORPORAL THOMAS ST. GEORGE
(*double selection*)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
**$3.00**



**PAUL REVERE And The World He Lived In**
BY ESTHER FORBES
(Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History)
**$2.75**

**THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO**
BY CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON
*and*
**ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**
BY JOHN C. MILLER
(*double selection*)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
**$3.00**

**WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION INVOLVES:** Over 500,000 book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the important new books they are really interested in.

As a Club member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not (on a blank always provided) you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

Last year the retail value of free books given to Club members was over $7,000,000—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers — one for every two books-of-the-month purchased.

Your obligation as a member is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. Your subscription to the Club is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you get them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses. *(Prices are slightly higher in Canada.)*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A823
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of JANE EYRE and WUTHERING HEIGHTS, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

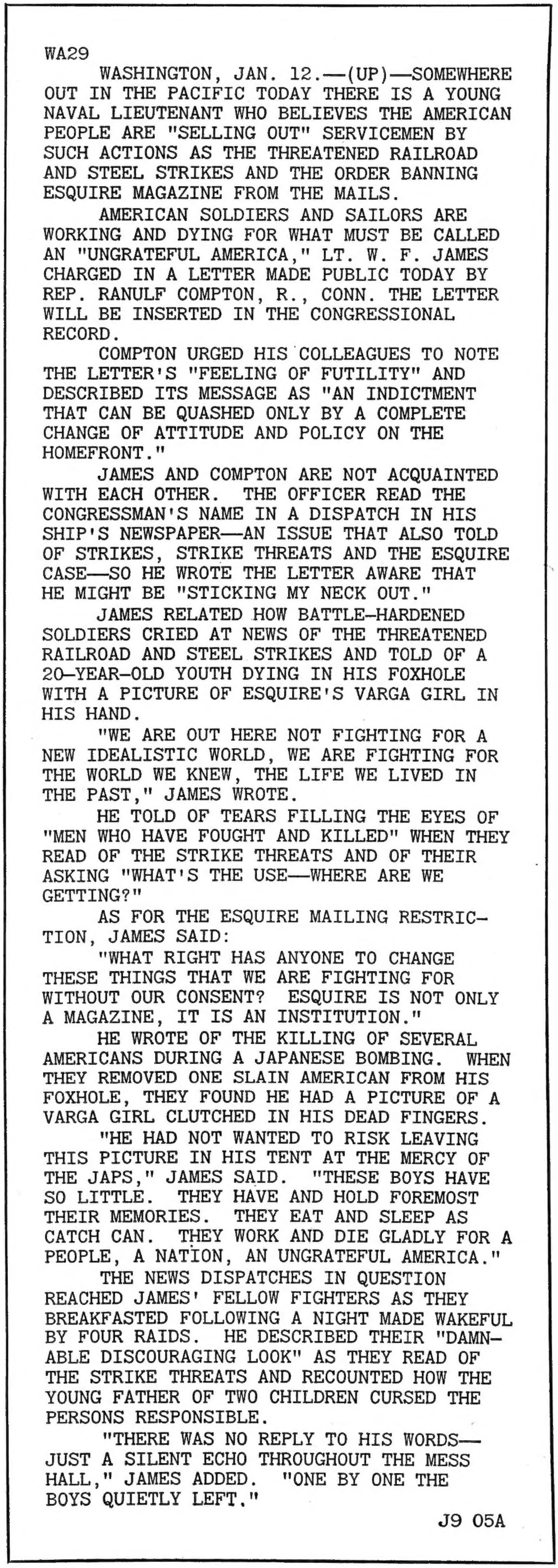
*Name*............................................................
Please Print Plainly

*Address*............................................................

Postal District No.
*City*.............................(if any).........*State*.........................

Begin My Subscription With..........................................
(choose one of the selections above)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited



WA29

WASHINGTON, JAN. 12.—(UP)—SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE PACIFIC TODAY THERE IS A YOUNG NAVAL LIEUTENANT WHO BELIEVES THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE "SELLING OUT" SERVICEMEN BY SUCH ACTIONS AS THE THREATENED RAILROAD AND STEEL STRIKES AND THE ORDER BANNING ESQUIRE MAGAZINE FROM THE MAILS.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ARE WORKING AND DYING FOR WHAT MUST BE CALLED AN "UNGRATEFUL AMERICA," LT. W. F. JAMES CHARGED IN A LETTER MADE PUBLIC TODAY BY REP. RANULF COMPTON, R., CONN. THE LETTER WILL BE INSERTED IN THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

COMPTON URGED HIS COLLEAGUES TO NOTE THE LETTER'S "FEELING OF FUTILITY" AND DESCRIBED ITS MESSAGE AS "AN INDICTMENT THAT CAN BE QUASHED ONLY BY A COMPLETE CHANGE OF ATTITUDE AND POLICY ON THE HOMEFRONT."

JAMES AND COMPTON ARE NOT ACQUAINTED WITH EACH OTHER. THE OFFICER READ THE CONGRESSMAN'S NAME IN A DISPATCH IN HIS SHIP'S NEWSPAPER—AN ISSUE THAT ALSO TOLD OF STRIKES, STRIKE THREATS AND THE ESQUIRE CASE—SO HE WROTE THE LETTER AWARE THAT HE MIGHT BE "STICKING MY NECK OUT."

JAMES RELATED HOW BATTLE-HARDENED SOLDIERS CRIED AT NEWS OF THE THREATENED RAILROAD AND STEEL STRIKES AND TOLD OF A 20-YEAR-OLD YOUTH DYING IN HIS FOXHOLE WITH A PICTURE OF ESQUIRE'S VARGA GIRL IN HIS HAND.

"WE ARE OUT HERE NOT FIGHTING FOR A NEW IDEALISTIC WORLD, WE ARE FIGHTING FOR THE WORLD WE KNEW, THE LIFE WE LIVED IN THE PAST," JAMES WROTE.

HE TOLD OF TEARS FILLING THE EYES OF "MEN WHO HAVE FOUGHT AND KILLED" WHEN THEY READ OF THE STRIKE THREATS AND OF THEIR ASKING "WHAT'S THE USE—WHERE ARE WE GETTING?"

AS FOR THE ESQUIRE MAILING RESTRICTION, JAMES SAID:

"WHAT RIGHT HAS ANYONE TO CHANGE THESE THINGS THAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR WITHOUT OUR CONSENT? ESQUIRE IS NOT ONLY A MAGAZINE, IT IS AN INSTITUTION."

HE WROTE OF THE KILLING OF SEVERAL AMERICANS DURING A JAPANESE BOMBING. WHEN THEY REMOVED ONE SLAIN AMERICAN FROM HIS FOXHOLE, THEY FOUND HE HAD A PICTURE OF A VARGA GIRL CLUTCHED IN HIS DEAD FINGERS.

"HE HAD NOT WANTED TO RISK LEAVING THIS PICTURE IN HIS TENT AT THE MERCY OF THE JAPS," JAMES SAID. "THESE BOYS HAVE SO LITTLE. THEY HAVE AND HOLD FOREMOST THEIR MEMORIES. THEY EAT AND SLEEP AS CATCH CAN. THEY WORK AND DIE GLADLY FOR A PEOPLE, A NATION, AN UNGRATEFUL AMERICA."

THE NEWS DISPATCHES IN QUESTION REACHED JAMES' FELLOW FIGHTERS AS THEY BREAKFASTED FOLLOWING A NIGHT MADE WAKEFUL BY FOUR RAIDS. HE DESCRIBED THEIR "DAMNABLE DISCOURAGING LOOK" AS THEY READ OF THE STRIKE THREATS AND RECOUNTED HOW THE YOUNG FATHER OF TWO CHILDREN CURSED THE PERSONS RESPONSIBLE.

"THERE WAS NO REPLY TO HIS WORDS—JUST A SILENT ECHO THROUGHOUT THE MESS HALL," JAMES ADDED. "ONE BY ONE THE BOYS QUIETLY LEFT."

J9 05A

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### THE FIGHT FOR THE 5TH FREEDOM

It seems to me that the action of Postmaster General Frank C. Walker, in revoking the mail privileges of Esquire, is a crowning example of arrogant bureaucracy.

In my humble opinion, your contributions to an expression of the American scene in the arts, covering the theatre, literature and modern living, as well as your dissemination of information on sports, warfare and other topics, has been equal to, if not greater than, that of any other magazine.

The fact that more than half a million Americans pay 50 cents a copy for your publication would indicate that many share my views.

Good luck to you in your fight for the forgotten Fifth Freedom . . . Freedom of Action.

Very truly yours,
Bert Goldsmith, Jr.
New York, N. Y.

### REACTION TO ONE MAN'S OPINION

I join millions of other mature Americans in begging you not to accept Postmaster Walker's one-man verdict without a fight to the finish. If the reasons he gave for having Esquire's second class mailing privileges annulled were legitimate, then he'd better bar a generous fraction of the other national magazines along with yours.

As an established subscriber, I might say that I never have experienced much of a kick from your cartoons nor your Petty and Varga girls; but if other men (and women) do, then I'm all for them. And we Americans don't like to think that one man can tell us what we can read and what type of illustrations we can admire—nor do we like to be called, directly or indirectly, obscene, illiterate morons.

As a young writer, I might say further, that if some of the literature in so-called "family" magazines could attain a standard even 50 per cent as perfect as that of Esquire material, their self-righteous editors would really have something to preen themselves about!

Why doesn't the crusading Mr. Walker go out after some of the contenders for the ashcan who depend almost solely upon leg art for their meager existence? Why doesn't he look into a few more of the pulp detective magazines? Why doesn't he bar the women's magazines for glorifying unwed mothers and canonizing male cads and stinkers in evening clothes?

Perhaps the material in Esquire is a bit more obvious because you don't beat about the bush, because you give your adult readers credit for having minds of their own. Perhaps your magazine contains the only material that the boys with the one-track minds can grasp without a heart-to-heart talk with mother. I wonder if I'll be arrested on a morals charge if I say that Esquire is the finest national magazine on the market—bar none!

Sincerely yours,
Billy L. Bennett
Muskegon, Michigan

### FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH

For what it may be worth, I sent the following letter to the Postmaster General. May his tribe decrease:

The Honorable Frank C. Walker,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:

I have just read your masterful sophistry, as quoted in the Asheville *Citizen*, whereby you attempt to justify your action in revoking Esquire's second class mailing permit. Why waste time and money to have a board hold hearings if its findings are to be disregarded?

Respectfully yours,
Douglas A. Powell
Burnsville, N. C.

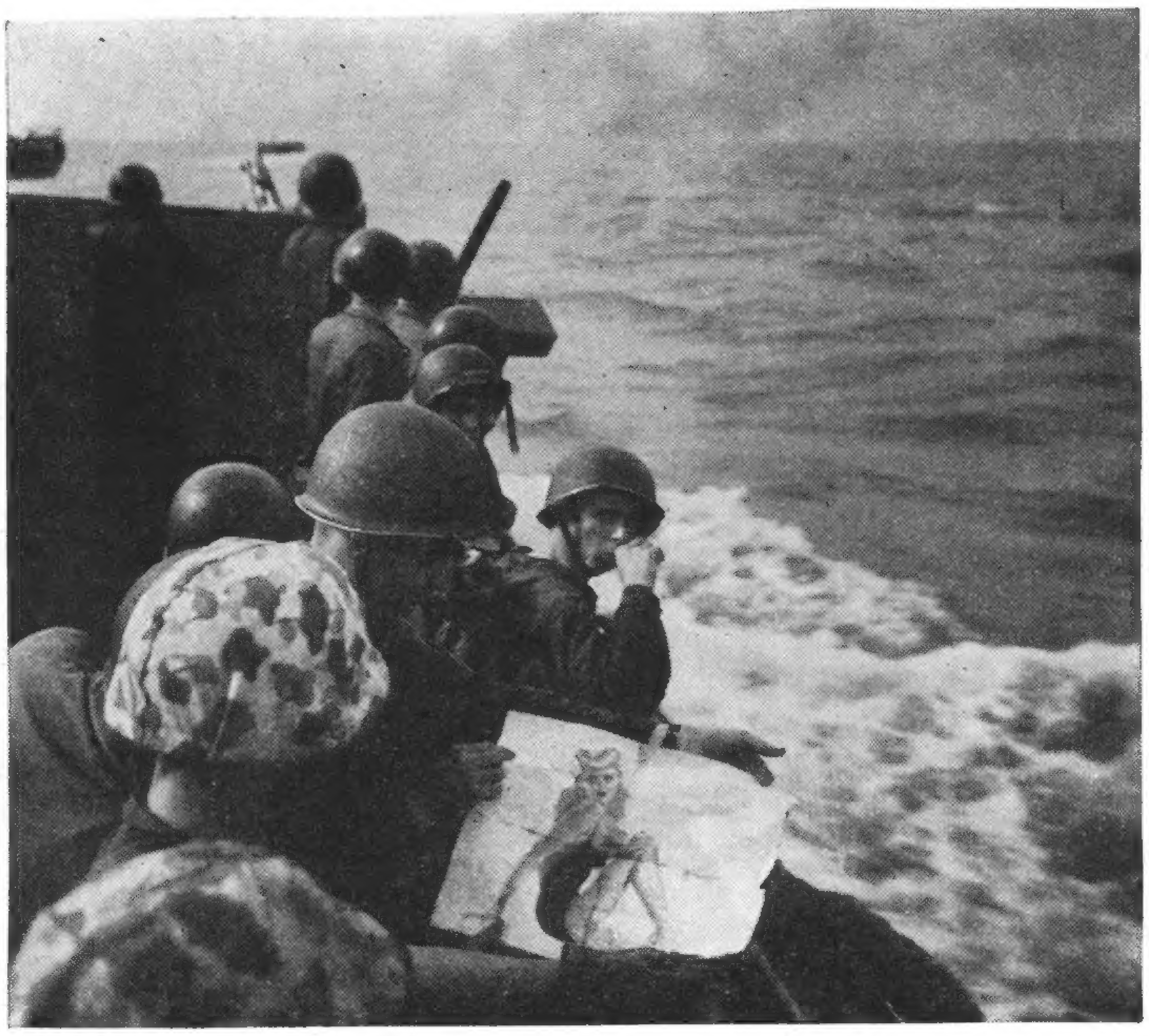
### THE VARGA GIRL AT TARAWA

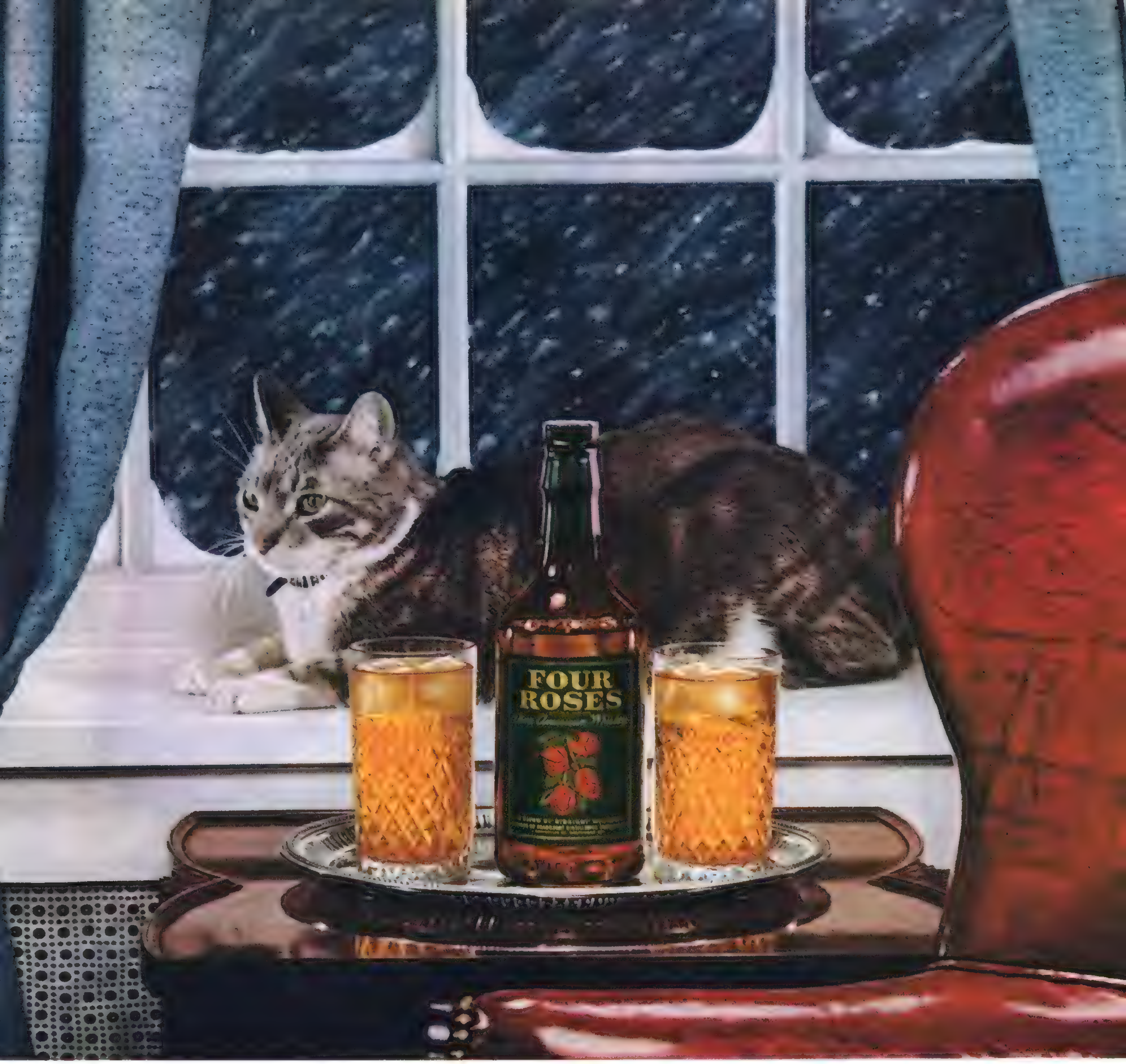
Right now all of us who've been blessed with the name "Marine" are pretty humble to claim the title after what happened at Tarawa, but because I have two loyalties, the Marine Corps and Esquire, I've enclosed a picture that I thought you might like to see. It may have been picked up by the wire services and used in Chicago, but just in case you haven't seen it, here is a print for you.

Incidentally, I have been meaning to write you before just to say that the two holiday issues rate a couple of "E's" for Excellence. Your Falter painting in January does a swell job of tugging at everyone's heartstrings.

Thank you for continuing to give the most terrific guys on earth—the Marines—the kind of Esquire they want.

Sincerely yours,
Ruth D. Baumgartner
2nd Lieut., U. S. Marine Corps
Women's Reserve
Ass't. Officer in Charge
Public Relations Section
Southern Procurement Division
Atlanta, Ga.





# When it's not a fit night out for man or beast

WHEN WINTRY winds whistle and the sleet hisses against the window pane—that's grand!

For never was a night made more to order for you to enjoy a deep-flavored, heart-warming Four-Roses-and-soda before a cheery open fire!

Maybe tonight will be such a night—maybe it won't.

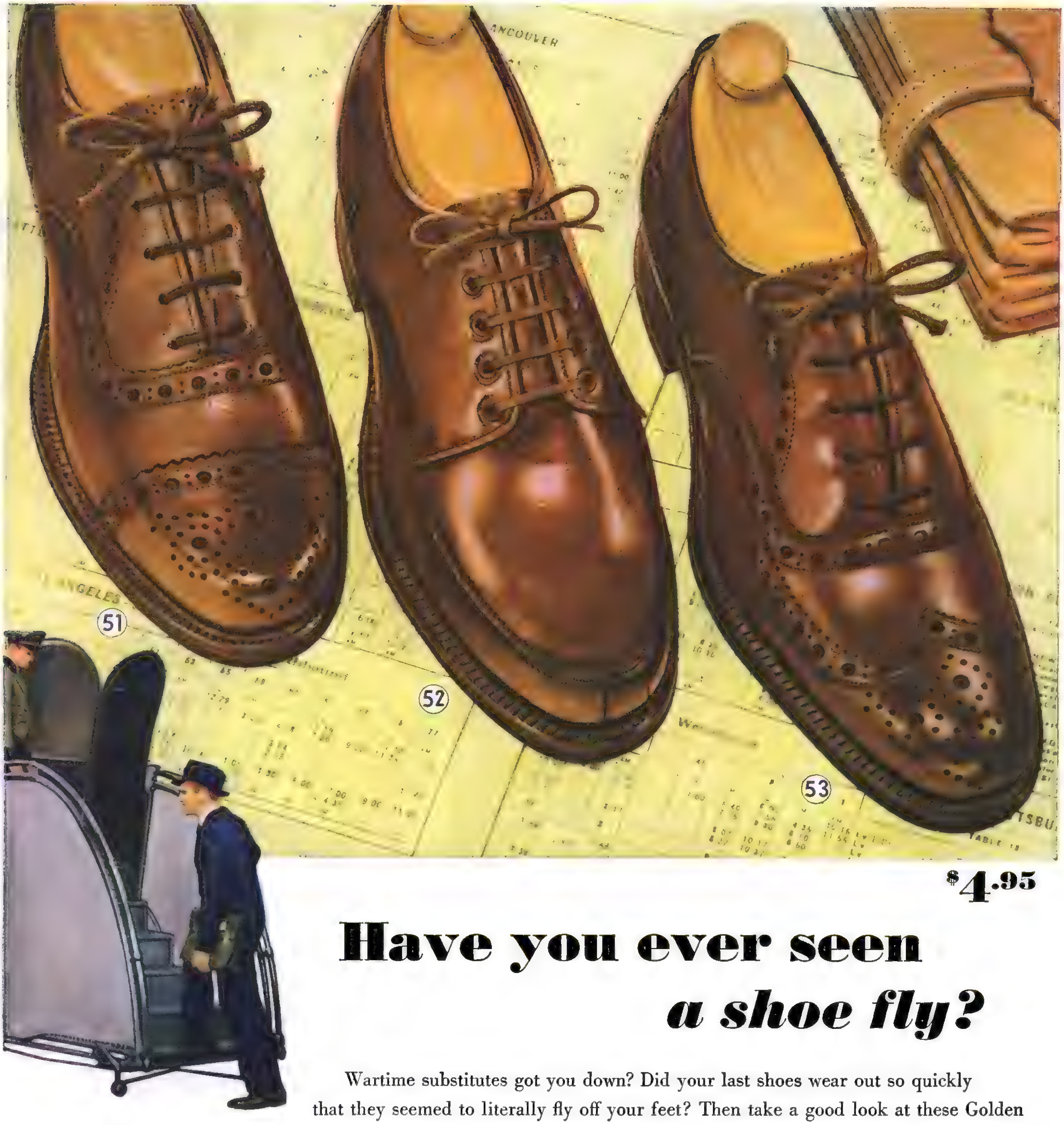
But even if the weatherman *doesn't* co-operate, we can think of only one reason why you should postpone any longer the keen enjoyment to be found in the most glorious drink that ever tinkled in a highball glass.

That reason is the possibility that your dealer may temporarily be out of Four Roses. But if he is, please be patient and try again. He'll have some more, soon.

**FOUR ROSES**

**A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY**

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.*
*Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*



$4.95

# Have you ever seen a shoe fly?

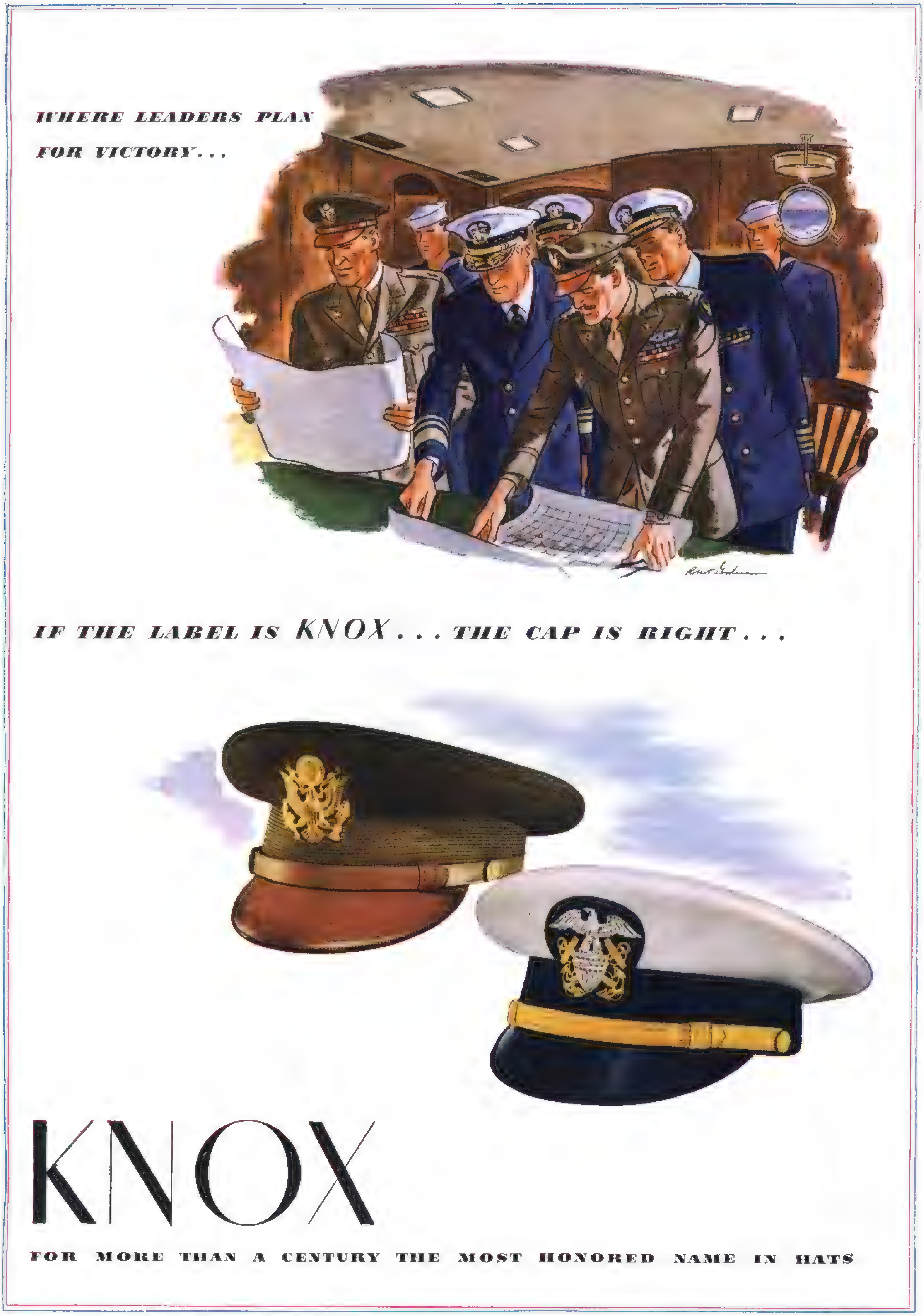
Wartime substitutes got you down? Did your last shoes wear out so quickly that they seemed to literally fly off your feet? Then take a good look at these Golden Anniversary Shoes. When you plunk down your coupon for a pair of these fine Educators, you *know* you're getting the combination of qualities you need these days—good, sturdy leather; smart styling, and solid comfort. Your eyes spot the style and quality immediately. Your feet sense the comfort. But it's your *head* that figures, "Fifty years' experience in making fine shoes guarantees that I'm getting the most value for my coupon!" And surprisingly—for only $4.95.

*Fiftieth Anniversary Year*

## EDUCATOR SHOES

*sold exclusively in 340* **KINNEY** *shoe stores*

If there is no Kinney shoe store near you, send $4.95 (plus 25¢ shipping) and current shoe coupon to Educator Shoe Corp., 2 Park Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. State style number, your size and width. STYLE 51, D width only—6 to 11. STYLES 52 and 53, B—7½ to 11; C—6 to 12; D—6 to 11.



WHERE LEADERS PLAN
FOR VICTORY...

IF THE LABEL IS KNOX . . . THE CAP IS RIGHT . . .

KNOX

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE MOST HONORED NAME IN HATS

BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKEY

KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

*Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water

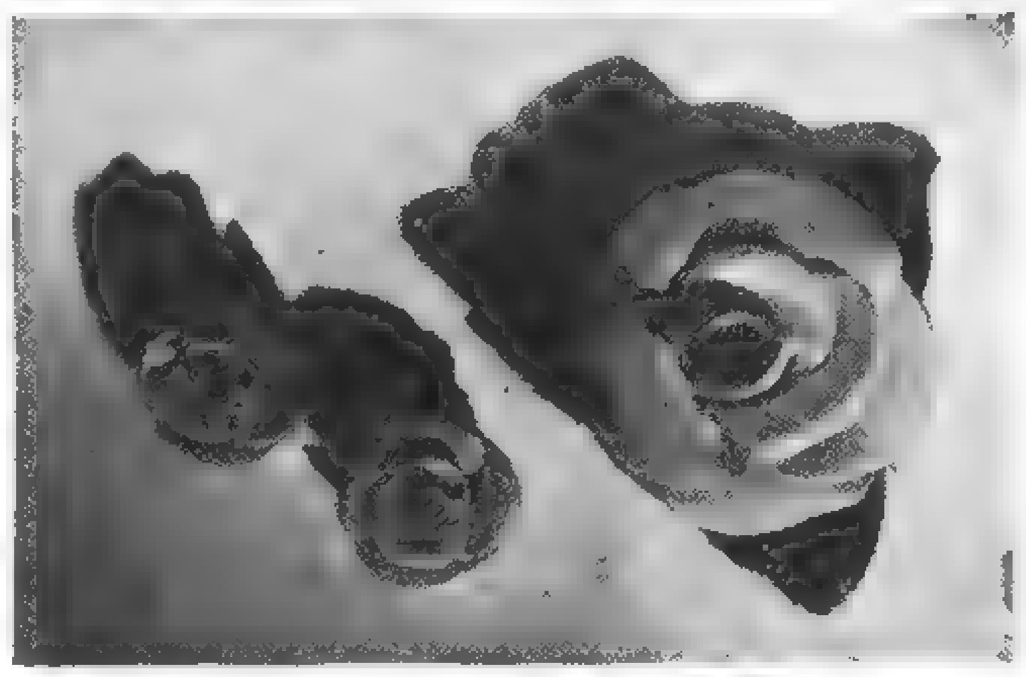
**THE HE MAN SHAVE LOTION**

Men prefer Murray & Lanman's Florida Water before and after shaving for the "pep" it gives, and the warm glow it imparts to the skin. Exhilarating and refreshing as a rubdown following exercises, or after the shower.

*At leading Drug & Department Stores*

THE H. & S. POGUE CO. . . Cincinnati, Ohio
RICHARD STORE COMPANY . . . Miami, Fla.
WOODWARD & LOTHROP . Washington, D.C.
THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY . Detroit, Mich.
JOSEPH HORNE CO. . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
THE M. M. COHN CO. . . . Little Rock, Ark.
WEINSTEIN CO. . . . . . San Francisco, Cal.
SOLO-SERVE CO. . . . . San Antonio, Texas
THE SUTCLIFFE CO. . . . . . . Louisville, Ky.

**LANMAN & KEMP-BARCLAY & CO., Inc. 135 Water St., N.Y.**



"OPEN ROSES"

Charmingly handmodeled ceramic pin and earrings for the lady in your life. In fashion-wise shades; blue, yellow, pink, white, purple, chartreuse & black.

Pin (about 2¼") **$4.00** Earrings **$2.50**
Postpaid, Add 10% Fed. Tax

*Muriel Duncan*
ceramics
Studio: 28 North 30th Street, Camden, N. J.

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID

3¢ A DAY
HOSPITALIZATION
PLAN

**SICKNESS or ACCIDENT**

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

**POLICY PAYS**
Hospital Expenses for Sickness (beginning 7th day) or Accident up to
**$540.00**
Doctor Expenses for Accident up to
**$135.00**
Loss of time from Work up to
**$300.00**
Accidental Death
**$1000.00**
War Coverage & other valuable benefits.

**MAIL COUPON AT ONCE**

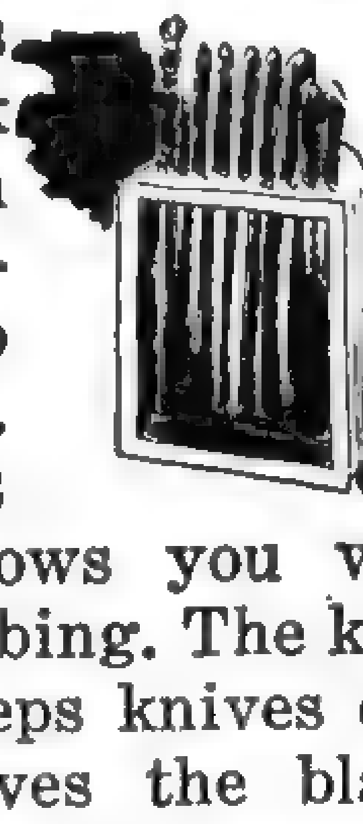
**NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.**
**Dept. ES4-3, Wilmington, Del.**

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

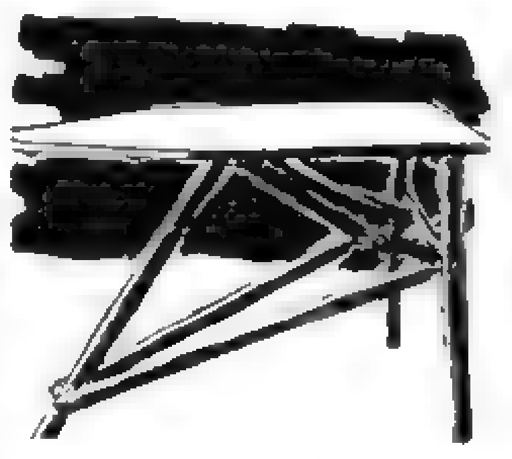
*Name*............................................
*Address*............................................
*City*....................... *State*.......................

# Talking Shop with Esquire

**KNIFE RACK.** We feel you should be en rapport with the latest household discoveries, such as the knife rack. It's a compact box (9"x13") with slots in the top into which you slip your knives. There's a glass front, which shows you what knife you're grabbing. The knife rack not only keeps knives dust free, but preserves the blades from the nicking and scratching they get if tossed in a drawer.

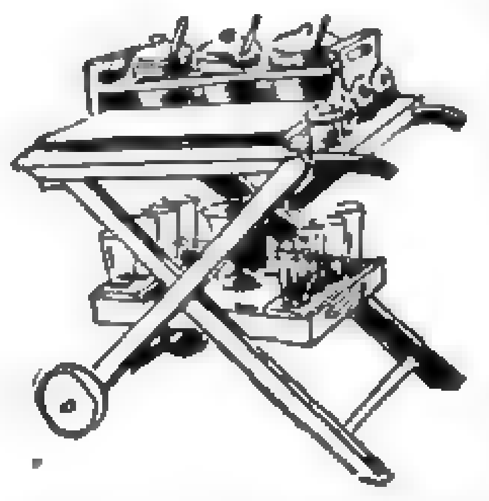


**IRON YOUR OWN.** The laundry situation has come to a pretty pass. Better give up and buy the little woman one of the new folding ironing boards which collapses into small space when not in use. The board is warp-proof with an enamel, moisture-proof top.



**FOOD PRESERVER.** Comes a new humidifier to set in your ice box. The glass container has a special chemical over which you pour a pint of white vinegar. The stuff is said to be odorless, non-toxic, and, irrespective of temperatures, it produces a constant humidity . . . deodorizing the refrigerator, keeping cheese moist, meats fresh and unshrunken, fruits and vegetables, crisp.

**ROLL YOUR OWN.** Living without benefit of servants these days, most hosts are reducing entertainment to its simplest form. A handy helper is a portable buffet which can be pushed around on wooden wheels. The top contains 3 sizable thermo-jugs, receptacles for condiments, a space for silver and utensils, a sandwich board and work table. Underneath, there's a removable tray with slots for 8 glasses and a pitcher.



*Ranger*

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

**Some things haven't changed!**

"FOR DECADES THE SIGN OF A PERFECT PIPE"
LHS
STERNCREST

is still made of
**GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR**

Smooth and Antique Finish. Dozens of handsome models. **$5**

A real pre-war pipe—of genuine Mediterranean briar, solid rubber mouthpiece, sterling silver band. See them at your dealer while stocks are complete.

**L. & H. STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., 60 Pearl St., Bklyn, N.Y.**

**Do You Make Mistakes in English?**

EVERY time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English reveal you as a person who lacks education and refinement. Lack of language power prevents you from presenting your thoughts in the strongest possible way. No matter what you do, real command of English will help you to your goal. Stop making mistakes in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation. Increase your vocabulary.

SHERWIN CODY

**Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's new invention** — and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful self-correcting lessons include spelling, punctuation, grammar and expression.

**FREE BOOK ON ENGLISH.** Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you; it costs nothing to find out. Mail a postal card or letter for free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It will prove a revelation to you. WRITE NOW. Address:

**Sherwin Cody School of English, 863 Searle Bldg., Rochester 4, N.Y.**

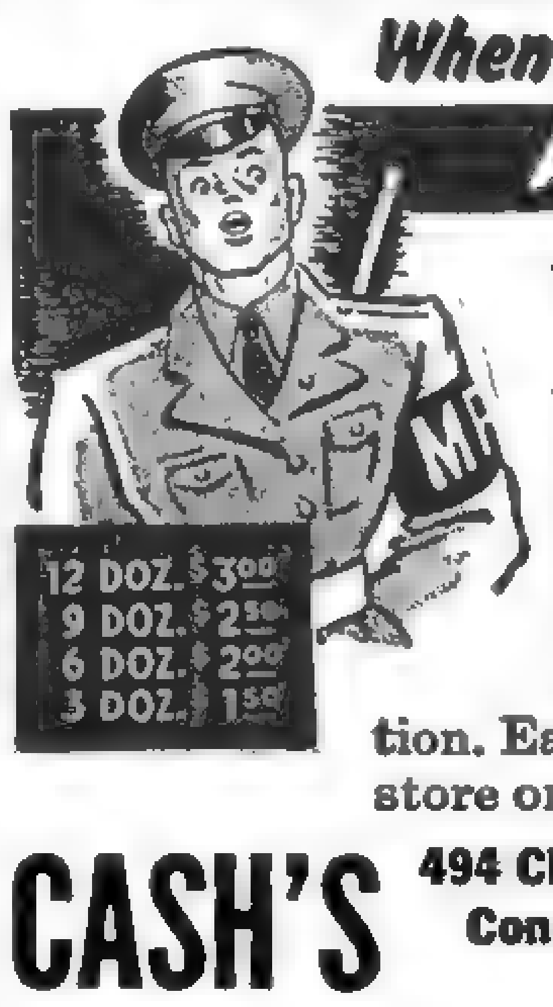
**Exciting News FOR FAITHFUL SHOES**

WHITTEMORE'S
BON-TON
Shoe Polish
ARMY TAN STAIN

Cheer up, faithful footwear! Better days ahead. While Whittemore isn't given to boasting, we'll grant that our new de luxe Stain Polish is the finest, gives the most satisfying shine, of any polish we have perfected in 102 years of making fine shoe dressings. Going largely for fighting feet now. You'll get plenty later.

**WHITTEMORE** SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

**When Your Clothes Go A·W·O·L**



12 DOZ. $3.00
9 DOZ. $2.50
6 DOZ. $2.00
3 DOZ. $1.50

YOU'LL get 'em back if they're marked with a Cash's WOVEN Name! Cash's are the favorite of the Services. Mark everything you own for quick, positive, permanent identification. Easy to attach. Ask your store or write us.

**CASH'S** 494 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or 164 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

ENLARGE YOUR
"CRUISING AREA"
WITH ANOTHER LANGUAGE

The world has become smaller because we get around faster. National boundaries are not marked in the sky. You can breakfast in Baltimore, have dinner in Lisbon, and the next morning boss a construction job in Persia, or take charge of an office in Lima.

Another language cuts the tether which ties you down to one place. It increases your cruising range to the further ends of the globe. You can go wherever opportunity calls.

*You will be amazed in how short a time you can*

*Speak* SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, FRENCH, RUSSIAN, PERSIAN, ARABIC

*or any of 23 other languages by the*

**LINGUAPHONE *Ear-Eye* METHOD**
***The World's Most Approved Language Course***

It's all talk; natural, every-day conversation. *In your own home* you can HEAR the voices of natives SPEAK . . . You learn by LISTENING, you repeat what you hear, and before you are actually aware you are asking questions and answering them as easily and naturally as though you were on the streets of Rio de Janeiro or Damascus.

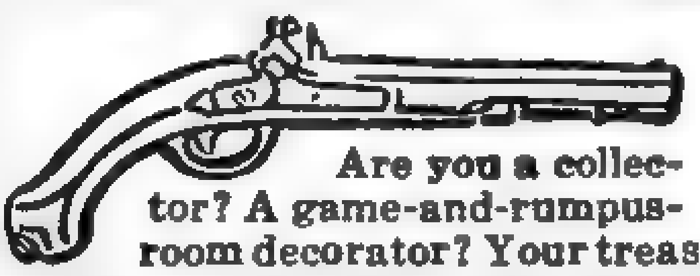
The Linguaphone streamlined method saves you time, work and money. It gives you a quick, dividend-paying asset. It increases the scope of your opportunities.

**SEND FOR FREE BOOK** This illustrated book will give you a new angle on the question of speaking foreign languages.

**LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE**
8 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

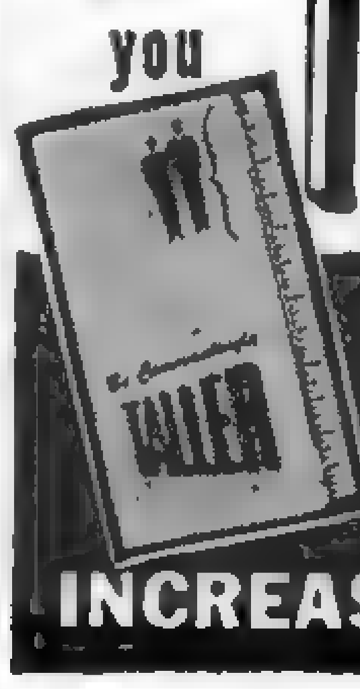
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE,
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.
Name ...............................
Address............ City.............
Language Interested ....................

***GUNS & SWORDS***



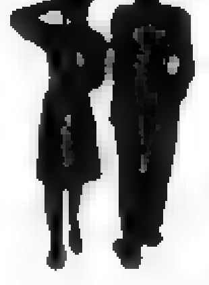
Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values: New condition *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* **$8.50**
*Fine Civil War musket made by Colt Co.* . **$20.00**
To get your 100-page Illustrated Catalog, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.**

**"ELEVATORS"** make you **TALLER**



**FREE BOOKLET** *tells you how to* **INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT!**

**$12.95** Slightly Higher West



You can easily become impressively taller...by changing to **"ELEVATORS"** Shoes. These shoes are smart! In fact, they look like any other fine shoes. Yet they make an *amazing* difference in your appearance. You're TALLER *the minute you put them on!*

STONE TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E3-44
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
NAME....................................
ADDRESS.................................
CITY.......................STATE.........

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

Ever Popular

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Star of the R K O Picture "Tarzan's Desert Mystery"

*gives you 3 steps to a*

WELL-GROOMED APPEARANCE

Johnny Weissmuller joins the many Hollywood artists who tell you to try Glover's. Now you can use ALL THREE of these preparations for a complete treatment—or any one separately! Ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the Coupon today!

**TRIAL SIZE** includes: **GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE**—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair... **GLOVER Shampoo**—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable! **GLOVER'S Imperial Hair Dress**—Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! A delightful "oil treatment" for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in hermetically-sealed bottle and special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

**Apply with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.**

★ GLOVER'S ★

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 813, New York 1, N. Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised. I enclose 25c.

NAME..........

ADDRESS..........

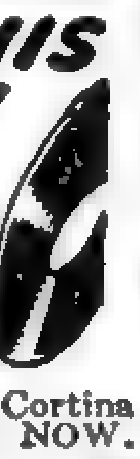
[ ] Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

SPEAK SPANISH

LEARN THIS EASY WAY

ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY. Cash in on tremendous expansion of our So. American trade. Big jobs NOW opening up everywhere to Spanish-speaking Americans! Cortinaphone Method, famous for 60 years, will teach you to speak like a native. Learn quickly, easily, at home, just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS as thousands have. French, German, Italian also taught. Send for FREE BOOK, "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in. WRITE NOW.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS RECORD



**Cortina Academy, Suite 453-B, 105 W. 40 St., N.Y. 18**

You'll carry EVERYTHING* in the WALES McGregor BILLFOLD

WALES
25
10
5
1

REMOVABLE SCOTCH PURSE! The Scotch Purse slips out for "Solo" use. Easy to remove — easy to replace.

*EVERYTHING . . . the Wales McGregor has five different compartments to carry everything . . . bills . . . change . . . cards . . . snapshots . . . identification . . . sleek and slim . . . a new innovation in billfolds for both men and women.

In a variety of leathers, to retail from $5.00 up.

At your favorite store; or write:

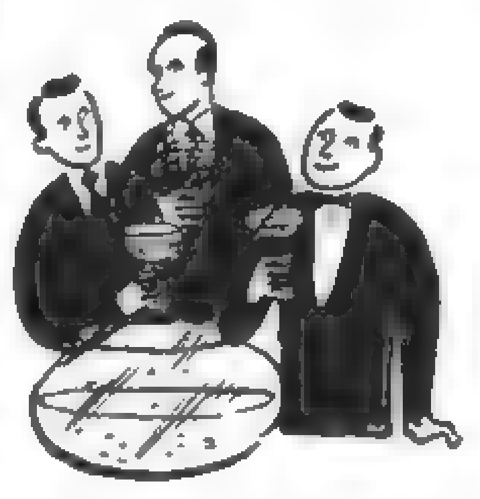
COLUMBIA WALES CRAFT CO.
24 West 32nd Street, N.Y.C.

# Talking Shop with Esquire

**HOME SECRETARY.** A compact file which takes care of such details as insurance policies, war bonds, correspondence, etc. in a neat, systematic manner. The file folders double as data books. Forms for budget and expense and income tax figures, telephone numbers and other information, are printed right inside the folders themselves for quick, easy reference. The file comes complete with set of standard business size alphabetical and monthly folders, extra blank folders, blank and printed labels.

**QUIET EVENING AT HOME.** If you want a change from your gin rummy routine you can turn to a spirited new game called Battle Checkers, which combines the best features of Checkers with the more intricate moves of chess. It's played with life-like miniature infantrymen, tanks, guns, planes, subs, etc. and gives each player new ideas on military strategy. The game people say it's not difficult, anyone from 7 to 77 can play.

**GOURMET TIDBITS** . . . for those occasions when you're trying to impress the boss, your girl-friend or your wife's rich aunt. *Snifties*, little cocktail nubbins spiced with sesame seeds, celery salt, etc. and guaranteed to work up a thirst. Real Chinese *fried noodles* (like you get on the top of chow mein) served hot or cold with cocktails. *Bottled onions*, big as walnuts. *Mushrooms* floating in a special sauce of oil and tomato, highly spiced. *Florida chutney*, milder and more mouth-watering than the India brand.



Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

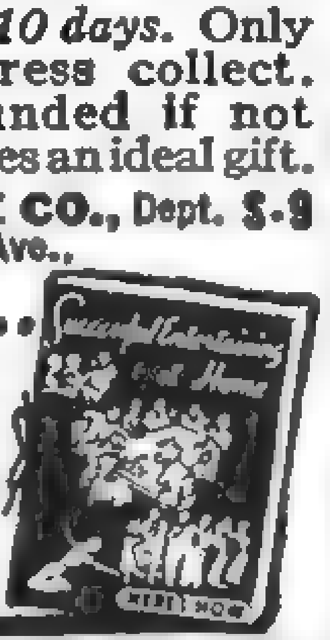
New PORTA-POKER 8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD TABLE

- Folds down to only 4 inches thick . . .
- Easily stored in minimum space
- Official size, 4-foot diameter . . .
- Green felt playing surface . . .
- 8 *nonspill, non-tip* holders for glasses and ash-trays . . .
- Mahogany-stained, alcohol-proof finish . . .

A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable play-table for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only $34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

**HOME GAME CO.**, Dept. S-9
360 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

**EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME**
Headquarters for game room equipment, accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. **Write for: "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!**



**Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC**

National Magic Company

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 284 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 50 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.

**NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY**
**119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.**

**WELL-GROOMED SHOES**

Used regularly, LEXOL will make your shoes last longer and look better. LEXOL penetrates the fibres of the leather, keeps it strong and pliable, prevents cracking, repels water and takes any polish.

*Sold by leading stores or remit direct*

**Pint $1.00 LEXOL Gal. $4.00**

*The Martin Dennis Company*
855 Summer Avenue Newark 4, N. J.

**LET THIS PUP** *Tell Folks Where You Live!*

Don't make friends, taxi drivers and delivery boys search for your house number. Put it out where it can be seen. And have CONS-O-LITE numbers that can be easily read by night or day. Any faint light, such as a street light two or three blocks away, or light from a neighbor's window, makes CONS-O-LITE numbers easily readable at night.

Attractive dog design (Boston Bull) 16 in. high, finished true to life, complete with any four numerals.

**ONLY $3.95 POSTPAID**

Extra numerals 15c each. This offer good in continental U. S. only. (Ohio purchasers add 3% sales tax.)

*Extra—any breed dog, 16 in. high, custom made (up to 4 numerals)* . . . $7.50

**CONS-O-LITE CO.**
DEPT. 35 FREMONT, OHIO

**BUY BONDS NOW—**
*"Bye-Bye" Later*

Let's win this war first. When peace comes, go "bye-bye"—motor trips to new places. The new model HULL AUTO COMPASS, improved by wartime engineering, will then be available at your dealers.

HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G3, WARREN, OHIO

"For a swell shine in half the time"

Signal
Shu-Prim

Shu-Prim BOOT POLISH

Preserves, polishes and protects leather. In Antique Tan, Antique, Black, Brown, Neutral. At shoe stores, shoe repair shops, variety and dept. stores. If not available, send $1.25 for complete Kit of 5 Shu-Prim Polishes,

**SIGNAL CHEMICAL CO.**
27 HILTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

*"This is a fine time to take a smoke, Tom!"*

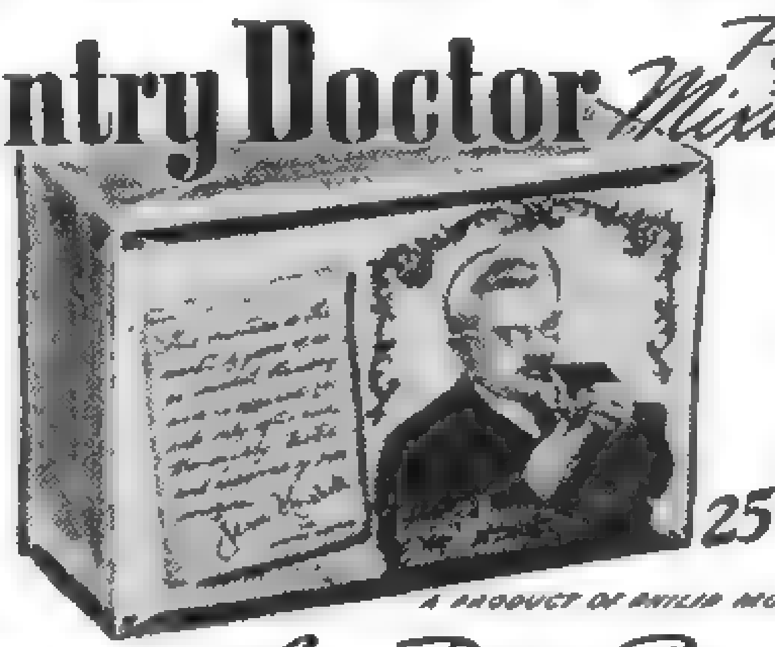
*"It's COUNTRY DOCTOR PIPE MIXTURE."*

"OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!"

Yes, Country Doctor IS DIFFERENT, soothingly cool, satisfyingly mild-mannered with not a bit of bite or burn. Years of careful testing and blending of eight of the world's finest tobaccos produced superbly fine Country Doctor Pipe Mixture.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor Pipe Mixture



*For particular Pipe Smokers*

If your dealer doesn't have it, write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y

Marlin

HIGH SPEED BLADES FOR TOUGH BEARDS
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

*The easy way to buy MADE-TO-MEASURE CLOTHES choose your own time and place*

Having trouble getting the kind of clothes you want? Then try buying made-to-measure clothes—the Homeland way—at POPULAR PRICES.

The Homeland man will call on you at your home or place of business any time you say—he'll show you **hundreds** of all-wool fabrics—take your measure accurately—deliver a suit that is GUARANTEED to fit—or your money back. Write us; we'll have "Johnny Homeland" call on you.

**YOU CAN MAKE MONEY**
Sell Homeland Clothes—full time or spare time. Write

**HOMELAND TAILORS, Inc.**
2500 to 2512 ASHLAND AVE.
BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND

# Nine MEN Fight for One GIRL

## --in a Jungle "Garden of Evil"!

### The Sensation-Packed Novel of a Storm of Passion in a Tropical Paradise!

*NINE different men were snared by the fateful net of her irresistible personality. Her charms were the prize of a life or death gamble!*

NEAR the headwaters of the Nile lies a haunting jungle of mystery . . . a land of lush fertility where civilized restraints have long been left behind! There nine men and one girl live a vivid drama of human passion and violence in a book you will never forget—

## CONGO SONG

**"A Double-Barrelled Thriller"—N. Y. Times**

The GIRL around whom this stark drama seethes is Olga Le Blanc—beautiful, mysterious, profligate wife of a botanical genius . . . her husband in name only!

The MEN—Her husband's assistant and her own reluctant lover. A French doctor whose general unsociable attitude certainly didn't apply to his pursuit of the girl. A German officer whose pursuit was equally persistent. A mad artist whose thoughts of women never include genuine love. A missionary who damns women, but confuses his desire to reform Olga with his desire to embrace her! A British agent and big game hunter who understands the primitive rhythms of nature. A Nazi fifth-columnist. And a young American on a dangerous secret mission.

No story since "Rain" has laid bare a woman's starvation for love with such understanding and feeling! No book of today has given the world such a vivid portrait of a woman who is all things to all men, and who, in her own puzzling person, is the very concentration of Eve!

Start CONGO SONG! Lose yourself in its fascinating unveiling of the passions of NINE men for ONE girl! You'll hate to put it down! When you finish it you'll feel that no other book has given you so complete a story of the hunger of man for woman. And you'll know *why* this best-seller has taken America by storm, at $2.50 in the publisher's edition. But NOW you may have CONGO SONG and JANE EYRE—BOTH *FREE!*

**BOTH THESE BOOKS FREE**

with your subscription to "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

*Retail price of Both Books, $3.50 In the Publisher's Edition.*

*Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in the 20th Century-Fox MOTION PICTURE "Jane Eyre"*

### AND ALSO FREE

## JANE EYRE *by Charlotte Bronte*

### Now the Tremendous New Feature Movie!

The *other* free book given to you is JANE EYRE—one of the greatest stories of passion, hate, romance and mystery ever written, and now a great motion picture starring Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine!

JANE EYRE is the story of a married man, with an illegitimate child, who spent his life seeking the one woman he could really love. His wife was driven insane by her own excesses. He danced a mad whirl with a French girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and when at last he found the one woman he adored, she was torn from his arms by the most terrible secret that ever cursed a man's love!

Here is a book you will *feel* to the very depths of your heart, and remember as long as you live. And it is now yours FREE!

### *Best of the New Books AND of the Old*

Each month ONE of the books sent to members of The Book League is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Ethel Vance, Van Wyck Mason, or Somerset Maugham—a book selling at $2.50 and up, in the publisher's edition. The OTHER book is a masterpiece of immortal literature. These volumes are uniformly bound in durable cloth, stamped in silver. The great authors in the series include: Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Zola, Hugo, Dumas, etc. The TWO books sent you each month are sold at $3.50 to $4 in the publisher's edition. But you get BOTH for only $1.39!

### 5-DAY TRIAL—NO OBLIGATION

Send the coupon here without money. Read CONGO SONG and JANE EYRE free for five days. If they do not convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. Otherwise, keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's double-selection. Mail this coupon for your TWO FREE BOOKS now! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. E. 3, Garden City, N. Y.

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK — WITH — WAR BONDS!

**BOTH FREE** CONGO SONG $2.50 in the Publisher's Edition *and* JANE EYRE

**BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA**
**Dept. E. 3, Garden City, N. Y.**

Please send me—FREE—CONGO SONG (Retail price in the publisher's edition, $2.50) and JANE EYRE. Within 5 days I may return them if I care to, without cost or obligation. Otherwise I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year—at only $1.39, plus few cents postage, for BOTH books.

MR.
MRS.
MISS ............................................................
*(Please print plainly)*

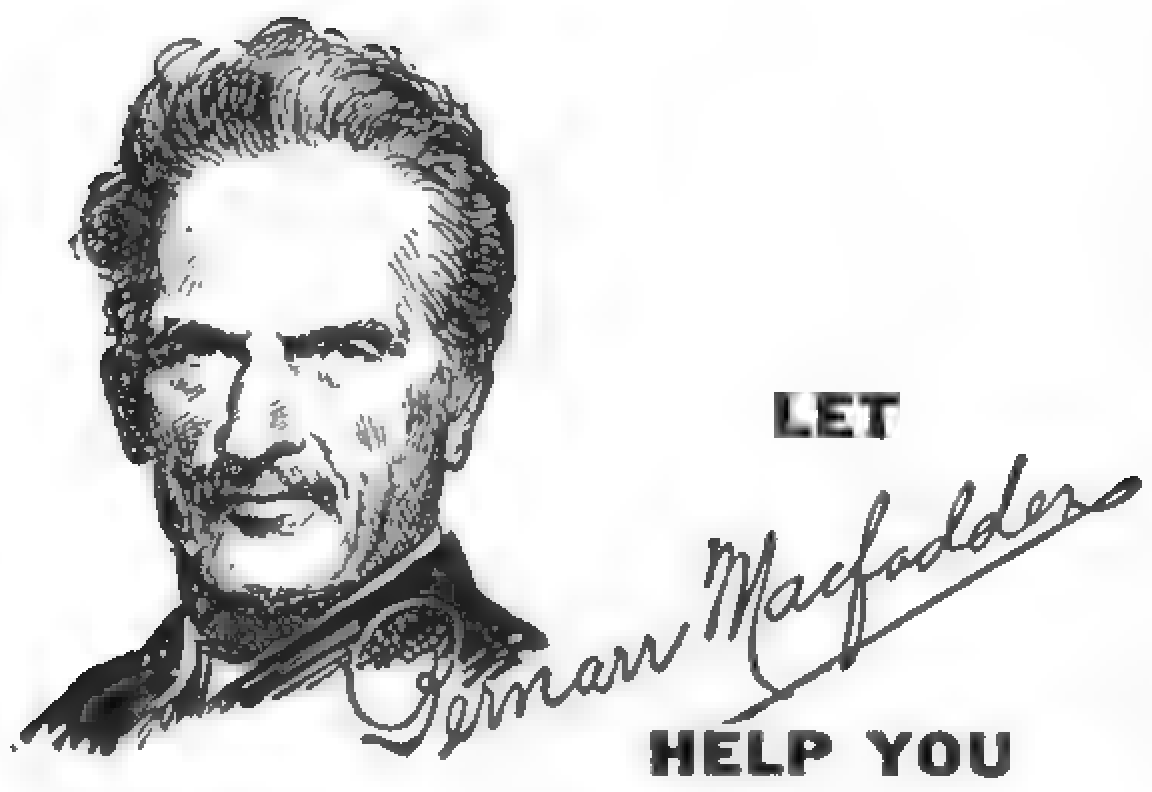
ADDRESS............................................................

CITY..........................ZONE NO. *(if any)*............STATE............

OCCUPATION......................If under 21, age please............

☐ HANDSOME DE LUXE BINDING: Check box if you wish your world's masterpieces (one each month) in simulated leather with silver stamping—for only 50c extra monthly. We will then also send your FREE gift copy of JANE EYRE in this binding at no extra charge.

*Slightly Higher in Canada—Address, 105 Bond St., Toronto*



SAVE YOUR HAIR!

*No Magic Tonics—No Cure-All*
*Just Plain Common Sense*

Is your hair beginning to thin, fall out, turn grey? Don't resign yourself to being bald, unattractive, old looking, until you have read Bernarr Macfadden's "Hair Culture". Recommending no cure-alls, no magic salves, but merely applying principles of healthy living, this 210 page book is chock full of down-to-earth common sense based upon an intimate knowledge of the natural bodily functions.

*Forty years ago, Bernarr Macfadden started to become bald but today his wavy handsome head of hair is the envy of men and women, half his age.* Learn from his experience. Get his book on hair culture today. This may be just the advice you have been waiting for. *Clip the coupon now!*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely pay the postman $2.00, plus $.15 for postage and handling charges. Or, if you send your check or money order for $2.00 with the coupon, we will pay postage and handling charges for you.

SOLD WITH A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Macfadden Foundation, Dept. 423
535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.
Please send me "Hair Culture". [ ] I will pay the postman $2.00 plus $.15 postage and handling charges.
[ ] I enclose $2.00 (check or money order).
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

GAY, GLAMOROUS

GIFTS FOR GALS

NEW *Vertes* CUSTOM SCARFS

Irresistible gifts for ladies fair . . . huge, brilliant scarfs designed by **VERTES** and gorgeously printed by **WESLEY SIMPSON** in a riot of colors *fast* and *washable!* Worn as turbans, shawls, bandanas, sashes, etc. Beautifully packaged. Postpaid in U. S. A. . . . . . . $3.95

*Leaf pattern on white or honey; poppies on honey, light blue or red background.*

RABSONS 111 W. 52nd ST. Dept.102, N.Y.19, N.Y.

DEFENDS AGAINST *Smoke Smudge*

Choose PASTE or POWDER

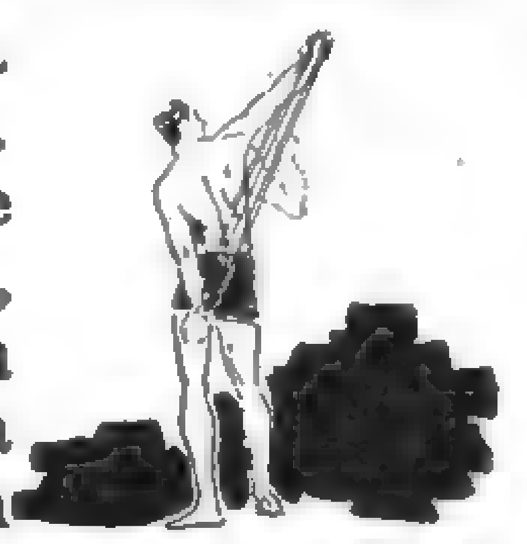
Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth *hard* to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit *your* teeth and watch those smudges vanish.

IODENT POWDER 1
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
IODENT POWDER 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

IODENT TOOTH POWDER • PASTE

# Talking Shop with Esquire

**"YOU, TOO, CAN BE SUPERMAN".** The answer could be a compact muscle builder set and five minutes a day with a workout on same. To develop a fine pair of biceps, plus a Tarzan chest, there's a hand grip, which you attach to a screw hook in your door casing. For general calisthenics, you grapple with a pair of dumbbell grips, winding up to a grand finale with reducing exercises via the "chest-puller" and "body developer", designed to put the roamin' abdomen in its place. Complete instruction charts are included with the set.



**PUSS PRESERVER.** You might as well pamper your one and only face with a new oil, created to give you a closer, cleaner and faster shave, whether done with brush, brushless or electric methods. You just apply a modicum of oil to brush, or to cream or directly on the beard, and let it work to produce a smooth, super shave. The oil also protects your skin from ravages of weather.

**QUICK COVERUP.** Do you nick your face whilst shaving? If you suffer from palsied palms the morning-after, better keep a coverup stick on hand. Looks like a dame's lipstick in a wooden case, but comes in light or dark complexion colors and suntan for the swarthy. Just dab it on nicks, pimples or other facial nuisances. For permanent blemishes, the same company makes another kind of coverup.

**EVERY WIFE A DREAM GIRL!** We'll wager that there isn't one of you guys who hasn't pointed to a pin-up gal and piped: "Why can't *my* wife look like that? "Alright, maybe she can. All you have to do is to give her a present of a six week's mail order course put out by a prominent New York salon. 'Tis said that big Berthas emerge at the end of six weeks proportioned like Miss America, or flat facades are built up into a curvaceous chassis. The school also shows its pupils how to do over their faces, suggests new hairdos, proper posture and poise. To date, it has turned 85,000 graduates into new paths of glamour.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

GLOBE-WIDE APPEAL

FOR STYLE & QUALITY
ask for ROYAL London
T.M.REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

BELTS • BRACES and WALLETS

On sale at Leading Men's Wear and Dept. Stores

GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE
1150 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

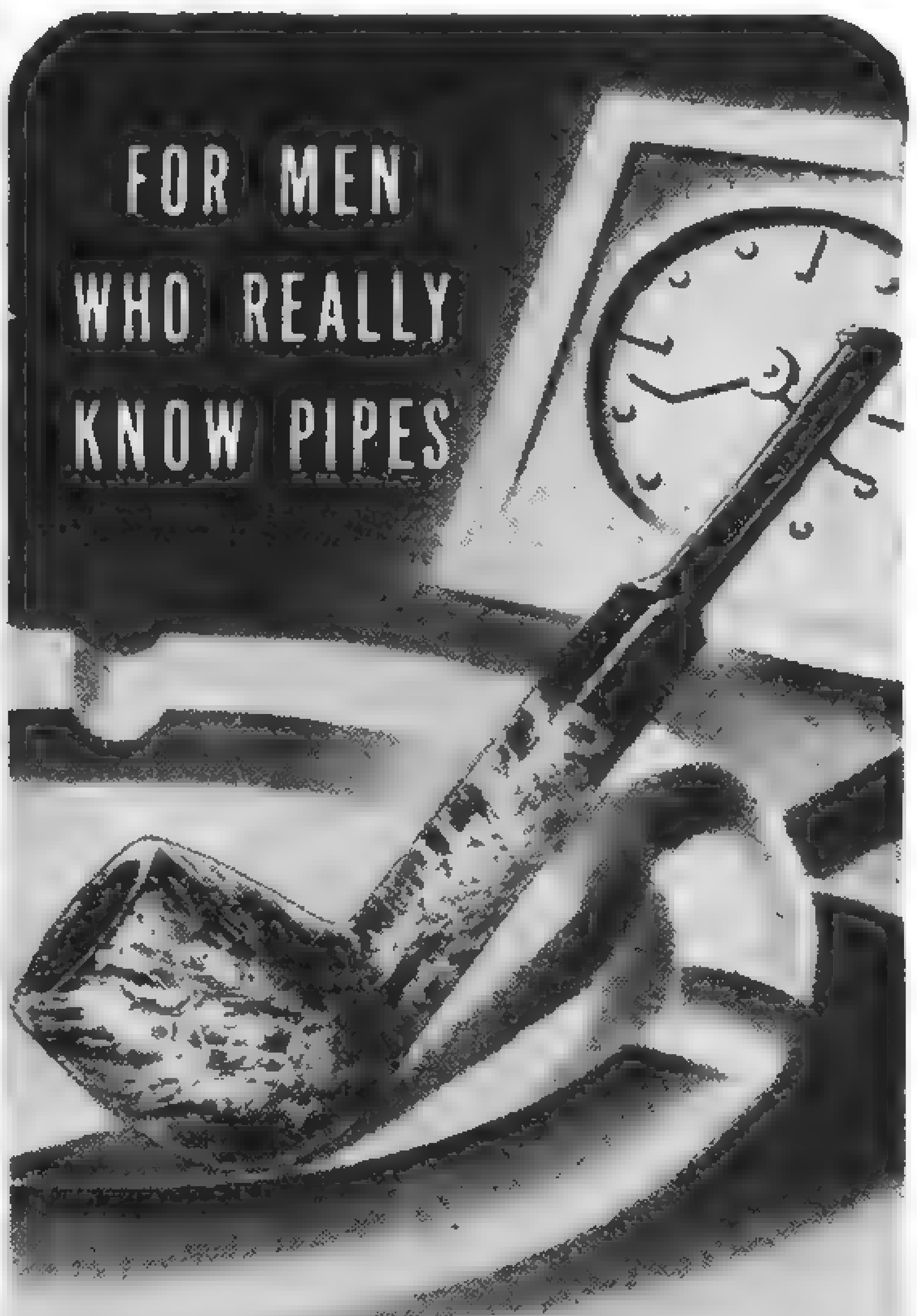
Learn to Speak SPANISH

FRENCH, GERMAN OR ITALIAN

This Quick, Easy Way

**ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY.** Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel. Speak like a native just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS. Learn quickly, easily at home as thousands have! Cortinaphone method famous for 60 years. Write today for FREE book "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in!

**CORTINA ACADEMY, Suite 453A, 105 W. 40 St., N.Y.C. 18**



*. . . and smoke them all day long!*

Royalton

SILVER CROWN MODELS
CHOICE NATURAL GRAINS . . $5

Men who are prone to smoke all through the day will tell you that only an extraordinary pipe can stay friendly under this round-the-clock pressure . . . Such a pipe is Royalton. For it assures undiminished pleasure and extra contentment . . . even at the end of a day's heavy smoking.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, OZONE PK., NEW YORK

DRESSING OF RARE FLAVOR
a man's delight
for Salads, Lobster, Chicken, Cold Meats and All Sandwiches
Shedd's Old Style FISH and MEAT DRESSING

Shedd's

Old Style

FISH AND MEAT DRESSING

SHEDD-BARTUSH FOODS, INC., DETROIT

Wow Them with TRICKS! Learn in 5 Minutes!

***Baffling Card Tricks, Screamingly Funny Practical Jokes, Complete with Apparatus and Instructions.***

Giant Outfit ONLY—> $1

Mystify your friends and fellow workers—read their minds—make cards disappear BY MAGIC—be the life of every party with **easily-learned** tricks that startle, puzzle, amaze, and leave your friends breathless with surprise! Get this thrilling BAG-O-TRIX & PUZZLES that will skyrocket you to popularity. Do the "impossible" right before their eyes! BAG-O-TRIX & PUZZLES contains full apparatus, **25 Different Articles and Gadgets** for baffling card tricks, daring practical jokes—things you can easily learn to do like a professional performer in 5 minutes. Take this short cut to instant popularity. Fun to learn—more fun to do. Guarantees hours of laughs for everyone—young and old, men and women. Service men will like it, too. Simple complete instructions included.

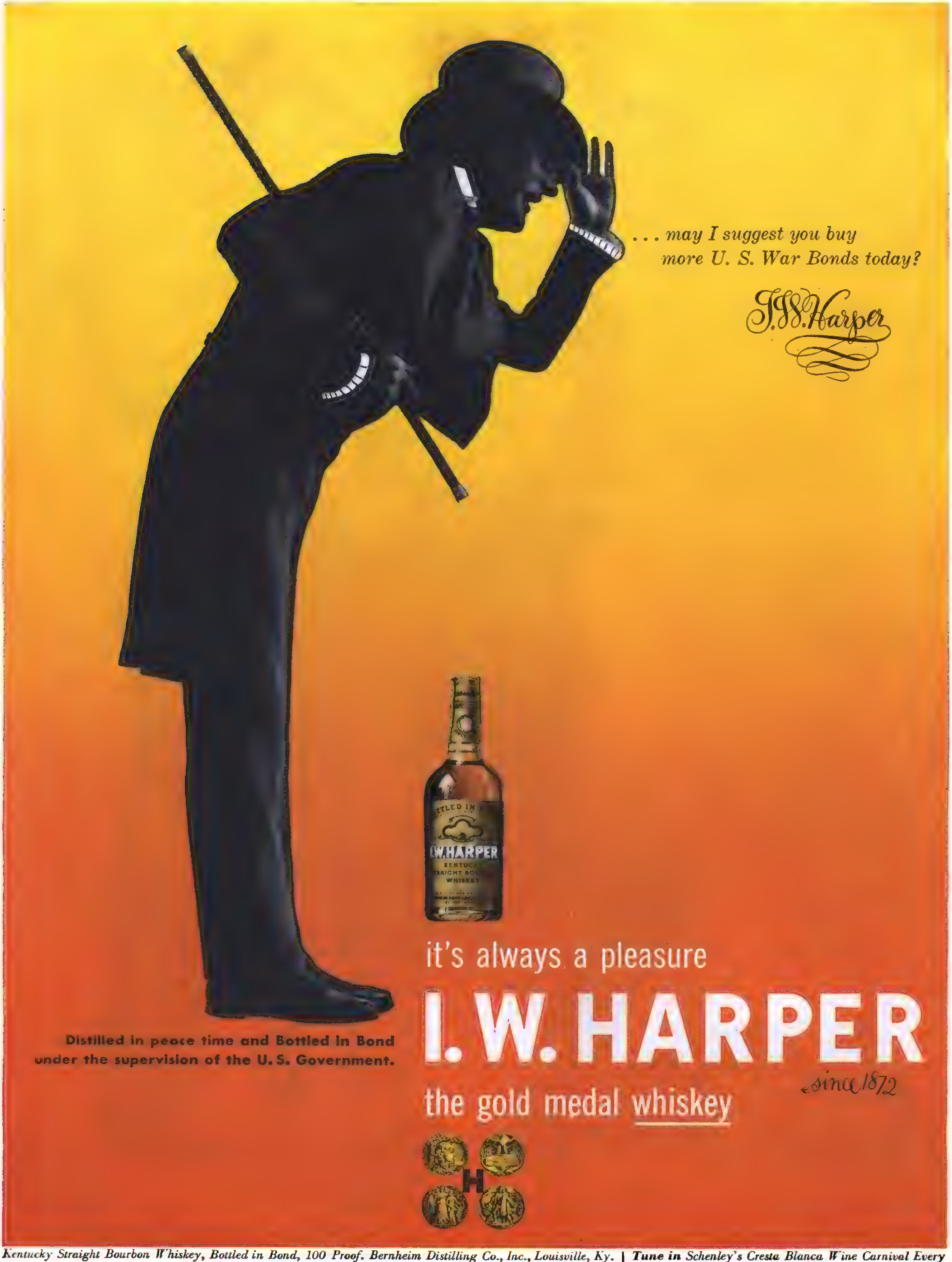
FREE JOKE BOOK
Pages and pages of laughs—funny stories, spicy jokes you'll enjoy reading and telling. Included absolutely FREE if you order BAG-O-TRIX & PUZZLES promptly! Hurry!

Send No Money!

Just send your name and address on postcard. Pay postman only $1.00 plus few cents postage when BAG-O-TRIX AND PUZZLES reaches you. **EXTRA**—big JOKE BOOK included FREE if you order NOW. Keep 5 days. If not delighted, return BAG-O-TRIX & PUZZLES for full refund. We pay postage if you send $1.00 with order. Same guarantee. Be the magician in your crowd. Act now!

TRIX CO. 82 W. WASHINGTON STREET Dept. C-60 Chicago 2, Ill.

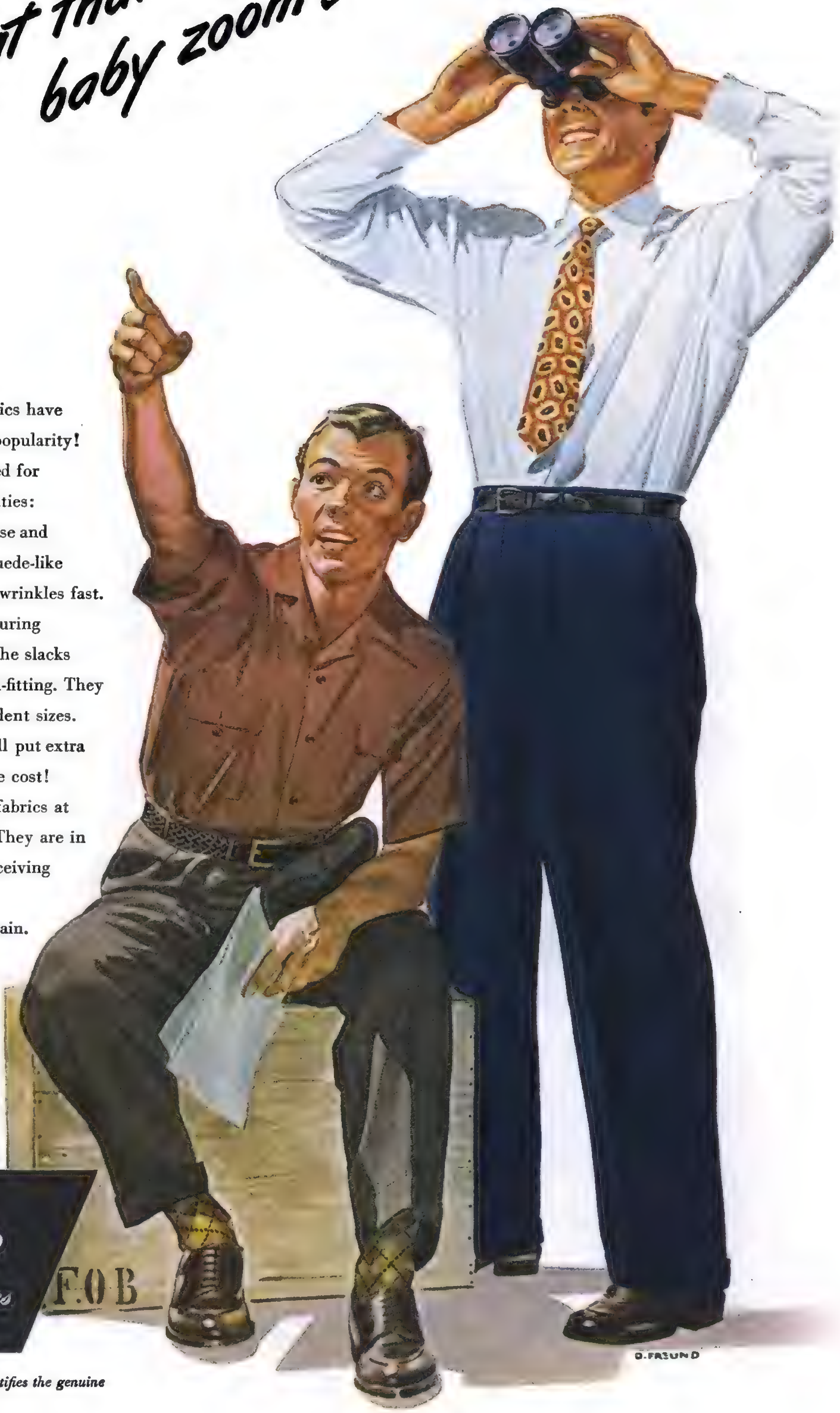
**our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use by the government**


. . . may I suggest you buy
more U. S. War Bonds today?
I.W. Harper
it's always a pleasure
I. W. HARPER
since 1872
the gold medal whiskey
Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
under the supervision of the U. S. Government.
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
H

*Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.*

***Tune in** Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C.B.S.*

# "Look at that baby zoom!"



Pacific's new men's wear fabrics have also taken the express elevator to popularity! The cloth shown here is widely used for slacks because of its excellent qualities: it's 100% wool, strong as a dray horse and smart as a whip. It's smooth and suede-like . . . holds a sharp crease but drops wrinkles fast.

Fine clothing makers are featuring garments made of Pacific fabrics. The slacks illustrated are comfortable and well-fitting. They are available in both adult and student sizes. Combined with sport jackets, they'll put extra suits in your wardrobe at very little cost!

Look for garments of Pacific fabrics at leading stores, attractively priced. They are in great demand but your dealer is receiving regular supplies. If he should be temporarily out of your size, try again. It will be well worth your while.

**Pacific**
Worsteds Woolens
100% WOOL

*The Pacific label identifies the genuine*

**PACIFIC MILLS,** Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16

# Painting the Town with Esquire

LAST time it was "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree?" This time the big revelation is New York, all-out in its hospitality but severe-lidded as regards hellraising. Not a paradise where you drink out of a crystal spring and food grows free on trees, but a swell playground for Uncle Sam's nephews a-furlough.

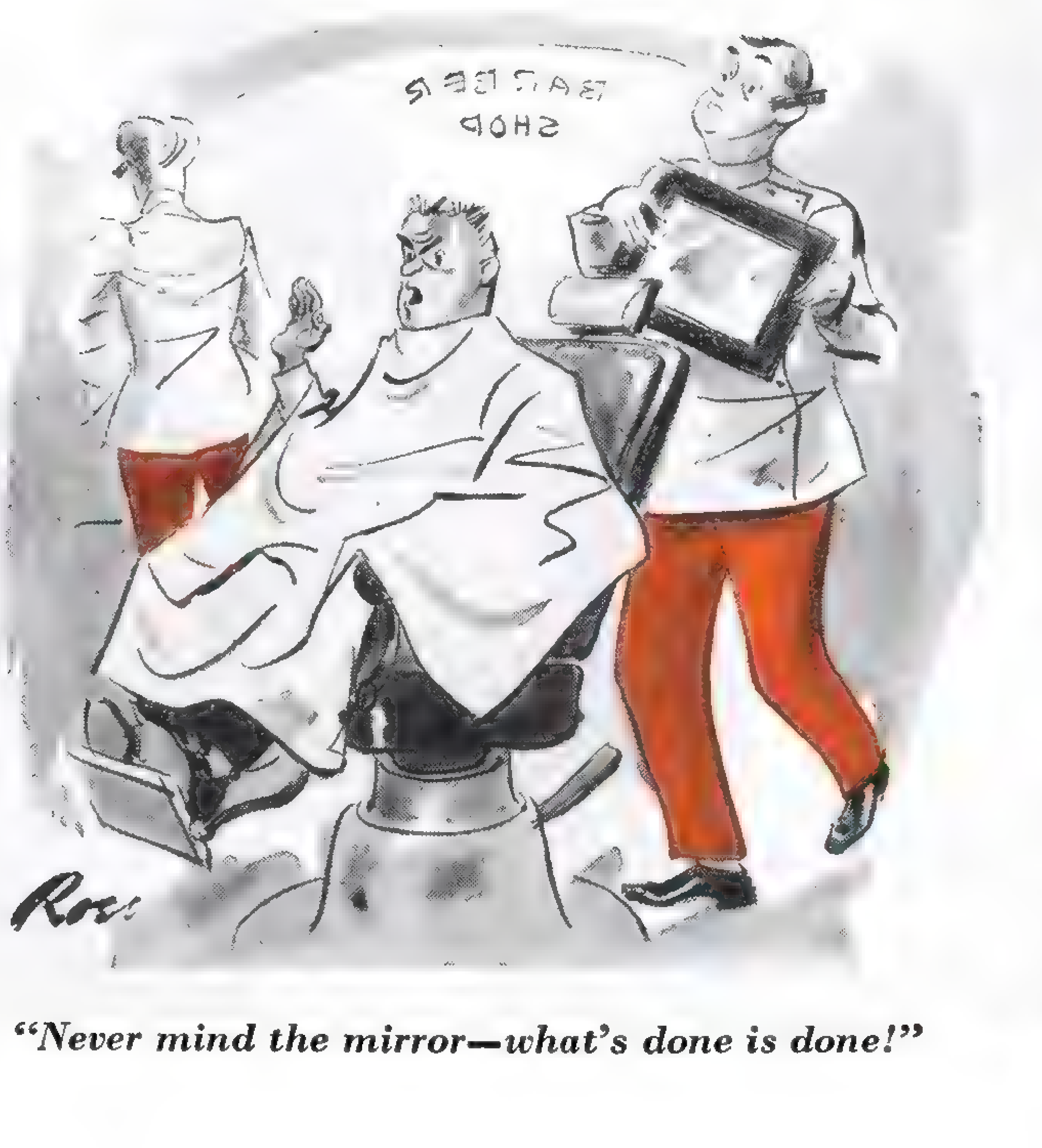
WITH Statler astuteness, the Hotel Pennsylvania has installed trusty trumpeter Charlie Spivak and his large slick band, with Irene Daye vocaling, as dance music purveyors in its huge, palatial Café Rouge, causing much congestion at the plush rope of entry, which is presided over by headwaiter John, demon rememberer of names and faces and good-nature radiator. He has 500 chairs in that room, all occupied unfortunately, but in just a moment, Lieutenant, he'll accommodate you and the lady. And presently he does, ensconcing you in state, with food and service that are wartime miracles.

A DISTURBING note is the rumor that Eddie Davis, the shy thrush singing in the virgin forest of Leon & Eddie's, is wanted by the movies. Seems they've decided he's a natural, so they're stalking him with a gilded cage, labeled Flicker Fame, which has a spring lock on it. But how could Eddie come rolling down the mountain in a contraption like that? How could he be the authentic Eddie if shanghaied away from his foil Leon, his waiter stooges, and his art gallery? He's not just an entertainer getting off songs and gags *at* you—he's an executive who, having worked out his plant and personnel problems in collaboration with Leon, proceeds to organize the customers into Guffawers, Inc.

GAS-restricted gadsters are tickled at the large, juicy break they have gotten by the name of Tavern-on-the-Green, located just inside the West boundary of Central Park, reached afoot by the 67th Street entrance or speedily spun to by taxi from anywhere. Were this gay-raftered hunk of quaintness and cheer stuck off somewhere in Jersey, Long Island, or Westchester it would be a junket must. Here it's an urban freak unique.

---

*For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.*



"Never mind the mirror—what's done is done!"

THE *Wise* THING TO DO!

In the hectic world of today, travelers find the quiet charm of the Plaza *especially* inviting. May we suggest that you write to us for reservations well in advance of your arrival.

*The* PLAZA
Facing Central Park
at 5th Ave. and 59th St.
*New York*
*Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director*

DEAR BUD: IT'S TRUE WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT LONDON DOCK TOBACCO!
U.S.O DANCE SAT. NITE
AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC

London Dock
Aromatic
SMOKING MIXTURE

2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3^{00} per lb.
*Sample 10c*
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

Christian Peper · St. Louis
*Fine Tobaccos Since 1852*

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

*The worlds finest*
DRY GIN

BOOTH'S
HOUSE
OF
LORDS
*Imported Dry Gin*

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86 PROOF

CROIX ROYALE Liqueur Brandy

CROIX ROYALE
(say Croy Royal)
*Brandy*
LIQUEUR QUALITY

COMPARABLE TO OLD-WORLD BRANDIES
84 Proof

Croix Royale Brandy is the result of the expert blending of fine brandies. It's as perfect a brandy as experienced skill can produce, comparable to the finest of European Brandies. *A sip will convince you.*

Try Croix Royale Brandy after-dinner or in high balls, manhattans, and old-fashioneds.

*BUY WAR BONDS FIRST!*

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO. • FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

# Painting the Town with Esquire

TO cushion the downrush for Samba Sirens and the wack wares of J. Promontory Durante at the Copacabana, basementeer Monte Proser has installed a diversionary attraction at street level, called Copa Cocktail Bar and Lounge. Décored by dispensary dreamer Franklin Hughes, who has here gone in for semi-circular huddle pews with canopies over them, it plies its appeal from sunset onward with its own string of entertainers. A fine feathered system of salvaging the turn-away.

LIPS that touch cornets rarely touch trombones, but Sonny (hot-and-sweet) Dunham, blowing big as effectively as he blows small, operates both of these instruments in maestroing the spectacular Ice Show in the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, with Don Darcy handling the swoon assignments in competent style. If the management doesn't mind, we'll do our swooning for petite blonde Dorothy Claire, minxy moodiste of the mike.

URGE for glory and grandeur has suddenly hit the Bal Tabarin, a hitherto unassuming little French spot (225 West 46th), which had jogged along cheerily on mere tasty eats, neat can-can revue, and general friendliness and fair dealing. Now ze bosses, Johnny Hourclé and his bartender brother, have taken on additional space which enables 40 more people to be seated, and designer Max Weldy has created a "streets of Paris" setting which is truly *magnifique.*

IF you were a visiting sea captain in clipper ship days, the water-front hotel where you lodged, ate, drank, and swapped yarns, was Sweet's, at the fishy end of Fulton Street. Quaker A. M. Sweet, who opened his doors in 1845, isn't around anymore and lodgment for seafarers has ceased to be offered, but the old-fashioned dining room, up a quaint flight of stairs, is intact and flourishing as the oldest sea food restaurant in New York. The old wooden floor is deck white with 99 years of daily scrubbings. Walls are souvenired with whales' teeth, harpoons, etc.; the bar is a classic; the old Negro waiters are characters. Only the fish is new and it's *very* new—mackerel, eels, scallops, crabmeat, lobsters—any item that Neptune has in his shop. Financial district folk claim that you ain't had Finnan Haddie till you've had Haddie à la Sweet's.

---

*For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.*

For the Connoisseur
RONRICO
Distilled Puerto Rican Rum

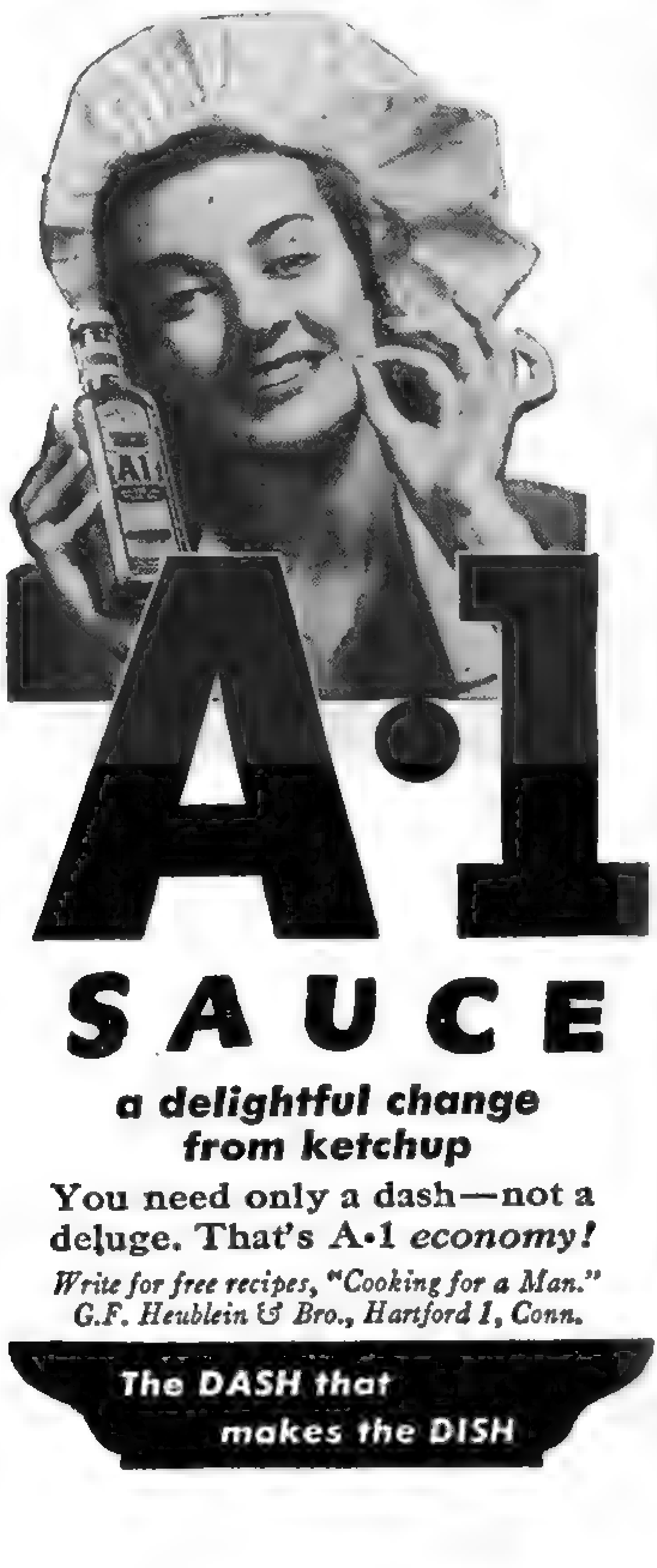
RONRICO*

Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (E), Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90, 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Imp. Div., McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1.50
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL.4-1414



A·1 SAUCE

a delightful change from ketchup

You need only a dash—not a deluge. That's A·1 *economy!*

*Write for free recipes, "Cooking for a Man." G.F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Conn.*

The DASH that makes the DISH

Abbott's Aged Bitters

THE DIFFERENCE IS Abbott's

Add zest to your whiskey, wine, gin, and rum drinks. Add a dash of Abbott's.

Abbott's BITTERS SINCE 1872

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

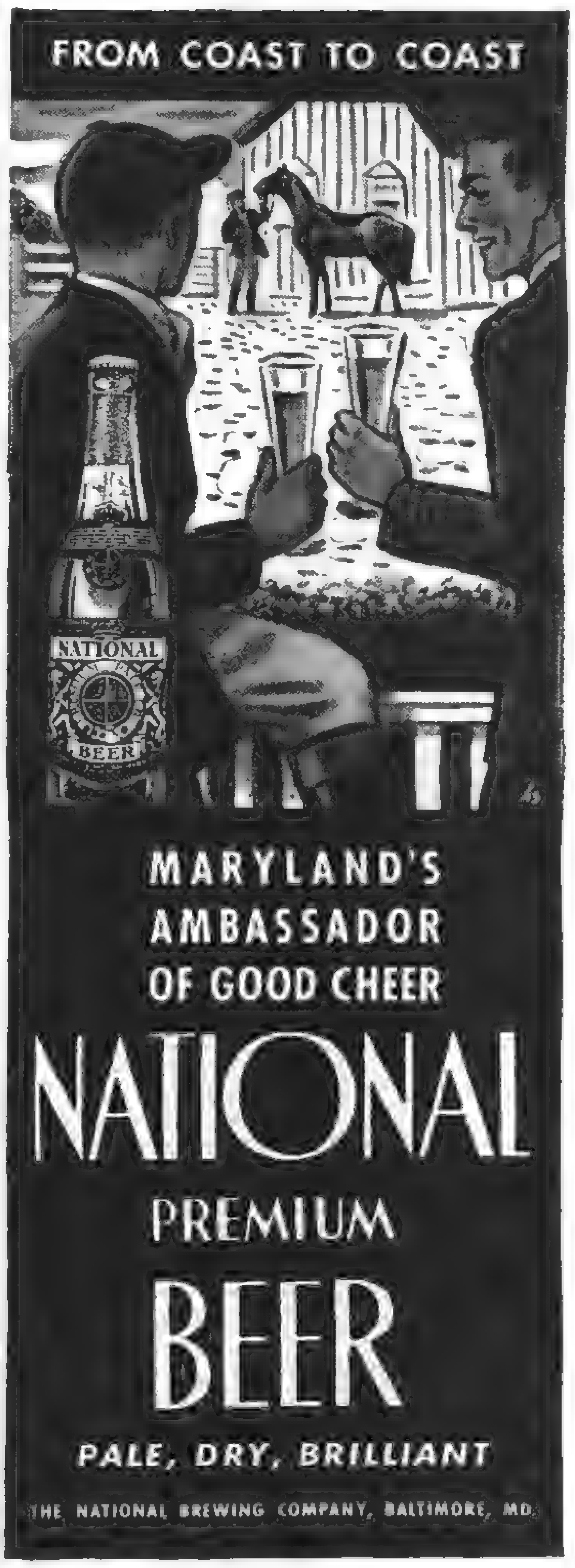
THIS COUNTRY HAS A GOOD 5¢ CIGAR

Wedgewood PANETELAS

Unfortunately our output is limited, but if you see them displayed and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find new smoking pleasure in WEDGEWOOD.

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA. 34, PA.

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.



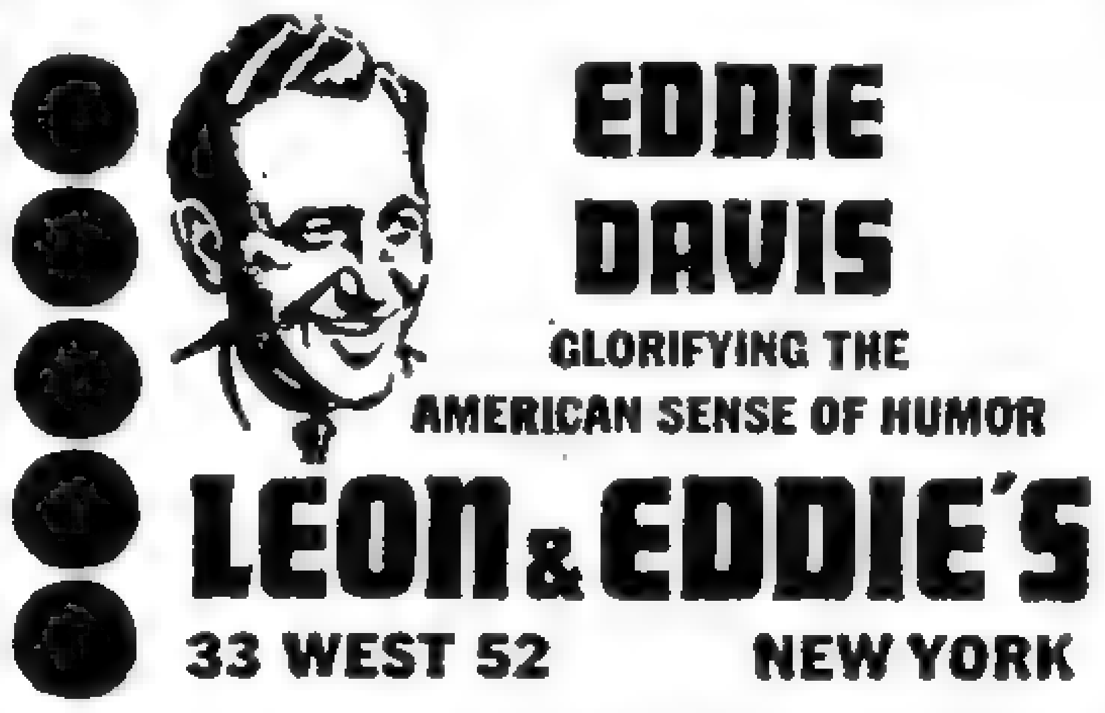
FROM COAST TO COAST

MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.



EDDIE DAVIS
GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 WEST 52 NEW YORK

*Rigidly supervised since 1661, virtually "hand made" in small, accurately controlled batches, backed by centuries of British Empire traditions of craftsmanship—no wonder Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand, are standouts among the world's really fine liquors.*

JAMAICA NOG

Mix 1 jigger sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream sweetened to taste) and 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add cracked ice, shake well. You'll find this "believe it or not" novelty delightful when made with genuine

Jamaica RUMS

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

**ESQUIRE'S NEW JAZZ BOOK**

# now at your newsstand

Get on Esky's bandwagon . . . nab Esquire's sensational new 92-page Jazz Book. This entertainingly written attractively illustrated handbook is a complete guide to jazz . . . from Buddy Bolden to Bennie Goodman from Memphis to the Met. Just look at some of the things it gives you:

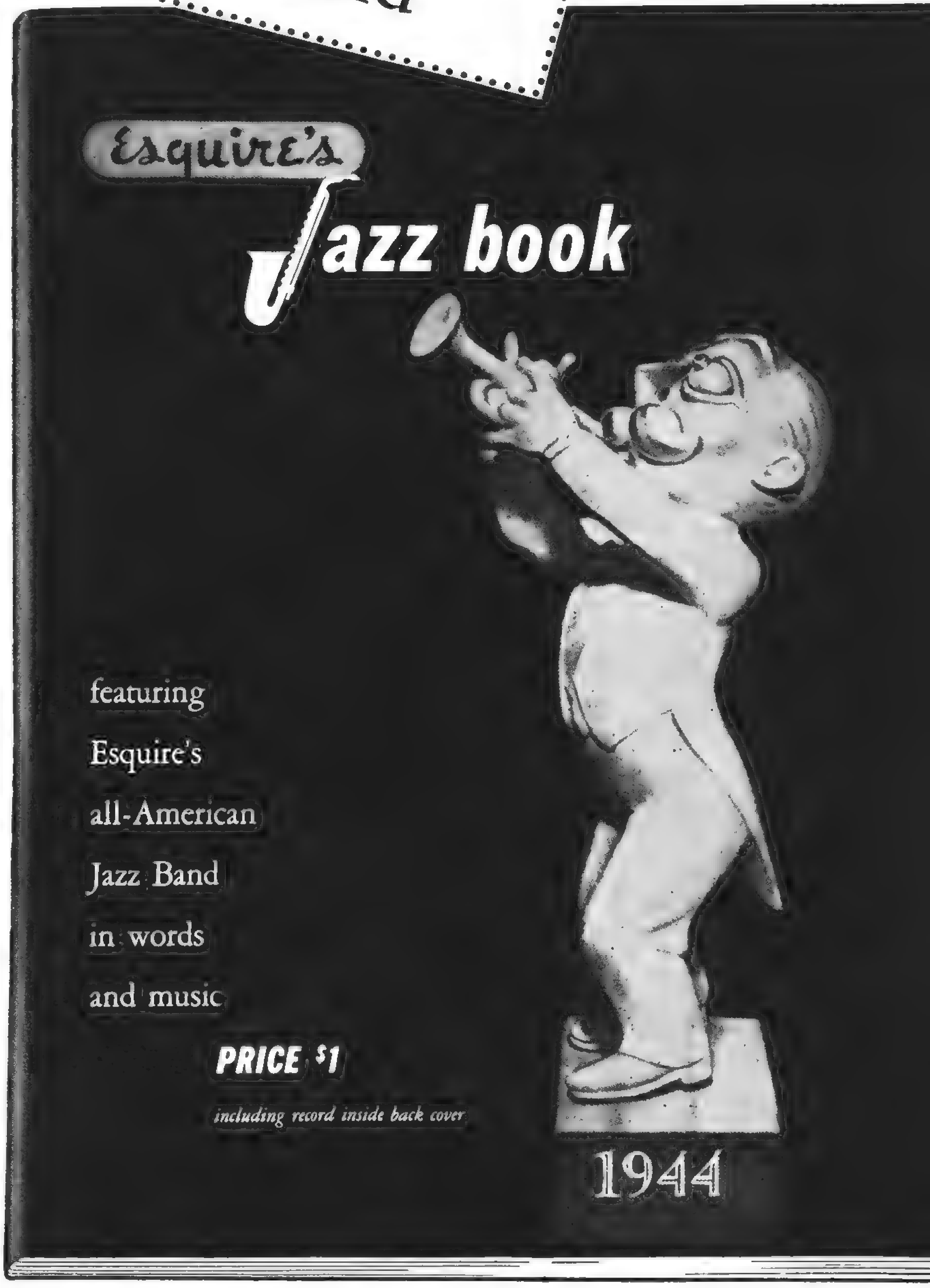
**1.** The outstanding jazz articles that have appeared in Esquire during the past ten years . . . including Charles Edward Smith's classic "Collecting Hot"—all edited, annotated, and brought up to date by Paul Eduard Miller, veteran jazz authority.

**2.** Chapters covering hot jazz history, the great musicians and recordings of the past . . . along with a historical chart of jazz influences—the first of its kind anywhere.

**3.** Twenty-four full pages of hot jamming photographs of the jazz greats of yesterday and today . . . with over forty lively sketches in black and white by E. Simms Campbell.

**4.** Sections devoted to the choosing by Esquire's board of experts of the world's greatest jazz musicians for Esquire's All-American Band . . . with biographies of the more than 120 jazzmen who received votes, and an all-inclusive list and evaluation of records made by the ten winners.

**5.** A real eight-inch record (semi-permanent on a paper base) of solos by various members of Esquire's All-American Band, with a commentary by Leonard Feather.



ACTUAL SIZE 10" x 13⅞"

Here's jazz information never before gathered between two covers . . . and a fund of solid entertainment too, for just $1. Get your copy of Esquire's Jazz Book at your newsstand, book or department store, record shop, PX or ship's store . . . or if your dealer is sold out, clip the coupon and order from Esquire direct

ESQUIRE, P.O. BOX 1719
CHICAGO 90, ILL.

*Please send me* ________ *Esquire Jazz Books at $1 each*

*I enclose* ____________, *payment in full*

**name**______________________________
(PLEASE PRINT)

**address**______________________________
(U.S. ORDERS ONLY. NO STAMPS PLEASE)

**city**____________________ **state**__________

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

*Adolf Caspary*

Adolf Caspary was born in Berlin in 1898. He left Germany for good in 1932, foreseeing what would happen, living in Italy, Switzerland and France before finally coming to this country two years ago. He has written many articles on economics, history, political and military science for European publications; a short history of political doctrines and a book called *Economic Strategy and Warfare*. At this writing he is working on a book about the economics of military strategy.

●

Thirty-three-year old Canadian Robert Fontaine writes: "I acquired fame as the winner of the Eastern Canada Inter-Scholastic sixty-yard Three-Legged Race in 1924—in collaboration, of course. One day I entered the National City Bank of New York to get a blotter and stayed as an accountant. Later I joined pixies with Joe Cook and, with several fellow fantasists, concocted a radio show for NBC. I spent two years in Hollywood in the third seat from the left on the La Brea bus. Returned east in bed. I was in Washington in 1939, admiring the Gayety Burlesque show, when the staff of the Washington *Daily News* joined *me*. I was a sports and police reporter, covered the House, Senate and District Courts; reviewed music, edited radio. Fell flat on my face again and came north in bed. Got out of bed. Was cold. Got back in. Got out again in spring and began to free-lance. I live in Springfield, Mass., a member of the CIO in good standing. Well, pretty good."

*Robert Fontaine*

●

When he submitted *Boss of the Bomber*, Sigmund Sameth wrote: "I have always been resentful of the pictures on your contributor's page because it looks as if they had been taken through a shower curtain. However, my wife insists that I should try to get my picture on as many contributor's pages as possible because that is part of publicity and name-promotion and by making my face a household word like Rinso or Saroyan I can get better rates and maybe we can make enough money to get off our farm near Kutztown, Pa., and move to the city. So my wife took the picture enclosed. I am sorry it is so sharp, but I don't think there is a shower curtain in Berks County since most everybody bathes in a barrel in the yard in the summer. The picture shows my shaggy tweeds which I call my author-suit. Then there is the pipe which shows that I am an author, too."

*Sigmund Sameth, Esquire*

●

In his salad days Theodore Goodridge Roberts "went to Tampa, Florida, as war correspondent for the New York *Independent* on the ragged fringes of Shafter's army, sailed to Cuba with the expeditionary force and returned with a case of badly mixed fevers. Sometime later I married and took my wife to the West Indies for several years. Then back to Canada and the militia cavalry—Princess Louise's New Brunswick Hussars. Transferred to the York Regiment, then to Officers. To England with wife and two children; back, after three years, with three children. Rejoined my regiment in 1914, served in England and France, received a captain's commission, was aide-de-camp to Sir Arthur Currie, later officer official of military publications. I have published thirty books, and appeared, with prose or verse, in most English, Canadian and United States magazines."

●

Colonel Harvey L. Miller entered the Marine Corps as an enlisted man in 1906, saw service in China, the Philippines, Cuba, Nicaragua and Mexico. He was first commissioned in World War I. He won the inter-service bantamweight championship in 1906 at Newport, defeating Soldier Jimmy Burns. He won the featherweight championship in the Far East in 1907, defeating Charlie Johnson of England; and the lightweight championship of the Far East in the following year by kayoing Jimmy Dwyer of Boston and Australia in round thirteen of a scheduled forty-five rounder. This bout, in which the winner was floored thirteen times in the first four rounds, was cartooned in Ripley's *Believe It or Not.* He became in turn a boxing trainer, manager, promoter and referee, interspersed with two years as sports editor of the Washington *Herald.* For four years he was head boxing coach at the University of Maryland. He was mobilized for the present war in 1940 as commanding officer of the Fifth Reserve Marine Battalion, most of whom saw service on Guadalcanal. Later, in the Fleet Marine Force, he commanded the First Battalion, First Marines; the Second Battalion, Seventh Marines; and the First Division Service Troops Regiment.

*Col. H. L. Miller, USMC*

●

Born in Montreal, and living in Westmount, Quebec, Vincent D. Lunny is a sports writer and columnist for the Montreal *Standard.* He once intended to be a financial news writer, but quit when economics proved too dull. He finds sports writing easy, because all you have to do is "second guess" other people's efforts. His current contribution to Esquire is *The Best Team Seldom Wins*, page 76.

*Vincent D. Lunny*

●

Donald Barr Chidsey, for many years a contented expatriate on the island of Tahiti, has lately been with the American Field Services in North Africa and Palestine. He wrote *Good Night, Sweetheart*, on page 52 of this issue.

●

Edwin Lanham, author of *Cerbere and the Nazi Officer*, is a rewrite man for the New York *Herald Tribune*, and has written six novels, the most recent of which is *Thunder in the Earth.*

●

Davis Dresser is in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, for the duration, engineering for Uncle Sam. At fifteen he lied himself into the U. S. Cavalry at Fort Bliss, where he served mostly in the guardhouse. Back to high school, then to Tri-State College of Engineering. After building roads and bridges in Texas, Ohio and Florida, he turned to writing and under many pseudonyms has sold westerns, mysteries and love stories; short stories, radio plays and articles. #

*Davis Dresser*

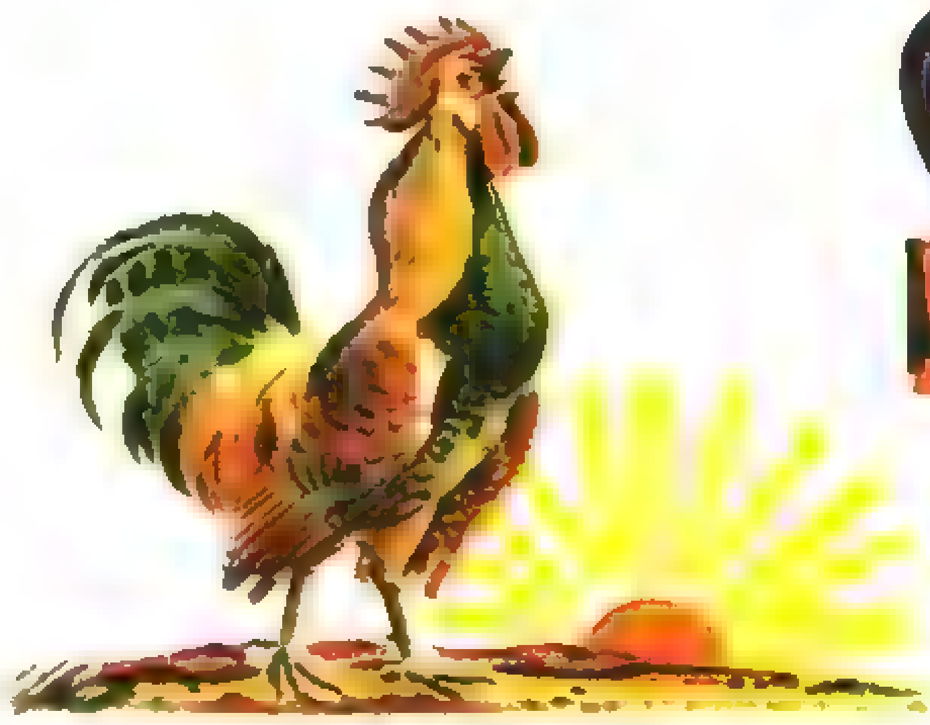
# "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!"

YOU will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. But *one* thing *all* who taste it agree upon: this fine smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . *so mellow and light* . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole. Over all others, it's America's first choice among whiskies — SCHENLEY Royal Reserve — *because we made it America's finest!*

You'll taste the proof of it in your first highball, your first Old Fashioned, Manhattan, or Whiskey Sour . . . made with SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. Try it. *Soon!*

*SCHENLEY HAS MADE NO WHISKEY SINCE 1942 . . . our distilleries are producing alcohol for war use by the government! Precious pre-war reserves must furnish the whiskies for Schenley Royal Reserve these days. But there is enough for the duration if used in moderation.*

*Mellow and light as a perfect morning!*



**SCHENLEY**
*Royal Reserve*
BLENDED WHISKEY

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

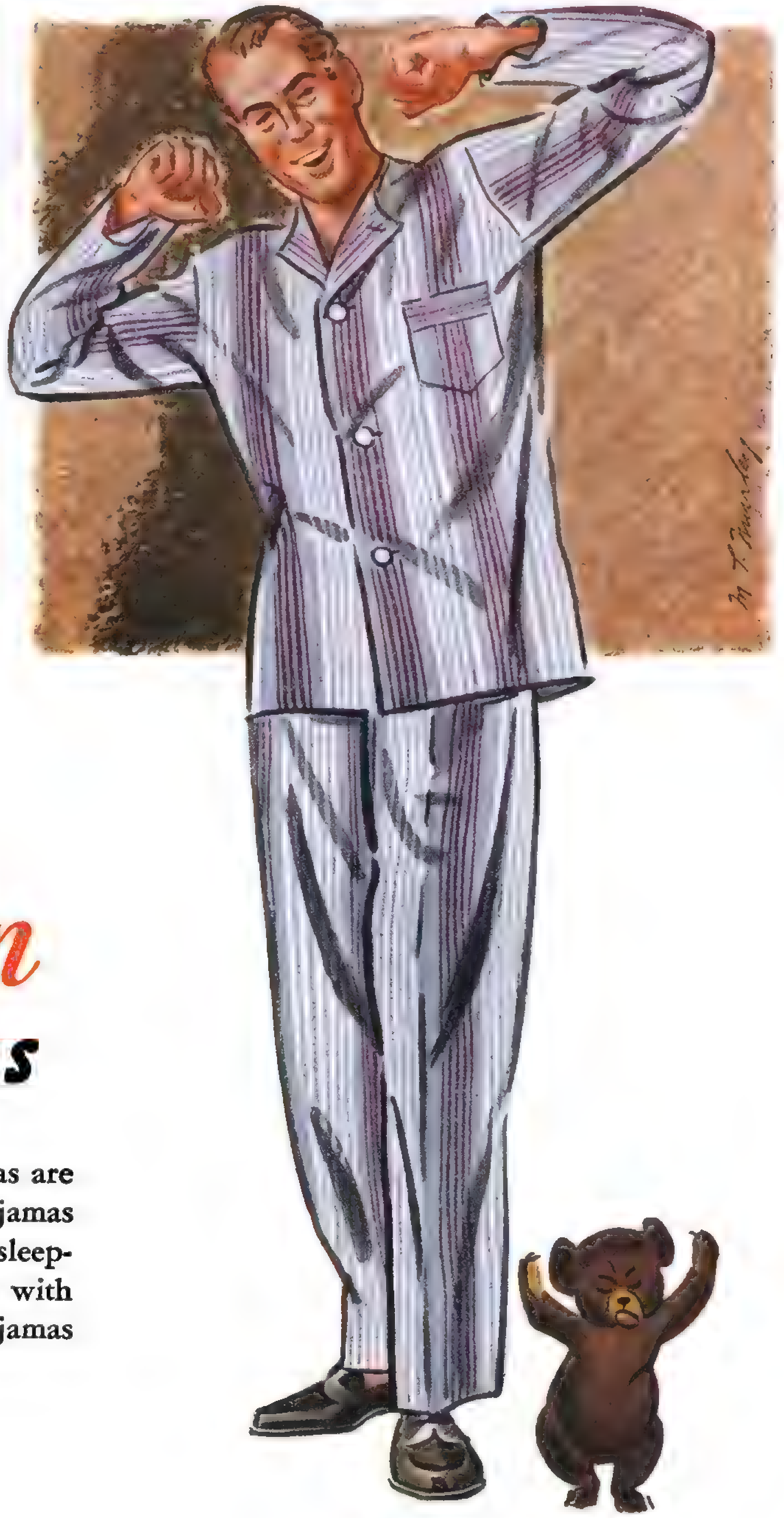
**BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

© 1944, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains.

**ADD** PATTERNS AND COLORS DESIGNED FOR A MAN'S TASTE

**ADD** SOFT-FINISHED FABRICS THAT SOOTHE YOU TO SLEEP

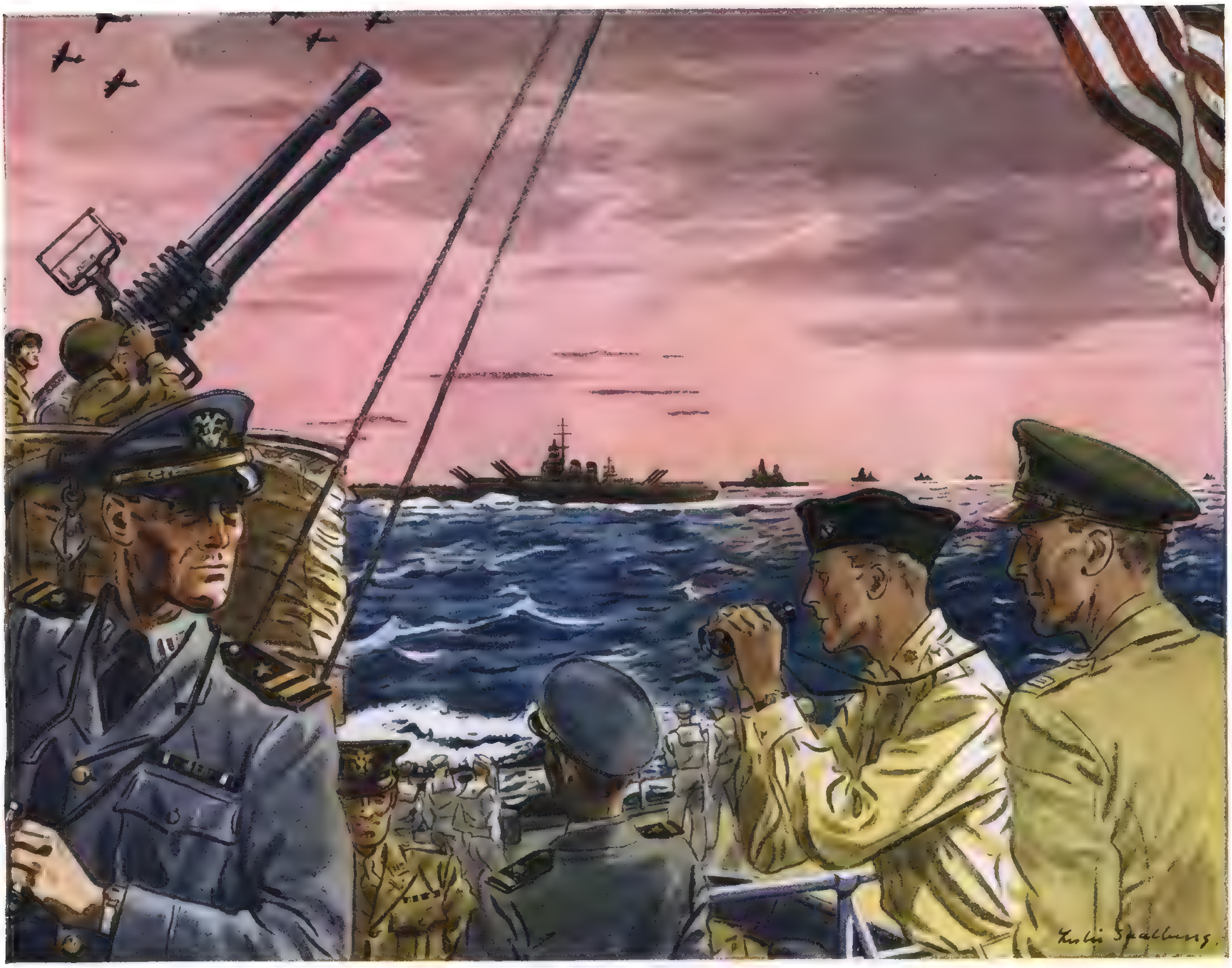
**ADD** FULL-CUT FIT THAT LETS YOU TWIST AND TURN WITH EASE



# IT ALL ADDS UP TO *Manhattan* PAJAMAS

No need to count sheep to fall asleep when your pajamas are Manhattan. Just add up the *plus* features of Manhattan Pajamas (see above) and you'll see why they total up to complete sleeping comfort . . . Made by the makers of Manhattan shirts with all the famous Manhattan quality. Buy Manhattan pajamas *today* for smoother sleeping *tonight!*

*BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . THEY ALL ADD UP TO VICTORY!*



*Surrender of the Italian Fleet at Malta, September, 1943.*
*Painted by the distinguished artist,*
*Leslie Saalburg*

It is an American tradition to have the best. No nation in the world has an armed force so superbly trained, equipped, fed and clothed as this country's fighting battalions. Our officers are something to make the heart quicken with pride . . . they look the leaders they are, from gleaming shoes to jaunty caps. Many of those caps wear the Dobbs label, for Dobbs Military Caps have the same undisputed leadership in military life that Dobbs Hats signify in civilian life. There again is the American tradition of requiring the best. Fine material, authoritative workmanship and stamina are qualities a fighter respects. That is the reason why so many of our top-notch officers prefer Dobbs Military Caps.

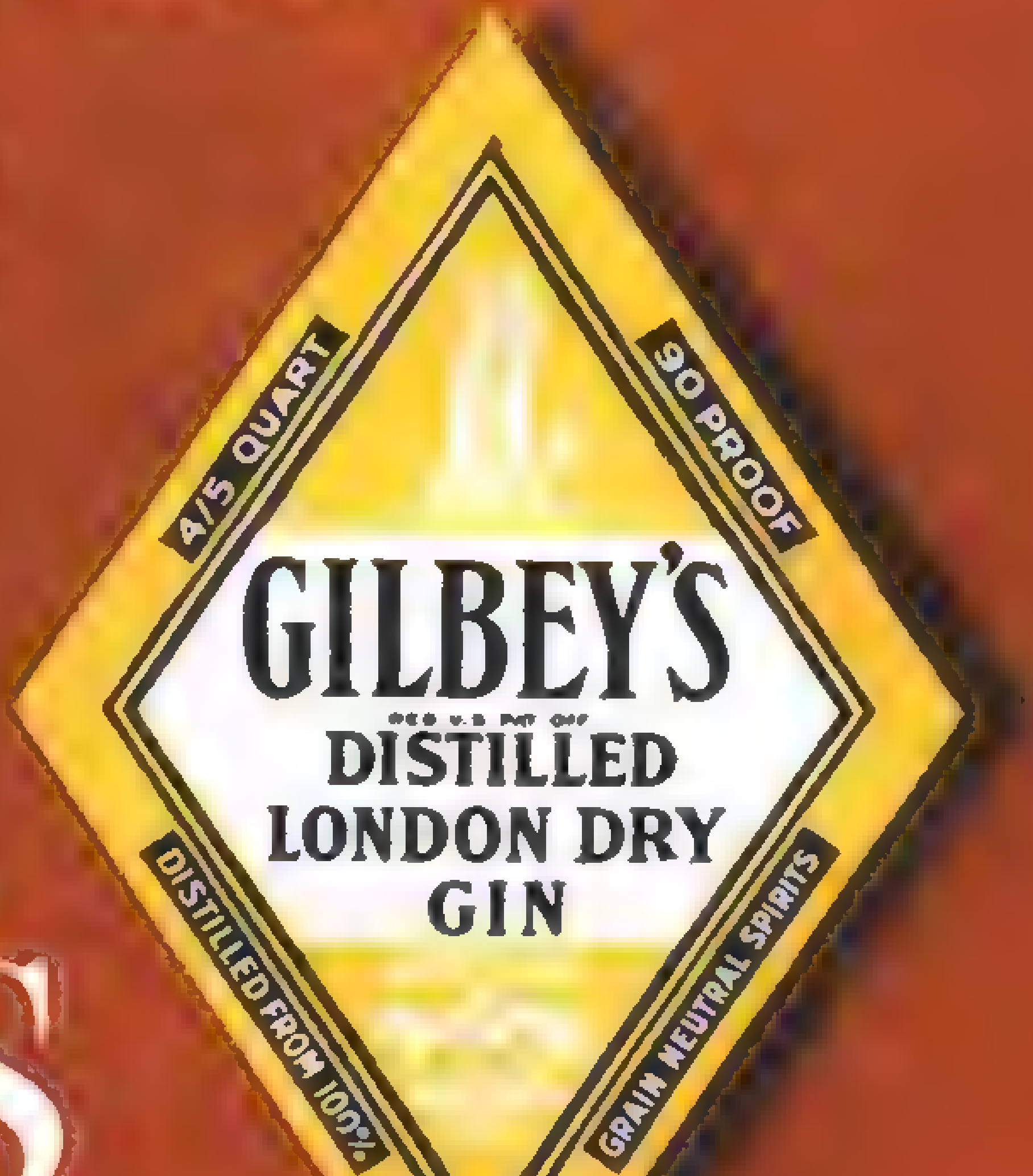
AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES

DOBBS

*Military Caps . . . in which they serve*

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS • RETAIL STORE: PARK AVENUE AT 53rd

That pre-war taste tells why GILBEY'S GIN for nearly a century has been the world's choice for a great Martini


4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

GILBEY'S

*the International*

GIN

THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANADA

*National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits*

# War Is a Business, As Usual

**Reducing all conflicts to dollars and common sense, from Hannibal's defeat in the past to Hitler's in the future**

### by ADOLF CASPARY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

WHEN Hitler took power in 1933, the German Reichsbank possessed exactly 125,000,000 dollars in gold and foreign currency. Economics experts predicted that Hitler would run through this amount in less than six months, and thus bankrupt Nazism would fade away.

Six months later, the Reichsbank was down to 18,000,000 dollars—but Hitler was going strong. He knew what democratic leaders refused to believe: that no condition is more suited to keeping a dictatorship alive than ruined finances. As long as people could buy what they wanted with paper money, they were more or less content. All they asked was that prices did not go up and this could be achieved easily (as Dr. Hjalmar Schacht proved) by controlling wages, prices, and above all, imports and exports.

For years the Third Reich has been a "financial ruin"—but it never toppled. The people most vitally interested in propping it up are those with money. In a dictatorship everybody is forced to lend money to the State; banks must take over bonds and other State securities by law or by decree. When the whole structure wobbles, everyone within it—the people with an eye on their weekly pay checks, the big financial powers with an eye on their millions—becomes even more anxious to brace it up, and the more it wobbles the more anxious they become. Nazi Germany demands sacrifice of her people by a kind of half-legal blackmail: Germans are forced to sink so much into the regime that they can't afford to see it go down.

A similar blackmail game won Germany the support of big business interests abroad. Although the men who did business with Hitler saw their contracts broken, their capital in Germany frozen, and interest payments stopped, they still hung on because the Reich's complete collapse would wipe out whatever stakes they still possessed.

When Hitler at last went to war, he did it with an empty purse—but he still could have won. In fact, rich France was beaten by poor Germany, and richer England was almost beaten. But a poor nation can defeat a wealthier nation only if it clinches that victory before the richer country marshalls its financial resources. History has proved again and again that the fat purse *always* wins—if the people who hold it aren't afraid to dig into it. France did not take the war seriously enough, and lost; England was also slow to awaken, and almost lost. Today the Allies will win because they are willing to spend. We can pay for a victory. Germany cannot.

Consider the defeat of Hannibal, who was actually one of the most victorious generals in history. For sixteen years Hannibal fought in enemy territory practically without supply from home, and he was never defeated. In fact, at Cannae he won the greatest military victory of all time.

When Hannibal set out to take Rome, he asked his government in Carthage to send the necessary weapons of siege, the "heavy artillery" of those days, which he had not been able to carry across the Alps. They refused. Why?

Because the Carthaginian Senate was controlled by the reactionary party which stuck to the old principle that wars should be paid for by conquered countries, on a sort of pay-as-you-lose basis. Besides, the party was not particularly interested in the war anyway. So the Carthaginian navy stayed in Carthage and no supplies were shipped to Hannibal across the Mediterranean. By the time public opinion had prodded the complacent Senate into action, Rome had mobilized her forces and Hannibal's had been diminished and irreparably weakened. Carthage accepted a "negotiated peace" and fifty years later Rome destroyed her completely. The idea of "business as usual," which had made her powerful, ultimately annihilated her.

* * *

Hannibal lost his war because the financiers were against him; for the same reason, Julius Caesar, who won his war, lost the peace.

Caesar had always been considered a bad financial risk. He liked to live luxuriously and he contracted heavy debts. Worst of all, he was a boss in the Democratic Party. Only speculators would lend money to Caesar, and that at high rates of interest.

When Caesar took power in 49 B.C., he surpassed the worst fears of the Roman conservatives—he removed the treasury from the temple to his private bank. Financiers gasped. They were not afraid of embezzlement, because it was too much money for any person or clique to spend. But what was Caesar to do with it?

He *should* have used the treasury to build up a country which had been exhausted by eighty-five years of civil war; he should have organized and financed public works; provinces devastated by war should have been rebuilt, public land should have been turned over to the peasants. But Caesar could think only in terms of imperialistic warfare. Though he had conquered an empire, he wanted still more *Lebensraum* in the East. While Rome staggered towards financial panic, Caesar started preparations for a new, enormous war against the Persians.

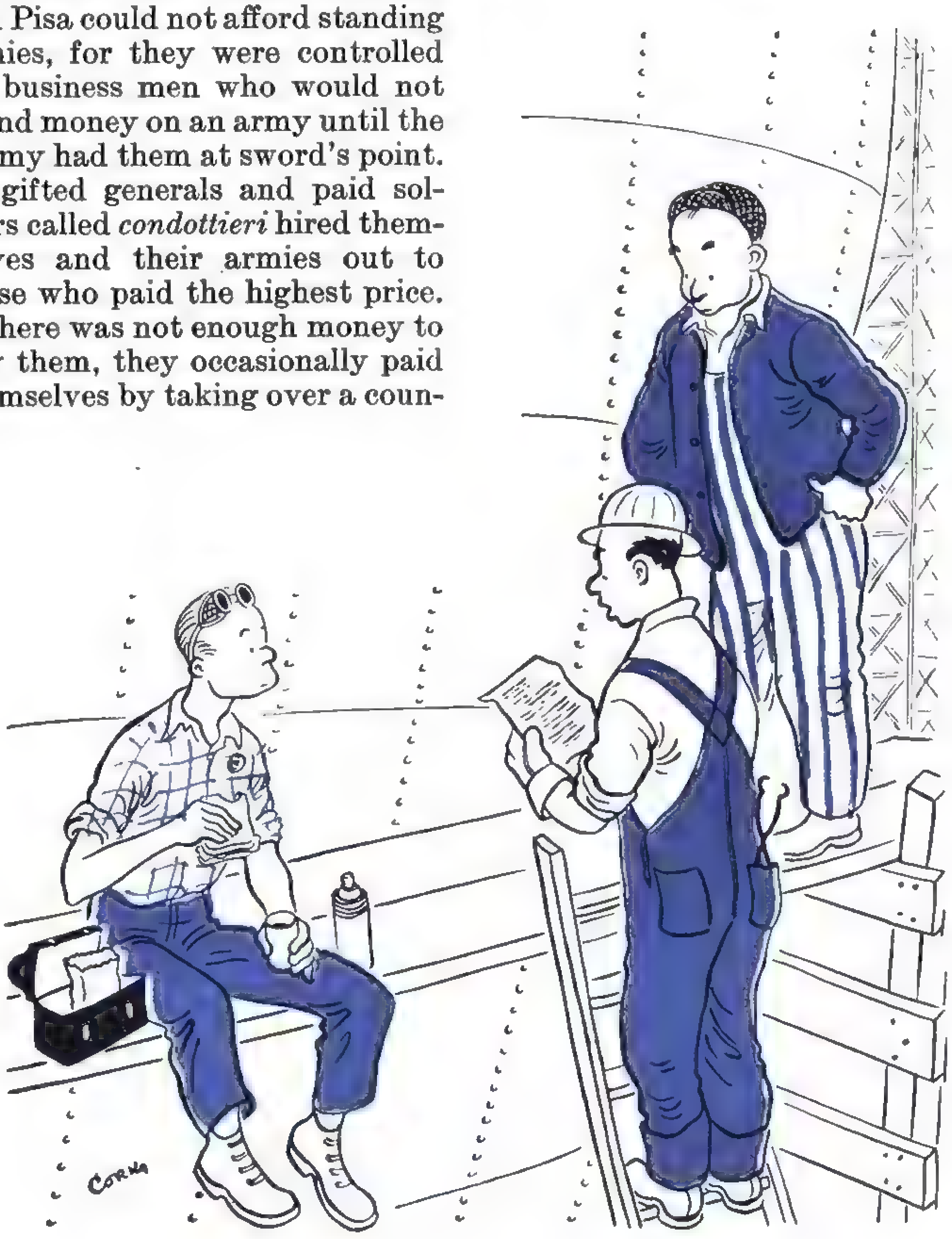
Here's where the Conservative Party of the Senate stepped in. It was Rome's top financiers who murdered Caesar on March 15, 44 B.C.

* * *

During the Middle Ages war was a kind of sport for dilettante noblemen, but during the Renaissance it was a paid profession. Tiny states like Venice, Florence and Pisa could not afford standing armies, for they were controlled by business men who would not spend money on an army until the enemy had them at sword's point. So gifted generals and paid soldiers called *condottieri* hired themselves and their armies out to those who paid the highest price. If there was not enough money to pay them, they occasionally paid themselves by taking over a country and elevating themselves to dukes. Such government administration was a travesty on the classic model but Renaissance leaders learned this lesson well: that wars are affairs of the pocketbook, not of the heart. You can't win them if you can't pay for them.

In France it was the State, not hired *condottieri*, which waged war. The kings had large incomes from taxes, hence credit with banks, and thus were able to maintain a standing army. At a time when German emperors turned all their war-making over to generals and hired soldiers, French generals were officers of the State. But the Renaissance in France began to crumble when Louis XIV forgot to balance war expenses against treasury receipts. At his death he left a number of beautiful chateaux, a bigger France, the best army in Europe—but also a deficit of two billions, a ruined industry, ruined agriculture, in short, a

*Continued on page 130*



*"No. 3 riveter's just had twins and she'll be back on the job in two weeks"*

# My Wife Is a Lady

## Regarding those scarcely discernible lines between dowager and fishwife, clever housekeeper and crook, sophisticate and trollop

### by ANONYMOUS

•ARTICLE•

R

Any man knows what a lady is. She's the woman whose actions sound correct when described just as they actually were. She's the censored version in the flesh. A self-made lady is the one who says "No," but a real lady is the one who doesn't understand the question well enough to answer it. She often dresses and talks like her lower-bracket sister but she always manages to give the impression that she doesn't know it.

Of course this is not the woman's eye-view. Women would define a lady in terms of her Oxford English, her taste in clothes and the street she lives on.

A lady is "good" to the bone; she may make "mistakes" but there is something "inherently fine" about her. She never talks about being a lady, she is generous . . . and then the whole idea and the words to define it recede gently into the mist.

So, as is their custom when asked to discuss anything abstract, women define the quality of being a lady by describing the superficialities in minute detail. Even a mother admonishing her thirteen-year-old daughter to "be a little lady," makes it a matter of wearing gloves and hat to the city and never raising one's voice with tradespeople. In this sense ladyhood is like real estate in a highly restricted area: you have to inherit it to get it and you spend the rest of your life trying to make enough money to keep it. Ladies wear "good clothes;" during temporary financial embarrassments, they just own fewer "good clothes." A lady does not swear, except with self-conscious emphasis which announces that she is putting it on for effect, just as people deliberately say, "COSMOPLTON" for cosmopolitan or "rigged" for rigid, and would be outraged if you thought they did so by mistake. Ladies live in certain districts—the districts may be run down if they were once particularly tony, and, in the case of old ladies, if the house is an old family home and they simply can't bear to leave it . . . Ladies are always seen in the company of other ladies, and they do not patronize bars or certain restaurants after six p.m. without escorts.

A lady is gracious and soft-spoken, but if she is loud and discourteous she is still a lady, particularly if she cuts up in a Mainbocher costume suit. In fact, women who consider themselves ladies are so self-confident they assume they can act unladylike to the skies and never be challenged. This is a kind of cultic myth and I wash my hands of it. I spot ladies by a very simple test: I whistle at them. If the woman is a lady, she will be outraged. If she looks me calmly in the eye as if she were taking aim at a rifle range, or says, "Run along, Buster, I gotta catch a train," she's no lady. Which thought brings me around to my wife.

My wife *is* a lady. I am reminded of it every month by her dress bill, the telephone bill and the country club bill. I really began to love and respect her the day I discovered that underneath that flawless enameled surface beats the heart of a fishwife. The beautiful thing about my wife is that she knows when to put down her lace handkerchief and pick up the meat cleaver. If you questioned her gentility, she'd lay you out like a truck driver; and if you questioned her virtue, she'd rise up like an underpaid courtesan. Actually, she knows very few swear words; she is not particularly muscular; any man could outshout her and she carries no concealed weapons. But when the battle cry sounds, she charges into the field as if it were the heights of Balaclava, and I have never seen her bested.

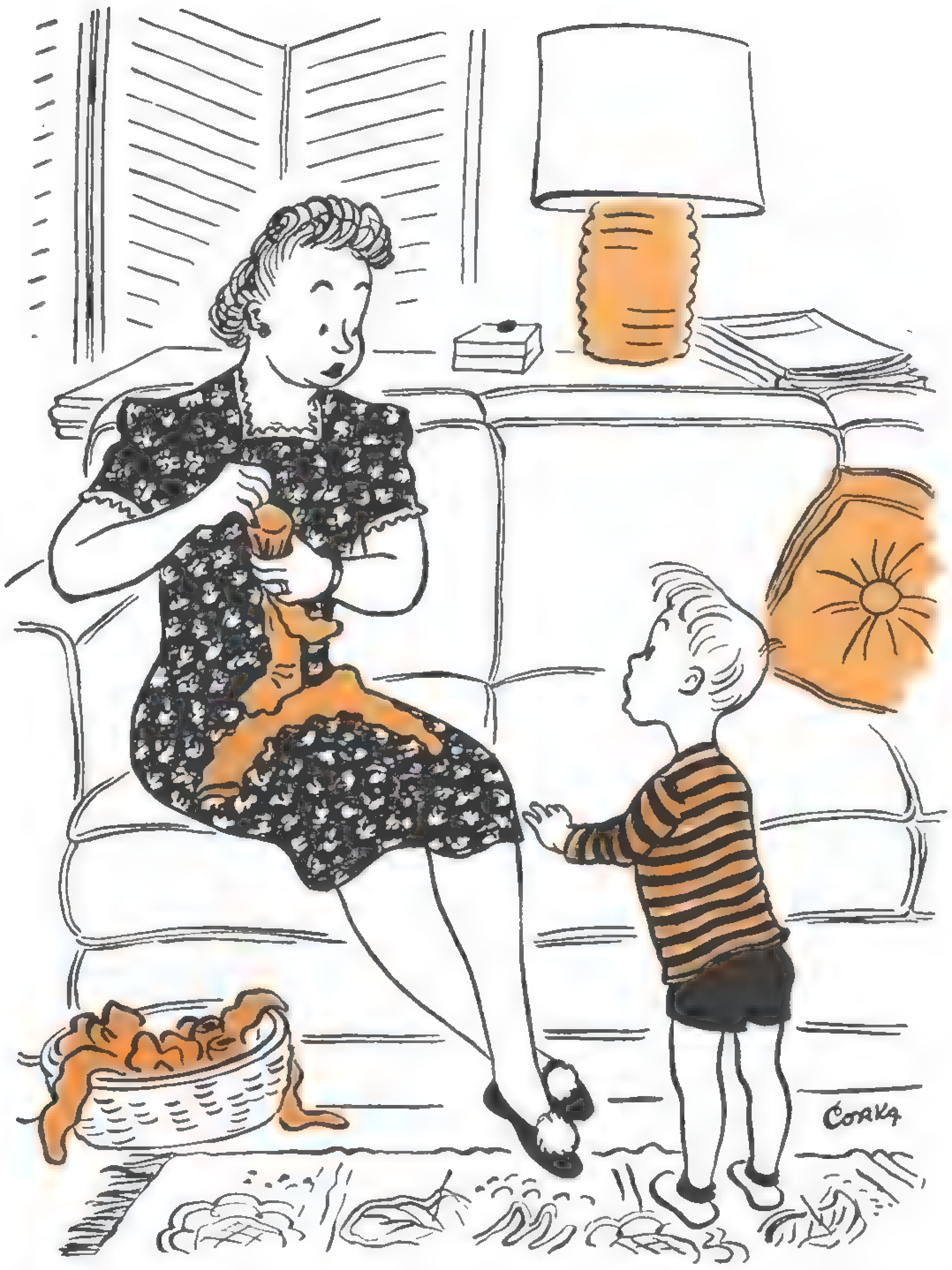
She frequently gets into arguments with truck drivers. Typical is the day she reached an icy intersection just as a fifteen-ton coal truck was skidding sideways down the hill to her left. "It's my right of way," she said doggedly and stepped on the gas.

She has never quite mastered the business of horizontal parking, but she makes up in ruthlessness what she lacks in skill. She parks in every No Parking spot in town and simply tells the cop, "But, Officer, it was the only parking place left"; this, plus a wide-eyed expression similar, no doubt, to Elizabeth's when she ordered the execution of Mary Stuart, usually paralyzes the policeman's writing hand. If she is caught she simply hands the ticket to me and says, "Here, dear, you know someone down there, don't you?" and I, the fellow whose stock phrase on meeting a cop is, "All right, Officer, I'll come quietly," am supposed to fix it up. "Supposed," hell. There is no reprieve.

Sometimes she sees an open parking space and pops into it regardless of the fact that another driver has been waiting five minutes for the street to clear so he can back into it. "They ought to do something about this parking system," she says, completely ignoring the main issue. She has no conscience. But she is a lady.

One moment she overestimates the width of her car and refuses to drive through a spot wide enough for two; the next moment she plows into a too-narrow space, smugly disregarding the laws of physics and the three cars she has forced onto the sidewalk. She usually beats other cars to the front line at a stop light because their drivers recognize in her the uncontrollable force that she is. But one day her competitor was the driver of a Mack truck. Gently he forced her to the right curb—and she had wanted to turn left. She was exasperated. She rolled down the window, pushed back her mink fur piece and shrilled: "Damn you!" frowning at him as well as she could considering that she had to crane her neck upwards to do it. He looked down speculatively. "Damn *you*, lady," he said quietly. She was outraged. "George!" she exploded, turning to me. "DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID TO ME?" Then the light changed, thank God.

Now and then my soft-voiced wife has trouble at the grocery store. This blows up when the delivery boy doesn't bring the meat for supper until six thirty, and then delivers a package of ox joints instead of pork tenderloin; or when the store claims my wife owes them sixteen brown points and she says it's only six; or when she is cut off while phoning an



*"What are beefsteaks, Mommy?"*

order. Any one of these things is occasion for a personal call to the store. She starts out with, "Now I have been trading here for a long time. I know your prices are too high but if I get good service, I'm willing to pay for it: Now IF YOU WANT TO KEEP MY BUSINESS . . ."

Of course, being a lady, she is not supposed to raise her voice with tradespeople, but I have seen a whole row of catsup fall like tenpins from the vibration. As a simple spectator, I do nothing except watch the old girl tear it off, and if, as occasionally happens, I spy the manager peering at me questioningly from behind a can of pineapple, I simply shrug my shoulders.

Once in awhile my wife is stung by remorse. Back in the car she will say to me, "George, do you suppose I was a little hard on them?" and look at me with the worried, sensitive, gentle expression of a troubled saint. I guess this proves that my wife is a lady.

My wife does not consider it inconsistent with ladyhood to perpetrate an occasional petty fraud. She sells hard-used household items at a half more than they cost her and exclaims, "No one forced him to buy it, did he?" At Christmas time she returns goods bought at one department store to another department store —"After all, it's all the same brand, isn't it?" Gloves she rips go right back to the store with the complaint that the store should inspect its goods more carefully. Her fireside reasoning is that if the gloves ripped they must have been faulty and could just as well have been torn when she bought them.

Lately my wife has been jousting with the federal government. She is honest, you understand, and patriotic. However, when gas rationing came in, she perjured herself to the skies and came out with a B book. When canned goods were rationed, she declared ten cans and did not mention the hundred and forty-eight of vegetables and fruits lined up in the cellar between the hoarded sugar with lumps in it and the vacuum-sealed hoarded coffee.

Last fall she decided to build an extra bedroom onto the house. I thought the government had her there, for the lumber company would not sell the material without a priority. She could probably have obtained the priority, for we had a real need for the room, but that is not my wife's way of skinning a cat. Instead she divided the list of materials into six parts, ordered each part from a different lumber company "to make repairs on the barn," hired a free-lance truck driver to pick up the orders and deliver them to the house . . . Of course, at the same time she buys War Bonds to the limit, works three afternoons a week as a nurse's aide at the hospital, comes home every eighteen weeks grey and thirsty from giving a pint of blood at the Red Cross, makes cakes for the servicemen's center, and serves as a handy-andy for every volunteer war service in town. So I suppose that despite her being just a bit of a bootlegger, she is generous—and a lady.

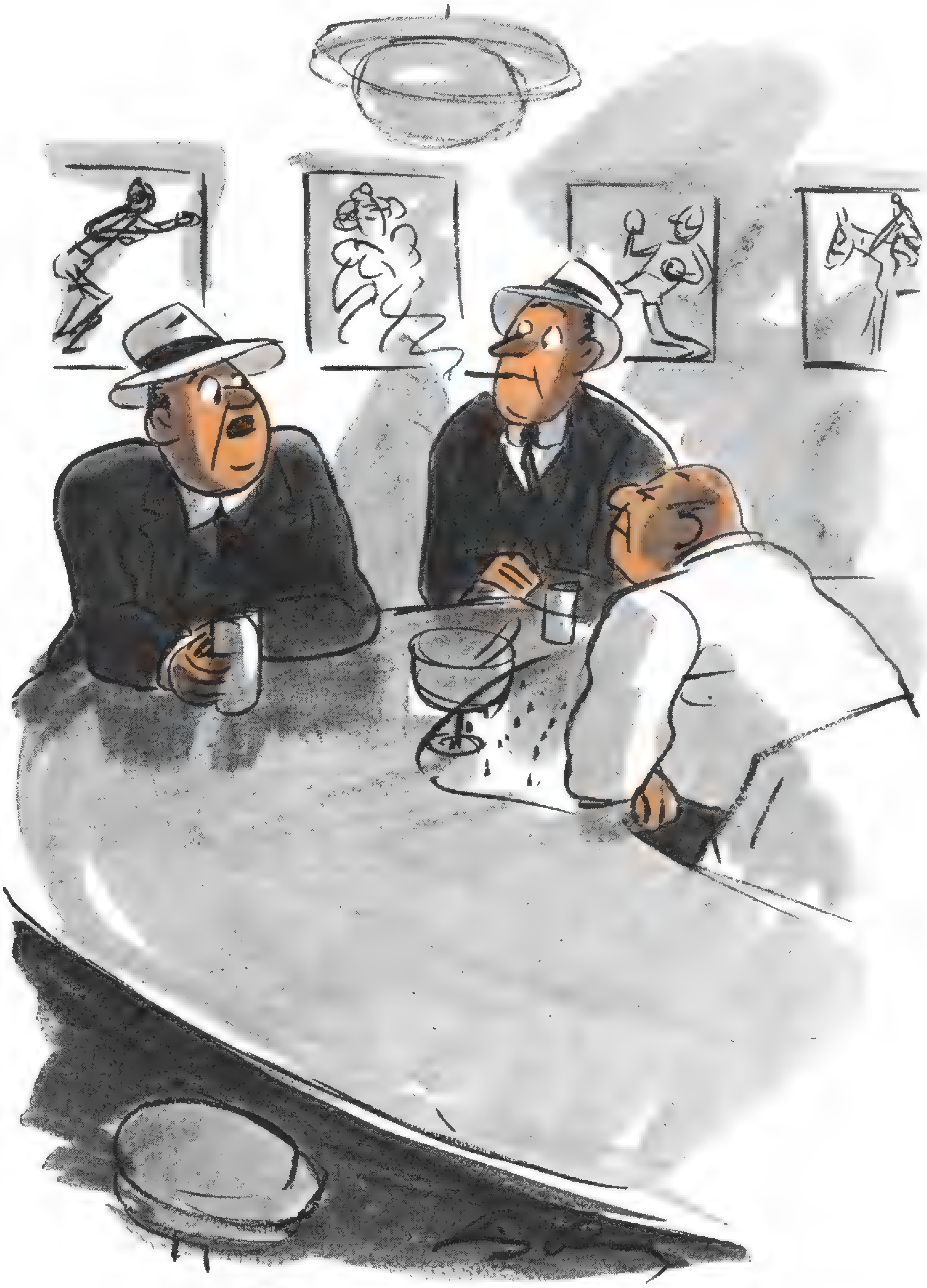
Don't ever think you can spot a lady by her clothes. The wayward girls are known to wear tight-fitting dresses, low-cut necklines, either flashy colors or all black, and underthings constructed to emphasize their front porches. Ladies wear the same things. I suppose the difference is that they pay ten times as much for them.

I remember the day I accompanied my wife on a shopping tour for a dress. Her final choice was a little black number which was black silk only up to the diaphragm and from then on whispered off into transparent black net. A black slip underneath would permit a man to get his eyes back into their sockets, but my wife explained that you wear a flesh-colored slip, because a black slip would show that one couldn't really see through and would therefore "spoil the effect." "Well, then," I said between clenched teeth, "how about some nice black fish net lace stockings?" Her look was barely tolerant. "Do you want me to look like a street walker?" she asked.

Being a lady, my wife does not gamble. She would no more shoot craps than smoke a corncob on the street. But twice a week she attends a four-hour bridge session with the girls and comes home with enough prizes to furnish the guest room. At everything but the bridge table she keeps up the pretense of cultured nonchalance which is the trade mark of the genteel; but deal her a hand and she smells blood. She plays cards with the killing instinct of a Neanderthal out after his supper.

Now that I have at last linked her with the cave dwellers, I might mention briefly the subject of my wife in the bedroom. If being a lady means disdaining the locked door and the drawn shade, then being a lady is something my wife can take or leave alone.

More than this, I cannot say. After all, *I* am a gentleman. #



***"In the old days I could patch up an argument with my wife by promising her a new washing machine or something"***

# The Death of a Sailor

## Reinhardt J. Keppler, Boatswain's Mate, made the final sacrifice for his comrades and for his ship, the *U.S.S. San Francisco*

### *by* PAUL GALLICO

**• ARTICLE •**

THE late Reinhardt J. Keppler, son of a German-born minister who left the homeland to find in America the freedom that was denied him in Germany, was born in Ralston, Washington, January 22, 1918, grew up as an American boy, graduated from high school, and on February 19, 1936, at the age of eighteen, enlisted in the United States Navy.

There was no war then, or even, as far as the ordinary citizen could see, impending. In fact, on the date of his enlistment the nations were competing in the fields of sport at the Winter Olympics at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany.

Keppler was just one of the many thousands of American boys who go into the Navy as a career. He kept up continuous service, worked and studied, advancing through various enlisted ratings to Boatswain's Mate First Class. His next promotion would have made him a chief petty officer. He married. Shore leave was spent with his wife, Elizabeth, in their home in San Francisco.

Keppler was twenty-two when he reported for duty aboard the *U.S.S. San Francisco* in May of 1940. He was twenty-four when, on the night of November 12-13, he gave his last drop of blood for his shipmates, his ship and his country.

The boy gave his life's blood not in the accepted, figurative sense, but literally. He fell unconscious and died because all of the blood from his veins had run out of his body through wounds cut by Japanese steel in the terrible, gallant battle of Savo Island.

But before his heart was drained dry, Reinhardt Keppler had saved the young lives of many comrades, the wounded and stricken. He saved likewise the life of his beloved ship and all of the souls aboard.

No one who has not been an enlisted man in the United States Navy can comprehend the love a sailor has for his ship, the passionate loyalty, the deep tenderness for this mass of floating steel, machinery and cannon. It is wife, mistress and mother to the wonderful, wacky, lonely boys who wear the jumpers and bell-bottomed trousers of Navy blue.

The story of the heavy cruiser, *San Francisco*, flagship of the late Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, whose incredibly gallant action off Savo Island against a superior Japanese force saved Guadalcanal, has been told and retold. The individual story of Reinhardt Keppler lies buried in his citation for the posthumous award of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The *San Francisco* was a middleweight who went in and slugged it out with a heavyweight, a Japanese battleship that carried fourteen-inch guns to her eight-inch batteries. She went into the fight with a patch over one eye. The day before a Jap torpedo plane had crashed into the after superstructure in a running fight.

It is here we first encounter the name of Keppler. He was on the after machine-gun platform when the Jap pilot, his plane shot out of control, crashed. American boys died, others were wounded. It was Keppler's immediate care and supervision of these wounded that saved their lives. He was just a boy become a man in the heat of battle, caring for his own.

That night the *San Francisco*, leading an American fleet that was outgunned and outnumbered, ran the gantlet of the Japanese battle fleet and the most terrible and terrifying of actions, a night sea battle, was joined.

Intrepid and daring officers led the fight, but it was a battle of sailors, those strange, brave, lovable boys who man the ships. They fed the guns, locked in their steel turrets, and nursed her engines and boilers deep in the bowels of the steel hull.

Out of the awful, flaming night the heavy shells from the Jap battleship crashed into the ship with frightful clangor and exploded with blinding flame and thunder, spreading death and destruction and fire.

On the wrecked bridge her admiral and her captain lay dead. Fire started in the hangar of the *San Francisco*. Fire in a battlecruiser marks the beginning of the end. Gasoline and ammunition were stored in the hangar. An explosion would spread the blaze to the ammunition stores. There would be a flash and a roar and the beloved ship would vanish forever from man's sight.

It was First Class Boatswain's Mate Keppler, charged with fire fighting, who went to the rescue of his ship. Single-handed he led a hose into the blazing area on the star-board side and fought the fire alone.

One stubborn kid, ringed by flame. Choking smoke, fumes and rivers of running fire faced him. Behind him, the enemy shells roaring out of the darkness crashed through the steel skin of the ship and blew up into deadly fragments.

Keppler brought the fire under control. The dreaded explosion never took place. Led by her third in command, Lieutenant Commander (now Commander) Bruce McCandless, the *San Francisco* was still living and fighting.

Fifteen major caliber shells struck the *San Francisco* and sprayed the night with splinters of shredding steel. Some of these splinters tore into the person of Reinhardt Keppler and killed him.

The boy might not have died, would not have died, had he gone to a dressing station for help. But there were fires again reaching for the vitals of the ship, and all about him were the cries and moans of the other wounded.

His uniform heavy and stained with the blood of his wounds, the adrenalin of battle-lust and the gallantry of the human spirit held Keppler to his task. No longer able to lug his lengths of hose into the inferno of flame, he directed the fire-fighting operations, coolly and efficiently sending his subordinate ratings to direct their streams where they would do the most good.

And to the wounded lying on all sides of him, he brought the help that he himself disdained, first aid, bandages, tourniquets, to seal inside them the life that was ebbing from his shipmates.

With each move, the heart within him that beat with the pity and the love of all that was dear to him was pumping his own life away. Through the openings in his own body the crimson stream flowed until there was no more left to sustain love, or life.

Many brave men have died in this war. This was the manner of the passing of Reinhardt Keppler. ⵌ

# Boxing Needs No Defense

### It teaches young men self-confidence and coolness under pressure, equips them for hand-to-hand combat in war

### by COL. HARVEY L. MILLER, USMC

SPORTS

Gentlemen have been writing articles recently, denouncing boxing as dangerous and a life shortener.

I shall endeavor to dispose of that fallacy before coming to my main point that boxing is vital in military training. I have been intimately associated with boxing, professional and amateur, for the past forty years. The scholarly and able writers have produced very readable articles which have interested me. As I am sure they are not mere sensationalists but are searching for the truth, I know they will be grateful when I point out to them the weakness of basing their case on a selected list of boxers who seem to have died too young.

Acute reasoners, such as these writers, will be glad to have me tell them that a similar list could be compiled of butchers, barbers, boilermakers, billposters, or of writers for the magazines. I will not, as I so easily could, cite the fine old age of many famous boxers, such as Battling Nelson, now 61 and close to his fighting weight; Joe Choynski, who died at 74 after fighting for 20 years; Jake Kilrain, 78; James J. Jeffries, hearty and active at 68; James J. Corbett, who died at 67 after a career in which he showed outstanding physical health and mental alertness to the end. These are the first names that come to mind. The list could be prolonged indefinitely.

I am happy to correct the error of these brilliant writers and I await their thanks. I am happy that we can agree on the value of the sport as a developer of alert athletes, adept in hand-to-hand engagement. This is what makes it so valuable in military training. And, if so, why not in the education of all young men to whom self-confidence and coolness under pressure will be valuable all their lives, in war or peace.

A few years ago a professor at an Eastern university asked me if I believed that boxing as a sport had any place in their athletic curriculum.

From the point of simple character building I replied: "Yes. Boxing is a great proving ground, the one most readily available to all, in which the individual may test his own courage and gameness.

"When those house lights go out and the ring lights go on, you and the other fellow are in the world alone. No baseball teammate will bunt you along to second base. No football back will be there to block for you. It's just you and that other guy.

"Now when that little cold streak starts climbing up your spinal column, it is up to *you* alone to conquer it and the conquest of fear is the greatest conquest of all. The courage, self-reliance and initiative needed and learned in boxing stand a man in good stead in any line of endeavor and in any walk of life."

These vital elements have come to their greatest test now in the lives of millions of American young men. I hold that it is obvious that boxing, as an essential part of national defense, deserves every support from the American public to the extent that it should be taught to all young men. It is the most practical background preparation for the hand-to-hand combat that no soldier can plan to avoid. Need I argue that in close combat the man who does the right thing with his hands and feet will walk away from there, and the man who does not will lie there.

In jungle warfare the correctly executed sidestep and counterblow, whether or not the punching hand holds a knife or bayonet, saves your life and does away with the enemy. It makes little difference whether the sidestep is the result of instinct or the result of coaching by instructors.

Boxing movements, with the hands, the feet, the entire body, provide the sound basis for training in jujitsu and judo.

This brings me to a detailed analysis that I consider highly important. A certain *type* and *style* of boxing must be taught. For years professional boxers have been roughly graded in four classes: 1. Punchers; 2. Boxers; 3. Club fighters; 4. Counter punchers.

The punchers are the fellows who, even when well behind on points, are likely at any time to flatten an opponent. The boxers are the Fancy Dans who can step and cavort and pile up points, figuring on going the limit and winning the decision. Many of this type seldom score a knockdown because they are always on the go and not "set" to deliver a powerful punch. The club fighters are the rock 'em and sock 'em boys that bring the cheers from the crowd and also bring cauliflower ears and slap-happy down and outers. The counter punchers are the fellows with their hands cocked, who seldom lead, who "louse a fight" and "stink out the joint" unless matched with opponents who will tear in. However, most clean knockouts are scored by counter punches.

The explanation for that is simple. Boxing always has been predicated upon weight equality. Hence, it is assumed that a boxer will *use* his weight. A boxer weighing 150 pounds who can hit a correct stiff-elbowed hook or cross should be able to knock over a 150-pound dead weight. If his 150-pound opponent comes to him at full tilt the impact of the counter punch is 300 pounds and the fellow that gets hit by such a counter punch usually sits in the resin. The ideal counter puncher is the boxer who never blocks a blow except to punch with the free hand while blocking with the other; who never ducks or sidesteps a blow except to nail an opponent while the duck or sidestep is being executed.

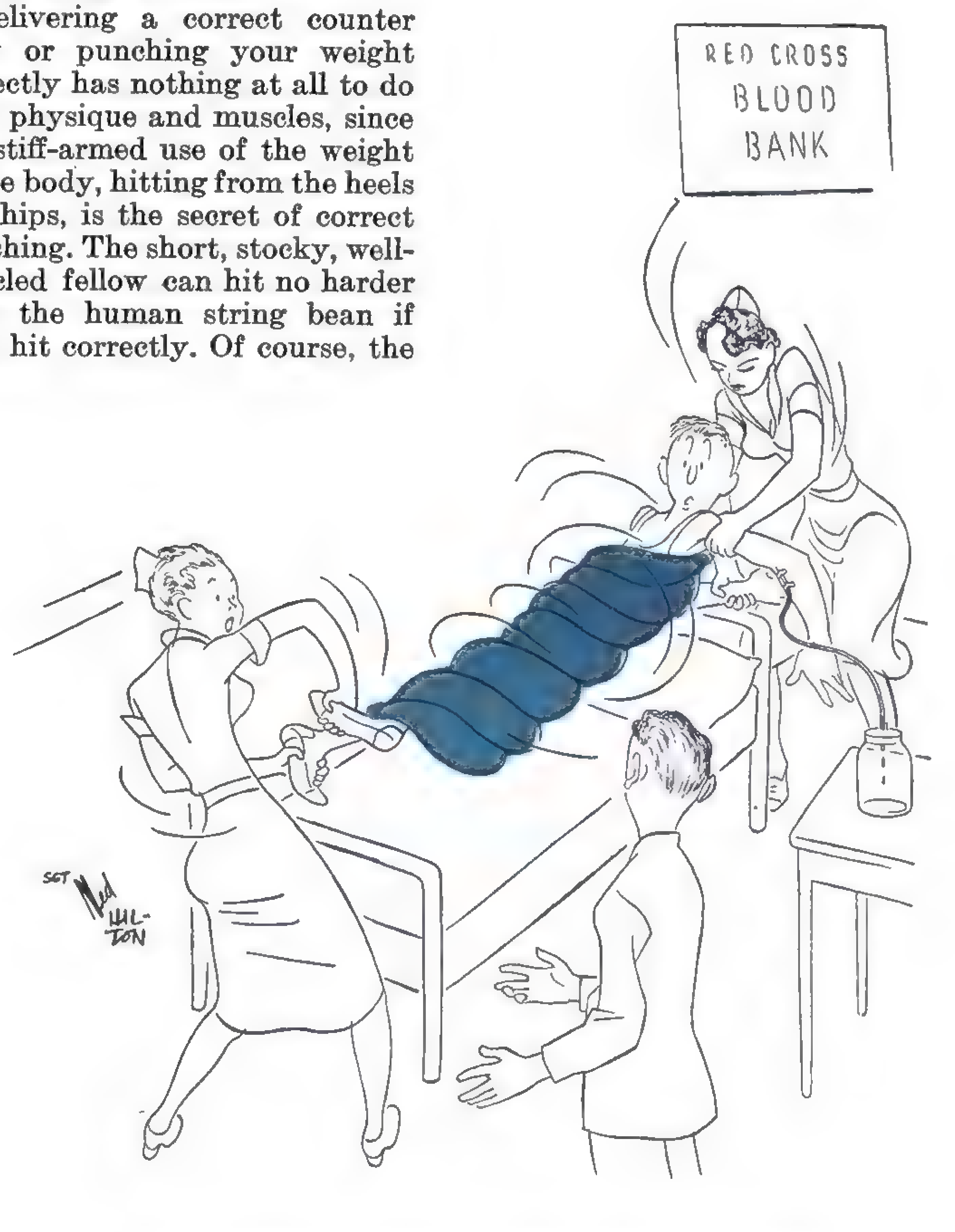
Delivering a correct counter blow or punching your weight correctly has nothing at all to do with physique and muscles, since the stiff-armed use of the weight of the body, hitting from the heels and hips, is the secret of correct punching. The short, stocky, well-muscled fellow can hit no harder than the human string bean if both hit correctly. Of course, the former figures to take a blow much better.

In hand-to-hand fighting the "club fighting" style of boxing is no good. The fellow who rushes in pell mell, with both hands flailing away, figures to be knocked off. He rushes into weapons. He's all target and extremely vulnerable.

The ideal style of boxing to teach as a basis for hand-to-hand tactics is "on-balance counter punching." The enemy charges. The counter puncher makes him miss and nails him as he misses. Joe Louis is an excellent example of the counter puncher.

Teaching boxing in the services is a matter of mass education. Service officials should not concentrate on developing individual boxing stars. Producing outstanding athletes, each with his following of satellites, has never done the service at large much good. The objective should be to teach the maximum number of men the maximum about handling their

Continued on page 127



*"We're having a little trouble with this one"*

# Cerbere and the Nazi Officer

### He had fought through both wars against the Germans and now he lived quietly in the Little Riviera, desiring only peace

### by EDWIN LANHAM

• FICTION •

THIN coils of smoke made trailing designs above the sooty stove as Yvonne Cerbere entered the kitchen. She crossed the strip of frayed linoleum and peered into a deep copper casserole on the stove. Her black eyebrows drew together and with a murmur of annoyance she removed a wire rack from the casserole and looked at the potatoes in it. Some of them were burned.

Every muscle of her strong, supple body seemed to flex with her long stride as she went from the kitchen to the bistro. Two German soldiers leaned against the narrow, zinc-topped bar, talking to Cerbere, who was serving them white wine.

Yvonne frowned. "Pierre, the potatoes are burning."

Cerbere sighed, and the weariness came on him again. He could not cope with this young and vigorous wife; there was no more combat in him. His hair was rumpled and stood on end like a blond wig pushed askew, and he had not shaved that day. His shirttail hung loose at one side and the cuffs of his baggy trousers trailed at his heels as he walked past Yvonne. His espadrilles made a slapping noise on the floor.

As he passed his wife he saw her turning to the soldiers with a smile, and her warm voice said, "And how goes it with you, Hans?"

The soldier named Hans was a big blond Austrian, with eyes as gray and shiny as the inside of an oyster shell. Whenever he was free he would come walking along the railroad track and through the tunnel from the garrison three kilometers away.

It was for the soldiers, this bistro, and for the few fishermen who still came in. There was no other in the village on this lonely strip of coast which they had called in the peaceful days the Little Riviera. The few houses of the fishing village stood between the beach and the high ridge behind, isolated between sea and shore, and it was the isolation and the quiet that had brought Cerbere here after the Nazis had swept into Paris. For a while it had been unoccupied territory, and then it had been peaceful. Peace, and forgetfulness, that was what Cerbere wanted.

Down the tracks and through the tunnel was the garrison. A man had to watch out for the trains, naturally. But the tunnel was short, and there was little danger of being trapped within it by a train. It opened at the other end on the side of a steep ascent from sea to ridge, and along the slope were formal gardens and many stucco buildings, once a winter resort, now a Nazi garrison.

At that end of the tunnel the Nazi officers had their quarters, stocked with food and wine. To this end of the tunnel the soldiers came to drink. The big Austrian, Hans, came every day.

Cerbere heard the swishing noise of the bamboo curtain pushed aside and the imperative tread of boots. He heard the clicking of heels and stiff gutteral voices, and glanced into the bistro. There were two officers, one a captain he had often seen walking along the road or driving in a staff car.

Yvonne was pouring wine. She called softly, "Pierre, come here."

The officers watched him as he entered, and unconsciously Cerbere's shoulders stiffened to a soldier's bearing.

"The captain wishes to talk to you, Pierre," Yvonne said, and turned her eyes aside.

"Cerbere, what were you doing in Toulon last night?" the captain asked. His French was good.

"I?" Cerbere was puzzled. "I was not in Toulon last night, Monsieur le capitaine, I assure you."

"You were seen," the captain said.

Suddenly there was sweat on Cerbere's forehead. He knew that he looked guilty, and he wondered what had happened this time. Another Nazi officer shot, possibly. Those fools. What good to kill one Nazi officer, to blow up one Nazi train? His shoulders sagged and weariness made his legs weak.

*"The people are becoming dissatisfied—they claim the whole world is beginning to rotate on the axis!"*

Yvonne spoke softly, "My husband was here last night, Captain Dorfer. He did not leave the house."

Cerbere's eyes were a pale blue against the brown of his skin and his thin lips were yellow. The officer for a moment had glanced at Yvonne. Like the soldier, Hans, he was a big blond man. He had a very red face and a toothbrush moustache.

His voice cracked like a whip. "So, Cerbere, why were you in Toulon? You were there to dynamite the train, no?"

"No, Sir," Cerbere said, thinking, so that was it. They had wrecked the train again. Why did they continue this weak and pointless resistance, dynamiting trains, killing officers, making trouble. And they were rarely the ones to suffer, these dynamiters. It was the innocent men who suffered, the men who minded their business and cared for their families and waited for that day when it would all be finished.

"Ask that soldier, Hans," Yvonne said. "He will tell you that my husband was here all evening until ten o'clock, when Hans went back to his barracks."

The officers exchanged glances, then Captain Dorfer nodded and abruptly walked out of the bistro. Cerbere heard him talking to the soldiers, and after a moment Hans and the other soldier returned. The captain had not finished his wine, and Hans took his glass. He tossed down the wine and grinned at Cerbere. "It is good you have a witness, old fellow."

Cerbere poured wine for himself. His hand was unsteady. The soldier, Hans, was watching him with faint amusement, with contempt, and he saw the reflection of his expression in Yvonne's eyes. He wanted to shout at them. Listen, he had been in two wars. He had fought at the Marne. He had been three years in the trenches and was wounded twice. He had been forty-four years old when they called him up the second time and he had gone through it again. Bombs, machine guns, Stukas. There comes a time when a man must have peace.

Yvonne said suddenly, "I'm going for a walk."

The soldier Hans grinned and said, with a look toward silent Cerbere, "If you go toward the barracks I will walk a way with you."

Cerbere finished his wine, hesitated. When his wife briefly met his eyes he said, "Your lunch, Yvonne?"

"You eat it. I have no taste for burned potatoes." She laughed and pushed the curtain of bamboo aside.

Cerbere watched them go, turning up the hill toward the high road. The other soldier lingered, and there was a jeering smile on his lips. "A strapping woman," he said. "For an old man, you do very well, old fellow."

Cerbere shrugged.

"Married a long time?"

"No. Since 'forty." His shoulders sagged. "Well, if you wish anything, soldier, call me."

He went back to the kitchen and sat alone to eat his lunch.

Towards three o'clock Yvonne returned. She came down a steep path through a grove of cork oak to the red clay soil of the road. A sprig of mimosa behind her ear was bright yellow.

Cerbere was drinking anisette with a soldier. He was wet with perspiration and his face was pink to the eyes. Yvonne walked past him into the house.

A few moments later she returned in a tan bathing suit and went across the beach to the water. She swam to a float, a hundred feet from shore. From the window Cerbere watched her.

She stood in a little patch of sunlight on the float. Her body was full and brown, in one tone with her bathing suit; the olive of her face was a shade paler than her body. Her figure, large and well-formed, was compact, slim at the waist.

Watching from the window, Cerbere saw a stiff figure in German gray approaching, pausing by the fig tree. It was the Nazi officer, Captain Dorfer, and he, too, stopped to watch.

Yvonne stepped to the edge of the platform. Laughing, she stretched herself slowly, as if no one saw her and she saw no one. And then, with the same slow and deliberate grace, she dived into the sea.

The Nazi officer laughed, and Cerbere, watching him intently, wondered why.

When the German captain entered the bistro, he spoke immediately to Cerbere. "You were in the army?" he asked.

Cerbere met the cold blue eyes, shrugged his shoulders. "Twice, Monsieur le capitaine. Both wars."

"And between the wars, Monsieur?"

Cerbere said tonelessly, "I kept alive."

Captain Dorfer drained his glass and smiled without friendliness. "In 1938, Monsieur Cerbere, you were employed in Lyon. You worked in an aircraft factory. Isn't that so?"

Cerbere's mouth opened, shut again. He spread his hands, but meeting the gimlet eyes of the German officer he saw that this was serious. His voice was unsteady. "But, Captain Dorfer, for a little while, yes, I worked in the factory. But that was five years ago, and I had little training. I did not work there long."

Captain Dorfer had no patience with excuses. His voice as he spoke now to Cerbere was icy: "We send a train of labor volunteers tomorrow. You will report at the garrison at six in the morning."

"Tomorrow?" Cerbere said. "Six o'clock? But, Captain Dorfer, I have my home here. I have my wife here . . ."

"Madame Cerbere is quite capable of carrying on your business."

"Yes, but my dear Captain, I am not a young man. I have been through two wars, and I . . ."

"At six o'clock," Captain Dorfer said. "Report promptly, Monsieur. Mit deutschem Gruss." He turned and strode through the door, leaving the reeds clattering behind him.

Mit deutschem Gruss. With the German greeting. Sweat made oily beads on Cerbere's face. He sucked in air, and for a moment he was angry and rebellious. But the weariness and the conviction of futility returned. What could he do?

Yvonne entered, her eyebrows raised in question. "What's the matter, Pierre? You look ill."

"I am tired," he said simply, wearily. "They have defeated me, and I am too old to deny it."

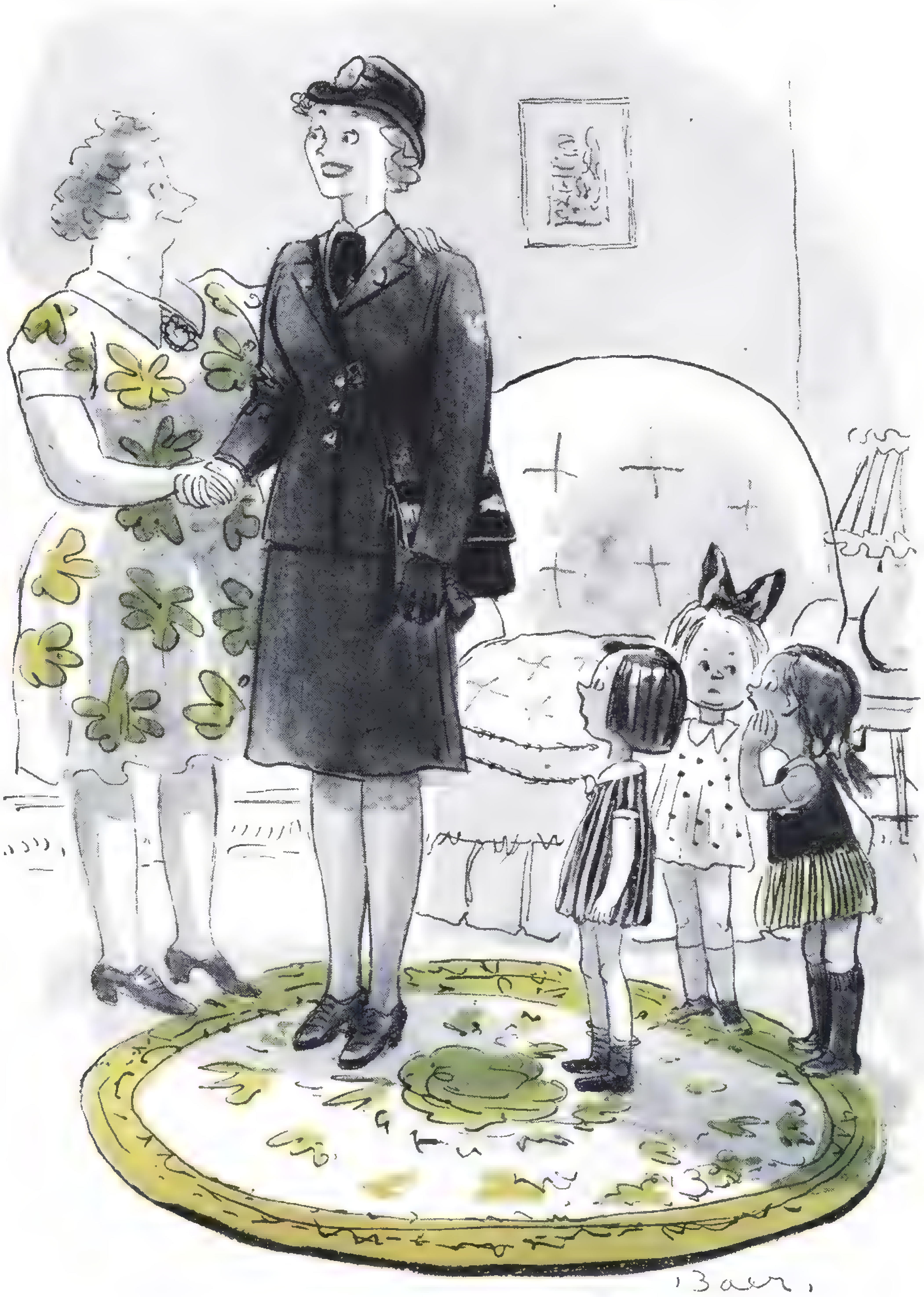
"What are you talking about?" she asked, eyes probing his face.

"Those others are fools," he continued slowly. "They cannot see how useless their blowing up tunnels and stabbing Nazis in the dark is. How hopeless, how futile. They have one arm tied down tightly, but they scratch and claw with the other. Perhaps they call me a coward. That is a foolish word. What can be done, except to wait? What can a man do, but have patience?"

"Cerbere!" said Yvonne sharply. "What is this nonsense?"

"I leave for work in Germany, tomorrow at six in the morning,"

Continued on page 140



*"Ask your sister to show us her tattoos"*

# Victory Garden in Retrospect

## There's nothing like your own plot of earth with green things growing, and here's advice from last season's vet

### by R. H. PHELPS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Before I start buying seeds this spring I am going to sit down and read carefully all the notes and records of my last year's victory garden, so that I won't make the same mistakes again.

First, and decidedly first, my garden was too big. My friends' gardens were too big and I venture to say that those of about a million other victory gardeners were ditto. Now that spring is rolling around again I haven't a doubt that I will lay out another too big garden, unless I read my own record and have the strength of mind to let it be my guide.

At the start I want to sell myself the idea that the vegetable garden is an outdoor gymnasium for exercise and enjoyment. I want to think of the food production, especially the production of vegetables for canning, as a mere by-product. And I think I am justified in looking at it this way, even in wartime, because I believe that I can produce more vegetables from a small, properly tended garden than from a garden of the theoretical size to supply all the food for the family.

Will there be weeds in one end of the garden so big that the young carrots in the row can't be seen? Will the tomato vines loop over and creep underfoot along the ground for want of tying up? Will I hurry my supper and rush out to thin the beets which already will have grown beyond good beet green size? Then my garden will be too big. I will not enjoy it and it will have me down. It will not be my gymnasium. It will not be mine, but I, instead, will be a slave to it.

Last year I had a friend across the street who was also an amateur victory gardener. He read all the seed catalogues and they got him. He plowed up a quarter of an acre of meadow turf, harrowed and fertilized and planted it. It looked beautiful for awhile. Then with the rain and warm weather the newly-plowed-under grass roots started sending up shoots everywhere. Also there were plenty of miscellaneous weeds. He worked hard, every evening and all day Sunday, but by the time he had one half of the garden clean the other half would be sending up grass shoots again. As the spring wore into summer the conditions naturally became more aggravated and the last I saw of his garden it was difficult to locate the rows. I saw him coming out of the vegetable market one day with a load of packages.

My own garden was not so big as my friend's. It probably would have been if I had had the land available. Nevertheless, it was pretty big. I set out three dozen tomato plants. I planted a sixty-foot row each of carrots and beets. It takes conservatively four hours of back-straining work for an amateur to thin out sixty feet of carrots. Two hours ditto for the beets. Those tomatoes look sturdy and fine when they are set out, but when they begin to grow they have to be staked and tied up, and then tied up again when they grow some more. When you have tied up three dozen tomato plants your hands are dyed a deep green, which no amount of ordinary soap can remove.

I spent one week end thinning the carrots and the beets and then got through only a half row of each. The other half rows grew beautiful foliage but nothing edible was discovered underground. However, the half which was thinned was ample. Before it was consumed the carrots were tough and pithy and the beets of such tremendous size that two or three were enough for a very inferior meal, suggesting, clearly, the advisability of smaller, more frequent, plantings. As for the tomatoes, we were completely overwhelmed and had to shop around among our neighbors, most of whom were in the same boat, to place the surplus. We even canned too many—such a thing is possible, believe it or not. These examples will suffice to illustrate the too much and too soon idea. The same result ensued, to a greater or less degree, with respect to the other vegetables, all of which were planted in great profusion in my first burst of enthusiasm in the spring.

Vegetable gardening can be an art. Up the street from my house is a small garden kept by an ancient English gardener named Goss. He has had his day as head gardener in one of our public parks and he has managed large estates gardenwise. He saved the life of my victory garden.

It is a Saturday in July and hot. I have been wrestling all afternoon with weeds. I walk up the street to see what friend Goss is doing. His vegetable garden is thirty feet by forty, about half the size of mine. Across one end is a row of marigolds. Bordering the garden lengthwise is a row of sweet peas. At the far end is a pile of dark, fine soil, last year's compost pile, now completely decomposed. A handful runs through my fingers like sand and smells sweet and rich. I see no weeds at all. The rows are immaculately clean. The plants stand sturdy and far apart.

Goss is thinning carrots. He chooses a plant larger than its fellows, holds it with the fingers of one hand and with the other pulls up the plants about it, so that the chosen plant, destined to be a carrot, stands all alone. I look down the row, which is short, and perceive that each plant stands by itself a good three inches from its neighbor. "Thinning is what makes a garden," says Goss.

By the time my poorly thinned carrots were ready for the table Goss had harvested most of his and another crop, this time beans, was growing and blossoming in its place. Moreover, his carrots were sweet and tender. Each plant was a perfectly developed carrot. Mine would average one good carrot and two shrimps. Twenty feet of properly thinned carrots beat sixty vice versa!

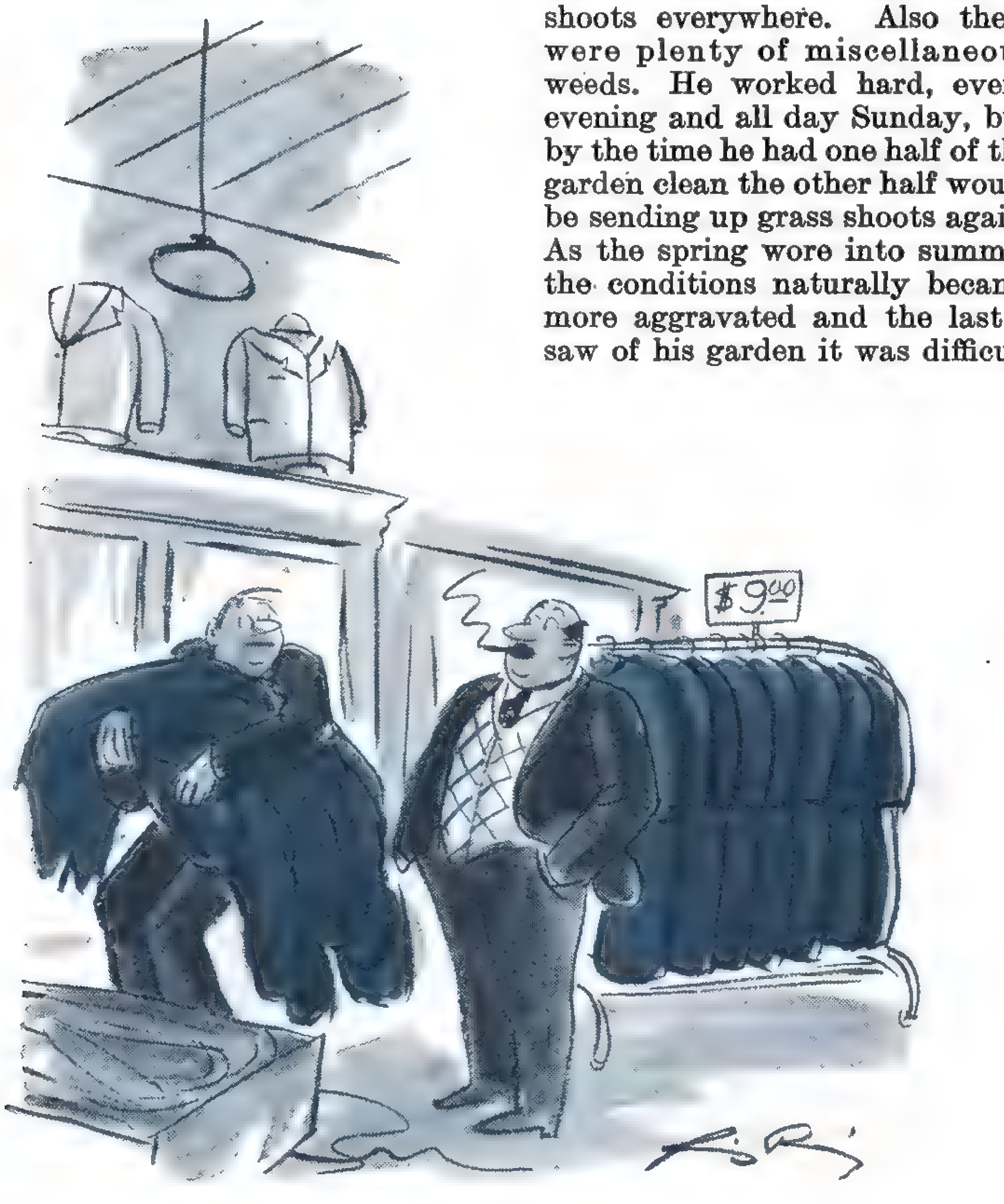
Take the matter of beans, probably the most important garden crop. The garden books say plant seeds every two inches and thin to four inches apart. When the beans come up the "thin to four inches" part is forgotten or, if remembered, it takes a stronger character than mine to pull any of them up. Yet I will wager that twenty feet of beans with plants every four inches will yield as much dead-weight of vegetables as forty feet unthinned.

If I don't do anything else in the garden this year I am going to thin and thin and thin until each plant stands alone, at the distance from its neighbor specified in the seed catalogue. And I am going to be able to do it because my garden will be small enough so that I have time to do it.

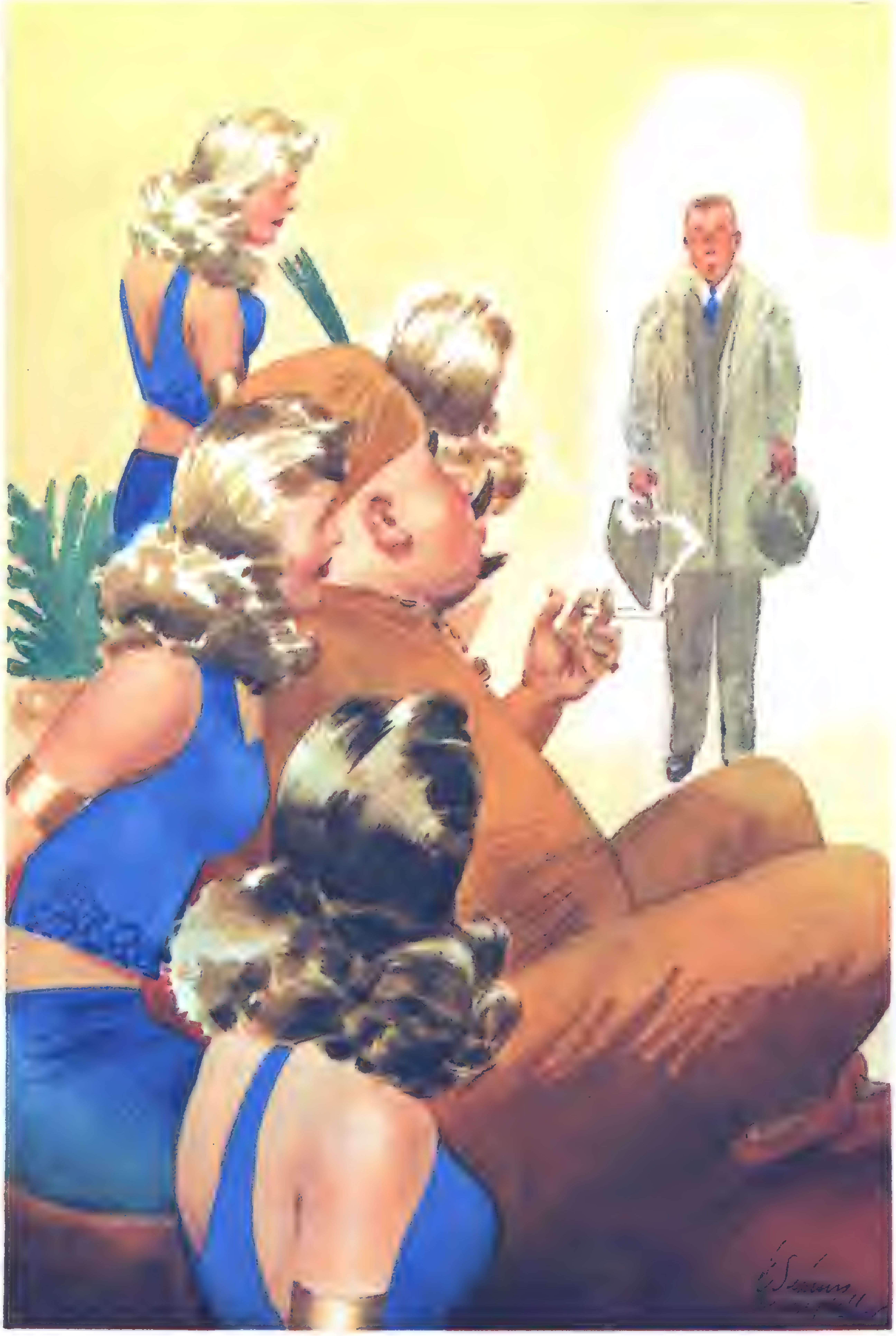
There is another thing that I learned, via bitter experience and Goss, which ranks second only to thinning, and that is "treading in." Treading in is a process which should accompany the planting of seed, particularly in hot dry weather. I understand this practice is routine with experienced gardeners, but how many of us amateurs know about it?

Treading in after planting is

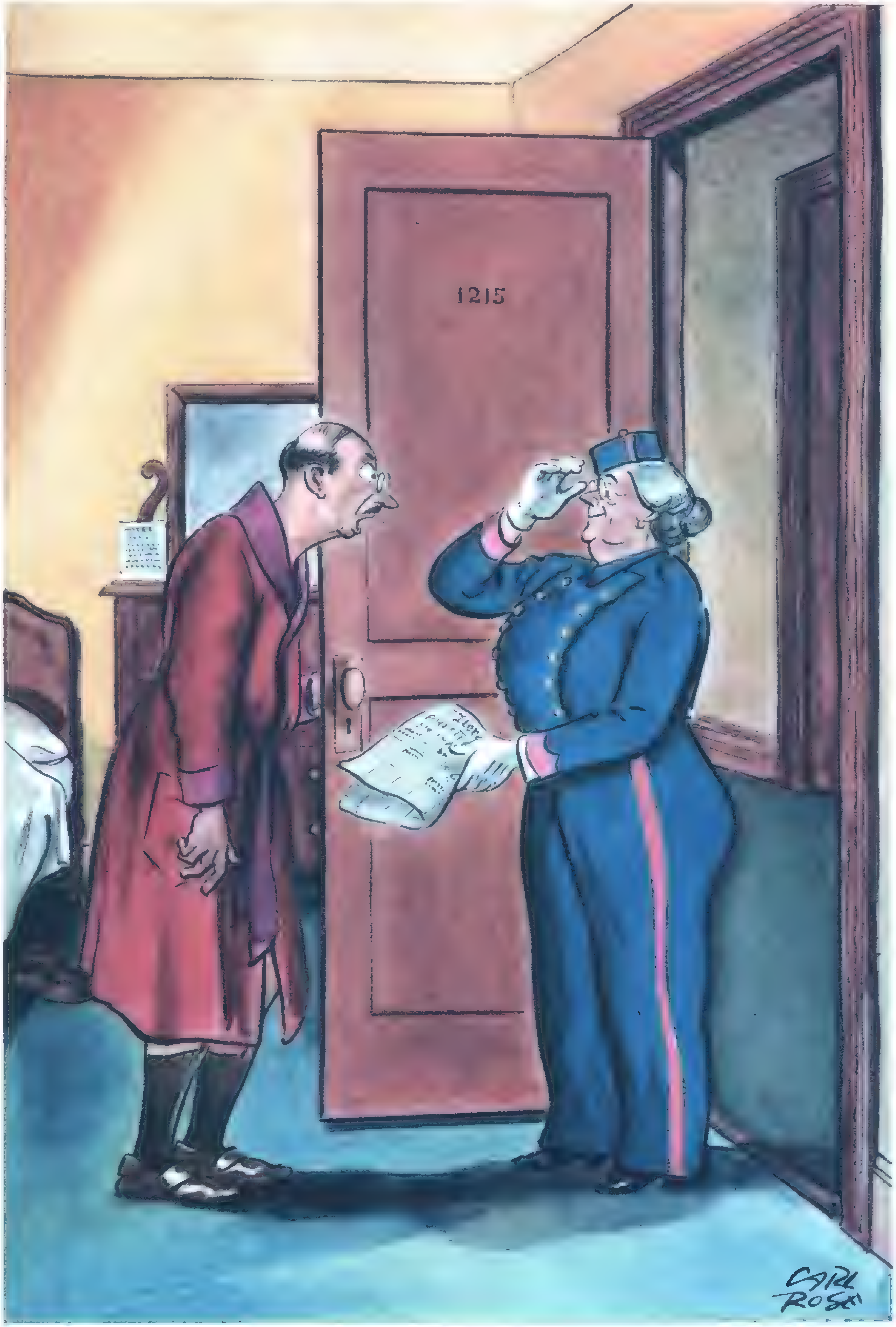
Continued on page 128



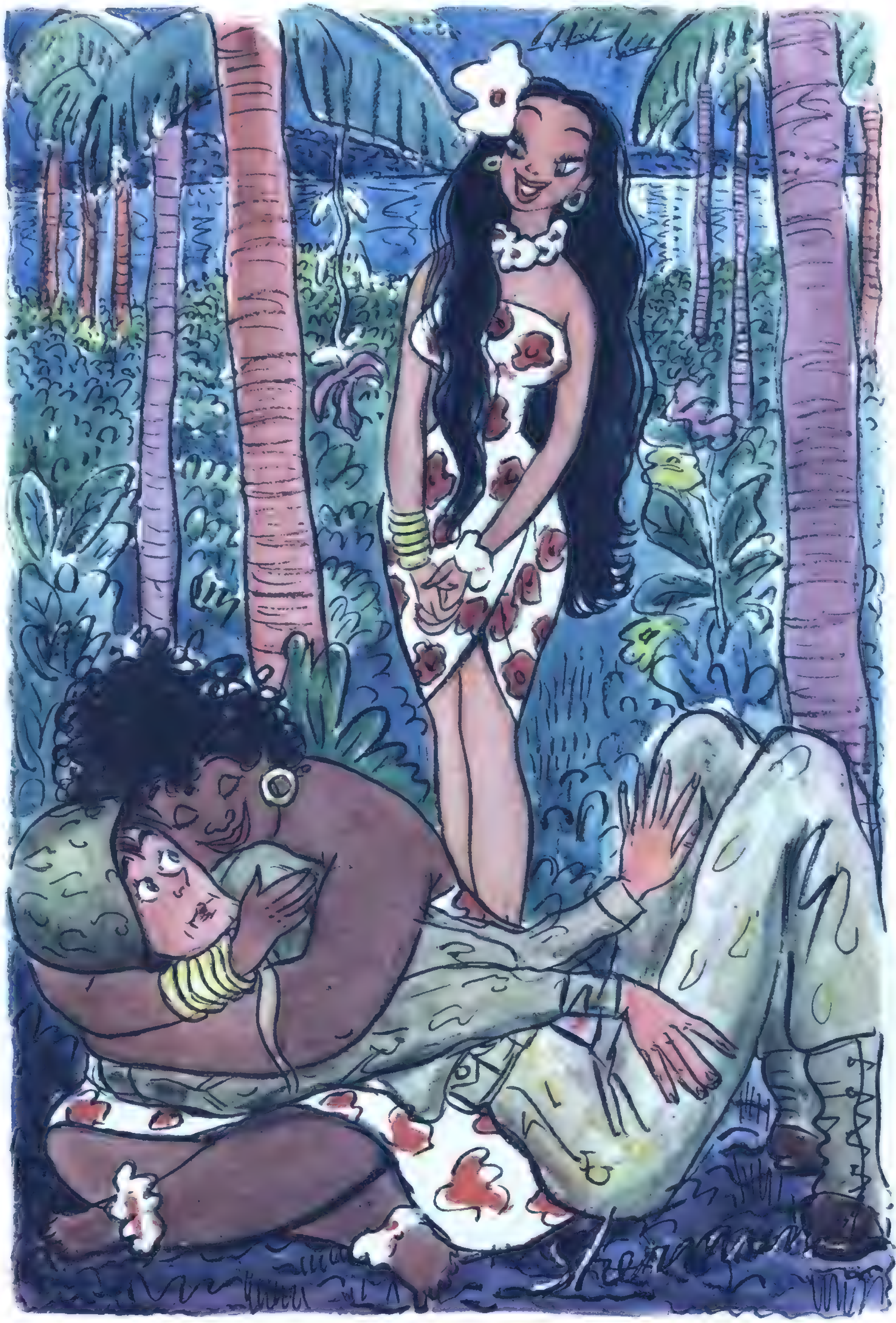
*"Put the rest on the $20.00 rack—lots of people wouldn't carry a $9.00 coat home"*



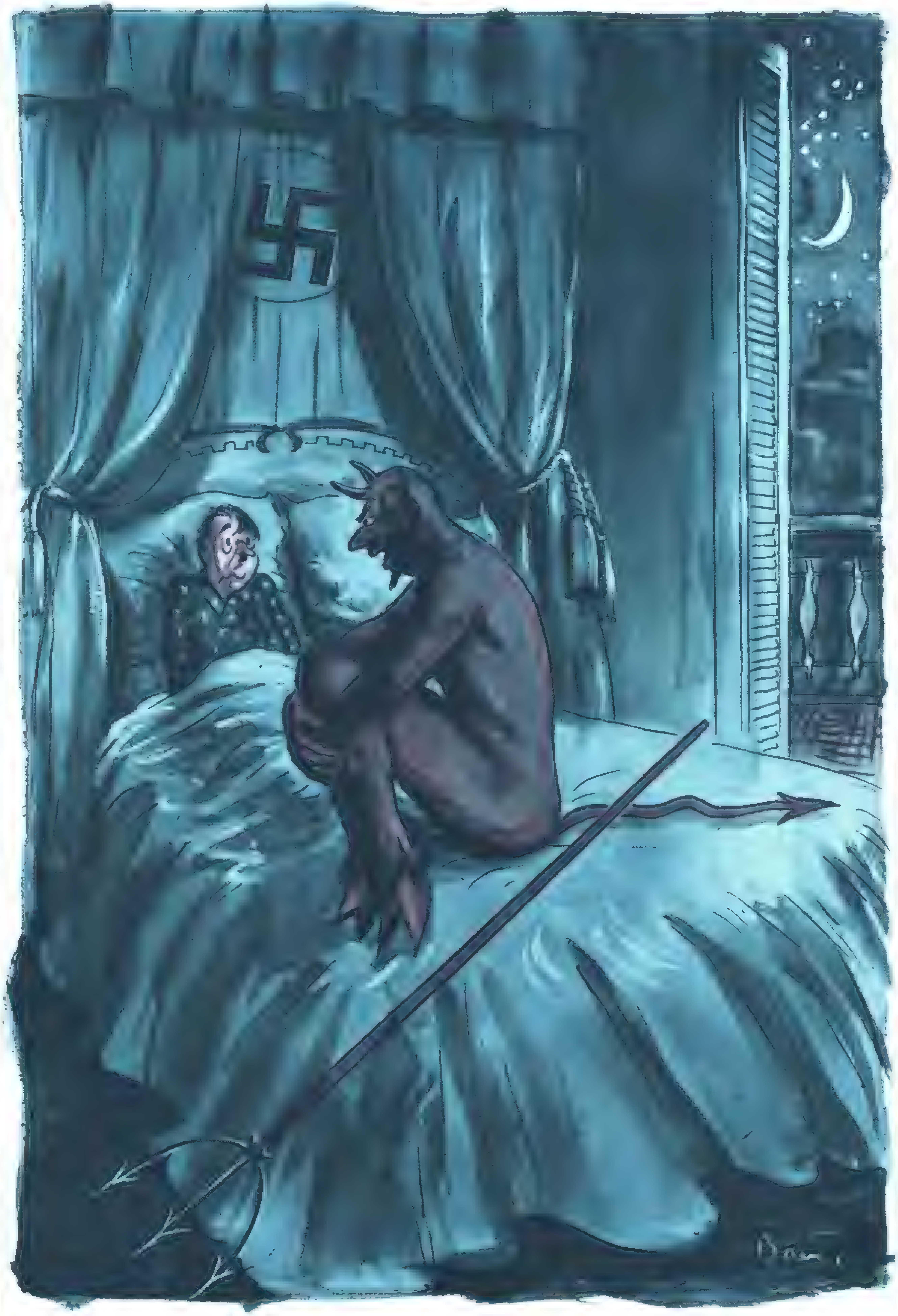
*"I'm not interested in buying fuel oil—I've converted to blondes"*


1215
CARL ROSE

*"You rang for a boy to bring you a newspaper, sir?"*



*"You certainly have a way with my mother"*



*"If you think Russia was bad, wait till you see our scorched earth!"*

# Honorable Composer Big Click

## The Jap dignitaries expected something fine from their compatriot, but nothing so terrific as the ship's trio rendered

### by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

• ARTICLE •

Without adding my voice to that of the experts who attach great significance to the most trivial Japanese doings, I think there is good news in recent dispatches from neutral sources reporting that very little German music is being played in Japan. The Japs having been ardent devotees of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, the political implication behind the sudden change in their musical taste seems pretty obvious. Western music in Japan never was art for art's sake as I remember from my own musical experience in Yokohama back in 1929, aboard the Messageries Maritimes liner *Porthos*, where I was working as orchestra leader and violinist.

The *Porthos* used to stay eight days in Yokohama, unloading cargo, refueling, taking on food and water for the thirty-eight-day return trip to Marseilles. According to our contract we musicians were supposed to work even in port like the rest of the crew, but the commandant, who was musical and our great friend, never invoked the dreaded "harbor clause." As soon as the last passengers had disembarked we would leave. We returned only at sailing time to play *Kimi-ga-yo* (Reign of My Sovereign), the Jap national anthem, and the *Marseillaise.*

One day in September, 1929, on arrival from France and points east, we were about to go ashore for our Japanese holiday, when the purser, *M. le commissaire* sent for us. It sounded like bad news. Relations between the orchestra and the *commissaire*, our immediate superior, had been strained ever since the red-headed art student from Dallas, travelling alone in stateroom Number 7, declined the *commissaire's* attentions in favor of Artie, our Yonkers-born pianist.

The *commissaire* had opened the hostilities by making us play overtime in the crushing heat of the Red Sea, when nobody felt like listening to music, much less dancing. In Colombo he forbade us to go ashore because he knew that the artist was waiting for Artie at the Galle Face Hotel. In Singapore he refused to give us the customary twenty per cent advance on our salaries. Regulations provided for payment only after our return to Marseilles and we had to borrow from the *maître d'hôtel.* Sometimes we borrowed from the barman in First Class or the *chef de cuisine.* All *maîtres d'hôtel*, stewards, cooks, cabin boys hated the *commissaire* for his rigid, un-French attitude. All were on our side.

When the *commissaire* barred us from the swimming pool and the First Class bar, we retorted by abruptly changing from waltz to fox-trot and back to waltz measure while he danced with our *casus belli.* A man without a sense of rhythm, he stumbled and stepped on the girl's feet. After this had gone on for some time, she left him in the middle of the dance floor and went back to her seat. The *commissaire* ran up to the bridge and informed the *commandant* of our newest crime. The skipper's reprimand, though necessarily firm, was rather perfunctory. The *commissaire* came of a French-Colonial family in Saigon, French Indo-China, and the ship's officers, solid bourgeois from the *Midi*, resented his being too friendly with the Japanese passengers. He had three gents from Mitsubishi Co., Ltd. at his table and made it a point never to join the ship's officers at apéritif time. He was a thin-faced, morose man with the anemic complexion and the prematurely aged features of white people in the tropics.

At that trip our orchestra consisted of Artie, an easy-going American pianist, myself—I'm Czechoslovakian—as violinist, and Etienne-Marcel, aged sixty-two, a lovable bass player from Brussels. I'd met him at the *Quatz-Arts Cafe* on Place Pigalle, unofficial meeting place of Paris musicians. Even among the broke-but-cheerful habitués of the *Quat-z-Arts*, colorful individuals in need of a haircut, Etienne-Marcel was an outstanding character. He carried a bass bow under his arm, sporting it like a riding whip. With his magnificent white beard he looked like a reasonably well done copy of Johannes Brahms. He had visiting cards, "Etienne-Marcel Brahms, *neveu*," which he distributed among unsophisticated audiences. He was a widower, living alone in a small house in one of the steep streets leading up to *Sacré Coeur.* Once a year he went to Japan to visit his only son, a civil engineer in Tokyo, solving the financial problem of ocean travel by taking a job as musician aboard. When the passengers registered surprise at a bass player instead of a cellist working with a three-man-orchestra, Etienne-Marcel would say, "I have a friend at the hiring bureau. Any bass player having a friend there is as good as a cellist."

He was immensely popular with the passengers, especially those under seven years of age, for whom he produced eerie *sul ponticello* effects and imitations of The Roaring Lion, The Growling Leopard and The Howling Tiger on his bass fiddle. But he was a serious-minded fellow when it came to making good music. He played difficult parts directly from cello scores. His great idol was Serge Koussevitsky, a former fellow bass player. "I once heard him do *Zigeunerweisen* on the bull fiddle," Etienne-Marcel said. "I was so excited I couldn't sleep for two nights and had to get drunk."

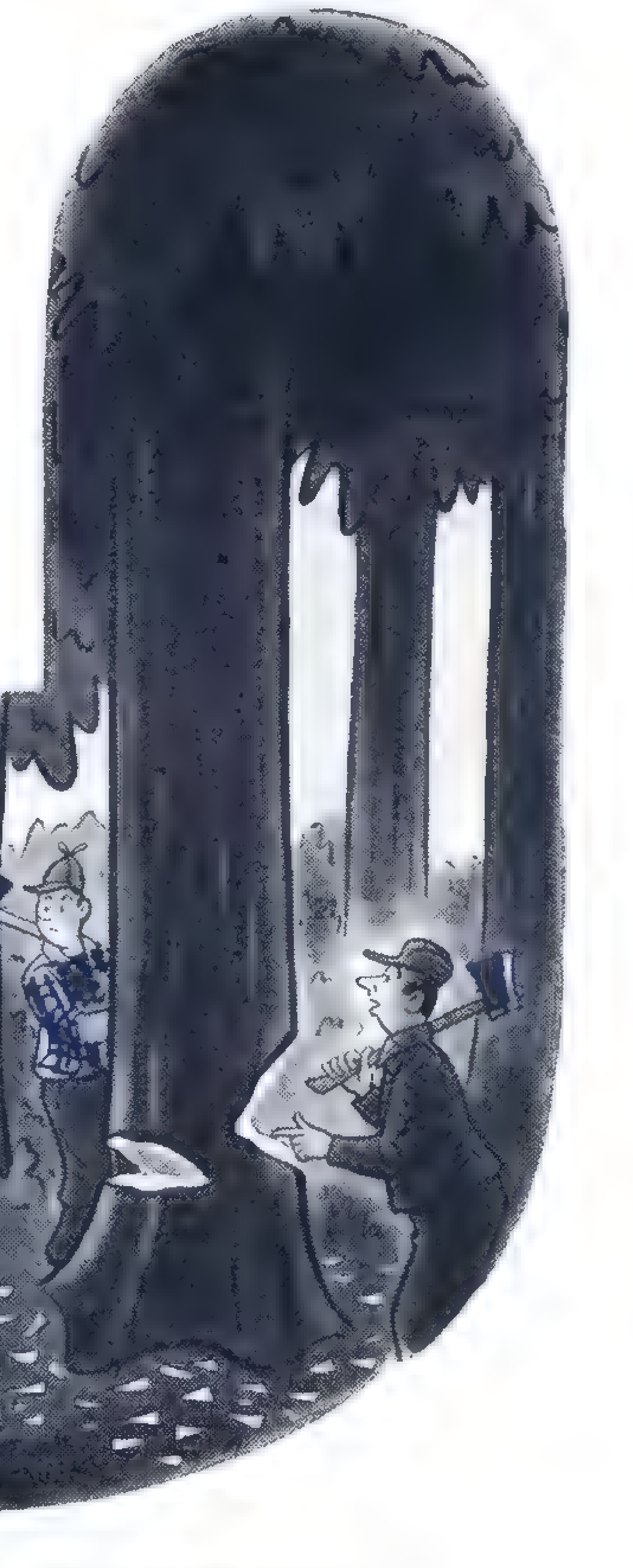
Etienne-Marcel was the *commissaire's* arch-enemy. He had his private fights with him. The climax was reached that day in Yokohama when we were called to the *commissaire's* office. The *commissaire* informed us that we were to stay aboard and give a concert of modern music for a party of Japs whom he'd invited. Etienne-Marcel was furious. His son had wired that he was to leave for Hokkaido the next day; could father come to Tokyo at once? As to Artie, he had a dinner date with the red-headed artist at Tokyo's Imperial Hotel. I told the *commissaire* that the orchestra never worked in port. If necessary, I added, we'd take the matter to the *commandant.*

"That's too bad," the *commissaire* said, dryly. "The *commandant* went ashore. He won't be back until tomorrow." He glanced over our contract which was on his desk. "Harbor clause, *hein?* Unless you are at the music salon at eight-thirty, I'll have you disembarked for breach of contract. That's all."

We tried to slip away but the *commissaire* had special sentries posted at all gangways. Artie spent the rest of the afternoon vainly trying to get a long distance call through to the red-head. Etienne-Marcel was mad and silent.

There were about twenty Japs at the music salon. From every angle they looked like good material for a cartoonist. We saw tuxedos, morning coats, gaudy tweed suits. A three-hundred-pound specimen with the physique of a *Sumo* wrestler had on a tail

Continued on page 157



*"Maybe we'd better wake up Murphy"*

# The Morale Builder

### Read was a symbol of Yankee defiance none of his fellow prisoners could ever forget

### by ARTHUR MANN

▪FICTION▪

"Listen, you guys—you birds with the bulgy biceps an' itchy paws—here's your chance for freedom!"

The red-headed sergeant drew quick attention from a disheveled group in the smelly internment camp near Nagoya. In tattered olive drab, they were the most belligerent of several thousand trapped human miscellany that included missionaries, whimpering chattels of foreign trade and a few impatient reporters.

"It's for morale!" The sergeant sneered. "A boost in morale for the lousy Nips in that Jap war school over near town. General Sukiyaki, or somethin', head of the school, wants the best boxer of us Yankee soldiers to battle a little Jap jujitsuer in front of the students, an' fifty of us can come over under guard to watch. You can knock him out, wrestle him, roughhouse, bite or gouge; anything goes. An' whether you win or lose, you'll be 'chuted to freedom over New Guinea."

A babble of voices argued the merits of the scheme. Many cried trap and treachery; that a loser in jujitsu wouldn't be able to distinguish freedom from jail. But the cries failed to dampen the eager insistence of uniformed volunteers. Many sick, all weary, they still regarded this slim chance of battling a hated Jap as a privilege; and the excruciating torture of probable defeat as a paradise compared to the endless days of wormy rice, stale fish and searing sun.

"Take it easy," the sergeant bellowed, motioning for order. "You, Michaels, you're out. You may've been regimental champ at Luzon, but that was B.D.—before dysentary." He pointed to others. "You and you and you three. Okay. An' you two, step up."

He began to slap stomachs, knead shoulder-muscles, examine hands, skin, eyes and legs of the largest volunteers. Then a small figure in the uniform of a private left a makeshift writing bench at the corner of the sun-baked yard. He elbowed through a human circle of the curious and tapped the non-com's shoulder.

"I'll take on that Jap, Sergeant."

The red-head turned, scowled and bellowed. "Go away, midget. This calls for muscles an' stamina, an' you got neither."

"It's a command, Sergeant."

"Now, wait a minute!" The sergeant straightened up and glowered. "I rate everybody in uniform around here—"

"I'm Lieutenant Robert Read, Army Air Corps, aide to Colonel Jemeny, Third Regiment—"

"In *those* GI clothes? Okay, then I'm General Wainwright—"

"I bailed out of a crippled Thunderbolt four weeks ago . . . part of a bomber escort that left Port Moresby. I'm small, so the Japs took my uniform and credentials—probably usin' 'em in China. They put me in this and shipped me here. I haven't said anything, because you non-coms were handling things okay."

The sergeant's freckled face twisted in doubt. "Suppose I refuse to believe you?"

"He's on the level, Sarge." It was Bailey, an interned United Press correspondent. "I remember him in 'Frisco. I couldn't forget those white eyelashes an' the weak chin. You can tell he's a shavetail, because only a shavetail'd hog a chance for freedom an' leave the outfit behind."

The sergeant wavered. "If you're pullin' a fast one, *Sir*—"

"I tell you he's a 'looie'," the correspondent insisted. "Go on, Red, let him tackle the Jap. He'll get only what he deserves!"

Less than an hour later fully 50,000 new Japanese soldiers, unbelievably young and obviously in dire need of morale, squatted tailor-fashion in the sun. They surrounded a wooden platform that was padded but lacked ring-ropes. At one side was a small box, festooned and canopied, containing the commander. his staff and lesser dignitaries. On the opposite side stood the fifty Americans, looking sullen and grim.

CHECK
LUGGAGE AND PARCELS
HERE
10¢
10¢
TICKETS
TICKETS
CLAUDE

The Japanese warrior, a barefooted 118-pounder, may or may not have been an actual soldier for he wore a white, pajama-like outfit, typical of the Nippon wrestler, with a long blouse gathered at the waist by a red sash. As the American started stripping off his khaki shirt, regular Jap officers, serving as bout officials, interrupted. He was not to disrobe. Bailey, the UP correspondent, nudged the sergeant.

"Clothes are easier to grab than sweaty flesh," he muttered.

"Look at the size of that Jap," the sergeant muttered. "Any one of us could've broke him in two."

Read shrugged and tucked in his shirttail. He seemed a combination of supreme audacity and foolhardy Yankee defiance, a symbol none of the fifty Americans could forget. Standing with his large hands on slim hips, he seemed bored as the Jap officials babbled to their morale-building warrior. But he was all alertness when the commander clapped his hands to start the bout. He hitched his trousers with his elbows and circled the silk-clad Japanese. Within the first few seconds he demonstrated a wholesome ignorance of boxing. The sergeant groaned.

"Holy cow, he'll be killed!"

"Better him than us," Bailey laughed.

The lieutenant had mistaken the Jap's outstretched paw for a handshake. He had extended his own bare hand. The Jap pulled a Pearl Harbor by dragging him forward with a surprise yank, and Read was catapulted to the mat. The Jap leaped at him with a cat-like move, but Read managed to scramble out of immediate danger. He rose and looked even less like a boxer. His movements were flat-footed and he advanced with the left hand extended. American voices shouted a warning about the hand.

But it was strictly bait when the Japanese moved quickly to grab it again. Read shifted and planted a heavy right hook against the jaw that tumbled the yellow man to the floor and set up an uncontrollable howl of delight among the Yankees. The Jap lay there, expecting Read to fall upon him—wanted it, in fact—but Read motioned for him to get up. The Jap rose, apparently unhurt.

Perhaps he had taken the punch deliberately, for the prime rule of judo—which is the way of life, reflected by jujitsu, the weapon—is to assume an air of defeat in order to create false confidence in the opponent. With this advantage, the ultimate goal through jujitsu is easier—pain, paralysis, blindness and even death.

Unwilling to risk another wallop, the Jap began to tease Read into attacking, and the next few minutes were filled with ineffectual pawing, broken cloth-holds, harmless jabs and threatening hooks. Presently Read's patience seemed to dwindle. The Yankee gallery yelled a warning, for you could see some kind of trap in the making, and yet he moved in.

He struck finally, but the target wasn't there. It was behind him, though he himself was the target. The Jap had grabbed his cocked right arm and was twisting. He twisted so hard that Read seemed to do a back-somersault. He crashed to the padded floor and the Japanese became a blur of concerted action as he smothered his victim with a series of connected holds. They weren't exactly holds, but punishing jabs, directed at nerve-centers and muscles that would recoil to uselessness when struck or crushed. The crescendo of Japanese falsetto yells failed to drown out the increasing demands of the Yankee contingent for a quick finish. But the stubborn lieutenant's own arms and legs worked with frantic speed. He was a human crab, threshing in all directions as he struggled to free himself and grab the writhing Jap. But the silk slipped from his clutches each time.

"Look," the red-headed sergeant called. "Over in the box . . . his nibs don't like it so well."

"You're damned tootin'," Bailey shouted. "It should be over!"

The Japanese commander looked displeased. Somehow the judo expert wasn't expert enough, for by now the American should have emitted his first scream of pain. There was a sudden scream, but it had the rasping quality of a wounded Jap. That in itself was a sin against judo, for under no circumstances are you to evince pain or triumph. All expression must come through jujitsu. The 50,000 soldiers stirred uneasily at the outcry.

But it was difficult to tell what was happening, because of the whirling bodies, though it certainly wasn't happening to the Yankee. He made things more discernible by trapping the Jap's sweating black head in some kind of leg-lock. His powerful hands maneuvered and the Jap let loose another scream. The field of young soldiers whimpered. The commander leaned forward, his yellow face a mask of stark apprehension. He pointed. He babbled to those about him, as well he should, for the right arm of the jujitsu expert hung loose, flopping like the business end of a flail. Read had broken the humerus bone.

But it was only the beginning of a ghastly job. Somehow the Yankee had located the all-important neck-nerves and, with knowing thumbs, he was digging deep just below the ears to paralyze key centers. With this decided advantage, his path and plan were clear. He twisted the fingers of the Jap's left hand with merciless strength that all but tore the digits from their moorings. The bout officials moved to halt the slaughter. Another agonized cry brought them to the platform in a leap; brought every Jap soldier from his squat in bewildered terror; lifted the enraged commander from his chair; turned the Yankee rooting section into a bedlam. For Read was plunging his thumbs deep into the almond eyes.

He saw the rescuers leap to the platform, and rose, leaving his prostrate victim, but only for an instant. He leaped high and descended with all his bulk, and all the weight of his unbridled contempt and hatred for this heathen and the war-lords he served. His well-shod feet smashed against the senseless head and benumbed neck of his paralyzed victim.

With that he was grabbed by a dozen frantic hands and pinioned, but easily, for he made no attempt to escape. He looked in the direction of the red-headed sergeant and waved. The non-com moved toward the platform only to be halted by the heavy guard. He turned to Bailey, his freckled face red and glistening from sweat and from tears. The ineffectual protest halted on his lips, for he saw that Bailey was reading a letter.

"Listen to this," Bailey muttered with a shake of his head. "He was writin' to his kid brother at the Oregon Aggies takin' a V-twelve course:

"Dear Tommy . . . P.S. . . . what I said about sticking to your wrestling and especially the jujitsu instruction goes double. You may never be a conference champ like your big brother, but you never know when it'll come in handy. I'm using mine now. I'm going to tell a red-headed sergeant that I'm a lieutenant so I can get a chance to beat hell out of another Jap to go with the one I got in the Olympics. Love to all. Bob."

***"I told the sergeant off, got a fourteen day furlough, and met the most beautiful girl in the world—boy! was it some dream!"***

# Eastern vs. Western Ski Sitting

### Sun Valley skiers are more fluent and precise, while in the hills of Vermont they have more courage and less rhythm

### by W. C. HEINZ

▪ SPORTS ▪

If the football fans, track followers and tennis addicts of this nation think they have leased all the rights to that intersection where East crosses West, this is to inform them that, while they have not been watching, this country's skiers have moved in and opened their own peanut stand on one of these controversial corners. What's more, as skiers don't have to be skiing to argue, even the war hasn't kept this business from thriving.

A skier, it should be explained first, is a guy who spends most of his time on the seat of his pants and this applies to all grades. There is one distinction, however. The proficient devotee reserves most of his sitting for the tap rooms after hours, while the merely persistent devotee is more indiscriminate and exhibits a tendency to put it down at any time on any slope or trail. After hours it is hard to tell them apart.

The point to be made is that with skiing probably supporting, in normal times, more tap rooms than any other sport, the skier has become, with the possible exception of the chess player, sport's most persistent sitter. The skier, however, isn't content to just sit and sip. He's got to argue.

Seven or eight years ago, when the sport was still a novelty in this country, most of the arguments seemed to pit the Alpine hat against the peaked cap and the long trouser versus the knickerbocker type of pants. As the sport matured, however, the subject of waxing the skis began to supplant all others until the controversy over teaching techniques, to which this magazine contributed no little fuel, moved in.

The Parallel Skiing vs. Arlberg battle bids fair to occupy ski sitters for a long time to come but of late, this observer, who in a half dozen years of covering the sport has done a considerable amount of trail and tavern sitting of his own, has watched the growth of another argument which, having intersectional implications, will undoubtedly be with us as long as skiers can sit. As what has gone before was designed to make clear, when they can no longer sit they will no longer ski.

We have reference, of course, to the question of Eastern skiing as compared with Western skiing and where, anyway, are the best skiers raised? This question, it may be seen, involves only the perpendicular and not the right angle phases of the sport and so is of an extremely serious nature. It is, moreover, a question that cannot be settled by competition as skiing, like gum chewing, is not a competitive but a participant sport in which the performance of a few gifted perfectionists proves nothing of the relative abilities of the masses they have exceeded.

Now an awful lot of noise has been made by percussionists on both sides. As the drum beating has been constantly growing more intense it has lacked, however, one thing. That is impartial authority.

There are a number of Eastern students of ski form, such as Erling Strom, Benno Rybizka and the group of Laurentian instructors who head for Banff every spring, who have skied the West sufficiently, it would appear, to speak out on this subject. The truth is, however, that once in the wide open spaces and still body-bruised from the elbowing they have had to take on the crowded slopes of the East, these adventurers give the week-end enthusiasts wide circuit. On the other hand, Westerners, with what both sides will admit is the best ski terrain on the continent at their own doors, find little to lure them East.

Thus it is, then, that the ski sitters of the nation have actually been without real authority with which to appeal in their fireside forensics. This is designed to afford them with that authority in the persons of two men and a maid who have not only skied both East and West but have taught in both places and have come to a lot of conclusions, the foremost among them being, as you will see, that while the Eastern skier is far more daring and versatile than his Western equivalent, the latter is by far the sounder performer and the better stylist.

The three experts who will herewith take over this treatise are Miss Elli Stiller, Mr. Fred Iselin and Mr. Willy Meyer. These three taught for several years at Sun Valley, a fact which needs no amplification, and last winter, upon the closing for the duration of that most glamorous of glacial retreats, moved eastward to Manchester, Vermont, where, for four months, they turned their talents to educating Easterners to reserve their ski sitting for indoors.

Miss Stiller, Vienna-born, took her first ski steps in the Vienna woods, later skied throughout most of Austria and Switzerland and in 1933-34-35-36 was on the Austrian Federation Internationale de Ski team, which is the equivalent of our Olympic aggregation. At Muerren in 1935 she was tops among the Austrian women and in 1938 came here to bounce from Macy's ski department to Bear Mountain, Franconia, Sun Valley and Snow Valley. When she says the Eastern skier is much more enthusiastic than his Western counterpart, she should be listened to.

Mr. Iselin was born in Glarus, Switzerland, twenty-nine years ago, the son of the man who is known as "The Ski Father of Switzerland." He skied in Europe with the all-time international greats; Emile Allais, Rudolf Romminger and James Coutte, taught the Chasseurs Alpines, or French ski troops, and has, since coming here in 1938, earned a reputation as one of the best individual and team coaches in the country. He has regularly coached the Western universities and state teams and has been in on the making of a number of national champions. When he says that Easterners hang too far forward in their bindings, he really should know.

Mr. Meyer is also twenty-nine years old, was born in Zurich, Switzerland, skied extensively in his own country and Austria and came here in 1936 to enter Stanford where he founded that university's ski club and later instructed its ski team. After he returned to Switzerland in 1938 he brought his boyhood chum, Mr. Iselin, back to America with him and the two have been together since. When he says he felt like a fool the first time he taught in the East, he should know, too.

A little surreptitiously, perhaps, this ski sitter, bent on preserving his squatter's rights, one day last spring drew these three aside as they came in off the undulating slopes of Manchester's Snow Valley and, in the protected confines of that rustic edifice known as Snow Man's Rest, proceeded upon the common journalistic practice referred to rather callously within the profession as "picking their brains." From this he derived a lot of things, among them the conclusion that the main contrasts between the Eastern and Western skier stem from differences in (1) ski terrain and (2) ski temperament.

"First when I came back East," said the blue-eyed, sun-tanned Miss Stiller as her Viennese ac-

*Continued on page 125*

---

## BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS ►

### A Slice of Life from *Early to Bed*

When Richard Kollmar opened his super-musical, *Early to Bed*, the tall talkers round Manhattan way all agreed he had dished up something pretty naughty—a story right out of the men's smoker. They also charged he had assembled the season's finest bevy of girls with the season's best curves. Cheerfully unhampered by too many clothes, they had the thing called zing, and also the thing called box office. As for the plot, we can only suggest to you serious folk who occasionally take your Wycherley and Congreve down from your library shelves, that this story, with its characters and its setting, will remind you of some of the basic stuff in Restoration comedy. But for you more practical men in far places, who never bother to wrestle with the Restoration anyway, we'll get down to cases on the indictment's second count.

Starting with the left of these lovelies, that's Charlotte Maye with arms stretched enticingly upward. Burt Harger is the partner. Mr. Harger discovered Miss Maye rehearsing with a Hollywood ballet company. They started dancing on the West Coast and soon hit the big time. This is their first Broadway appearance, and we don't believe any of you need worry about them from now on.

The young lady standing just above the dance team is the famous-faced Helen Bennett. Helen is perhaps the best known of the Powers alumnae. Her off-stage specialty is designing hats and accessories. Marge Ellis, in the center, was a member of the chorus of *Too Many Girls.* The lady with the midriff is Claire Loring. This is Claire's first Broadway appearance, though she has taken plenty of turns in lesser circuits as a trapeze and acrobatic performer.

The couple below, on the right, are Virginia McGraw and Bob Trout. Virginia is comparatively new to these parts, having shaken the Alabama dust from her boots in '41, when she was christened Miss Birmingham. Mr. Trout recently received his honorable discharge from the Marine Corps, after serving two years. He's wistful for the hard life—says he'd rather be clipping pin-ups than posing for them.

JON ABBOT PHOTOGRAPH

Columbia's
ANN SAVAGE
Hurrell Photograph

# Boss of the Bomber

### Stepping into the important boots of the flight engineer and top gunner of a B-17 for an air battle over Germany

### by SIGMUND SAMETH

• ARTICLE •

*Durable Dora* came off the target area looking like a commuter's last month's train ticket. She had stopped a lot of flak—all the Japs could throw—and machine-gun slugs had *pock-pock-pocked* their way up and down the deep-bellied length of her fuselage. Yet she flew steadily for 2½ hours back to her base for a perfect landing!

That episode was not unusual. Our planes have been hurt even more badly by enemy fire yet they have managed to come in, as the pilots say, "on a wing and a prayer." Last month a Liberator returned with 2,100 bullet holes. Another bomber in a subsequent raid lost square yards of wing covering and had its landing gear blasted away, yet it bellywhoppered to safety in an English cabbage patch. Then there was that B-17 in the African campaign which got in the way of a flaming Messerschmitt. The Nazi plane was destroyed on impact, but the crash ripped open the fuselage of the American bomber the way a clumsy angler might gut a fish. Nevertheless, she completed her mission and hedgehopped home under reduced speed.

Instances like these might be cited endlessly from official sources. Frequently our ships have had control surfaces shot away and rudder cables sheared by gunfire, yet they lived to fly again. One Fortress wheezed home with only ounces of oil in her lubricating system. Another had a jagged hole in the fin big enough for a man dressed in flying togs to crawl through. As for the multi-motored ship which sidles to a landing with only a single engine revving—that's no longer novelty enough to rate newspaper mention.

How do they do it? What magic keeps our bombers in the air long after their crews, by every rule in the book, should have signalled "Mayday! Mayday!" and hit the silk?

The answer lies partly in a thousand refinements of design. Even more important is a personage known as Mr. Fixit—the flight engineer who is a combat crew member of every medium and heavy bomber in the A.A.F.

He is the one who nurses the last precious flying minutes out of a crippled ship. He decides how much strain the wings of a stricken bomber can and cannot stand. When something goes wrong it is his job to make repairs during flight and if, for any reason, that is impossible, he has to know how to limp along anyway "on shoestring and spit." Pilots may fly our big ships but it is Mr. Fixit who keeps their engines purring like tiger kittens.

Although he wears the silver wings which are the badge of all flying personnel, the flight engineer is an enlisted man, generally a technical sergeant. His chevrons are outranked by an officer's bars yet at certain times he can *and does* tell his superiors what to do. Nor does he mince words over military etiquette when his ship—to which ten men have yoked their lives—is jeopardized. Fellow crew members from lieutenant colonels down follow his recommendations willingly.

Mechanical aptitude tests which are given to every new recruit help to locate prospective flight engineers. These men the Army drills for solid months in practical Aerial Mechanical Engineering. Merely to list the topics covered would take more pages than this article. It is the finest training of its kind in the world.

For one thing Mr. Fixit has to understand 200-odd aircraft instruments inside and out. Nor does this mean that he can trust them implicitly all of the time, for even they sometimes go awry. Therefore he must be ready to cope with every quirk of the gremlins as did the anonymous hero of an apochryphal Hangar Tale who smashed the glass of a faulty oil gauge and with his fingers pulled the pointer up from "Zero" to "Full."

The flight engineer must know inch by inch the miles of electrical, hydraulic, oxygen, fuel, and oil systems. He must be familiar with the complex web of control cables . . . pneumatic equipment . . . flaps . . . landing gear . . . de-icers and anti-icers. He must understand the ticking of the engines better than the beating of his own heart. He is responsible for every fixture of the ship from wing-tip lights to the last locknut on the bomb shackles in her belly. Ten cats couldn't catch a rat in the vitals of a heavy bomber, but a misplaced cotter pin wouldn't escape the flight engineer.

The pistons of aircraft engines do not fit their cylinders snugly until warming up has caused them to expand. During the process they "throw" a fine mist of lubricating oil which settles in every nook and cranny and on the most inaccessible engine and fuselage surfaces. For the flight engineer-to-be this means wiping . . . and wiping . . . and wiping . . . and more wiping. No mother ever knew her baby the way a grease monkey knows a B-17.

In time an apprentice mechanic wipes his way up to be a ground crew chief, but before he can become a flight engineer he has further hurdles to pass. Not only must he be in tiptop physical shape but he must be immune to that unfortunate malady known as airsickness. With his large share of responsibility it would be disastrous if he should fold up and turn pale green whenever things bounce around a bit.

Mr. Fixit must also be a Deadeye Dick with the calibre 50's for he acts as top gunner during battle. Against enemy fighters our most effective action is to dive our heavies into the attack force. This increases the rate of closure and throws off the fighter's line of sight. It also gives the top gunner—alias flight engineer—a chance to get a crack at the opposition both coming and going. Behind a machine gun as well as a monkey wrench Mr. Fixit does a man-sized job.

If you doubt it, step into his fleece-lined flying boots. The date is today. The place, a dispersal point at a British airdrome where a flight of B-17's squat on their fat tires awaiting taxi time. Engine Three has been worrying you so you've been up for two hours in the pre-dawn darkness sweating it out with the ground crew. Now the big Cyclone is roaring to suit your practiced ear. The Skipper and co-pilot have just left Briefing and your fuel man is topping off the wing tanks with the last pint of high octane they can carry.

Scared, pal? So are we all, but this is the wrong day to think about it. On a bombing mission from England, every man works every mile of the way.

You are flying in the second element of the high squadron of the high group in a three-group combat wing. The Fortresses have formed and ascended without trouble. There are no fighters and little flak as you cross the coast heading deep into Germany. From your Sperry turret in the roof of the ship you sweep a continuous arc of 180 degrees.

Things tick along until forty minutes from target when the manifold pressure on Number Four engine drops to twelve and stays there. The radioman hops upstairs to swing your guns. You clip on

*Continued on page 143*

## ◀AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

### The face and fortune of Ann Savage

Ann Savage was born twice, each time in a place called Columbia. She was born to a southern accent in Columbia, South Carolina, and a bare twenty years later she was born to stardom at Columbia Pictures, Hollywood. She was eighteen before the dramatic dream came to her, but she didn't waste any time after that. Working her way through the Reinhardt Workshop, she managed to work right into view of a Columbia talent scout. He saw her in her first Reinhardt role, as Lorna in *Golden Boy*. And that was that. After a year of paltry parts, she gets her first leading role in *Klondike Kate*, starring opposite Tom Neal.

Looking lovely is the least of the things Miss Savage does well—though you're welcome to make the most of it while gazing at Hurrell's phone-side view. She once taught bowling, she rides and plays tennis, her cooking's fair and, incidentally, they say she can act. *Klondike Kate* will show whether or no, for in her role as Queen of the Klondike during the gold rush, she runs from whistle-inspiring youth to shriveled age.

"How do you take your men, Miss Savage?" we ask. "Constantly," she answers. Which tells the story, except for this warning: she's firm in her determination to keep the mere male, singular or plural, from interfering with her all-important career. She lists four requirements for men: they must be (1) tall, (2) dark, (3) handsome and (4) plentiful. Nevertheless, she's been known to favor a short, fat blonde or three. Maybe her real "must" is that men be as intense and as hard-working as she.

In the past six months, Ann has toured the camps three times, doing a comedy sketch to the uniformed huzzas of the servicemen. Sophisticated comedy is her favorite, so her ambition for the future is to get a crack at which she calls a "Jean Arthur role."

Vital statistics: *Height:* 5'4"; *Weight:* 120 pounds; *Bust:* 35"; *Waist:* 25½"; *Hips:* 35½"; *Glove:* Size 6; *Shoe:* Size 6B; *Hat:* 21¼; *Favorite Food:* Italian *Pizza*; *Descent:* French-Irish; *Real Name:* Ann Savage; *Marital Status:* Single.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

# Good Night, Sweetheart

## She had told Harold they need not feel guilty about her husband overseas, for he had stopped really caring years ago

### by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• FICTION •

It had not been the first time she kissed Harold good night, but never before had she put such feeling into it; and when she slipped into her apartment, closing the door apologetically in his face, she was not tired. She had risen at 7:10, as she would rise at 7:10 tomorrow morning, as she had done six times a week for more than eight months now. She'd made her own breakfast, packed her own lunch, climbed into overalls, and gone to the factory. Still she was not tired. No woman who had just kissed and been kissed like that *could* be tired. Eight months of drudgery had not made her a drudge.

She felt a little guilty about the unopened V-mail letter, and she didn't like to feel guilty, about anything connected with Vance. It wasn't fair to her, and it wasn't fair to Harold.

Never before had she failed to read one of Vance's letters as soon as it arrived—though heaven knew they all said the same thing, in his matter-of-fact way, ending with that conventional "Love, Vance." He still took her for granted.

Harold did not take her for granted. She excited Harold.

She had not read the letter immediately, not only because she knew in advance what it contained, but chiefly because she and Harold were going out to dinner together, and something even then had told her that this was to be an important dinner, and she wanted to look her best.

So she had put off reading the letter. And there it was, staring up at her. She would have to read it before she went to sleep, and the prospect annoyed her; since, cut-and-dried though it would be, it might spoil just a little bit of Harold's special good night.

No matter what time they parted—nine or half-past, more often than not, for they seldom went to a show as they'd done tonight—he knew just how long she took to make herself ready and get into bed. He must have known this by instinct, for he was not a man of much experience with women, and certainly he had never watched *her* retire!

She would wait, arms outside the covers, hands demurely folded. Presently the phone would ring.

It always rang briefly and, somehow, tenderly. Oh, she knew that really these things worked on a mechanism, and that Harold's special good night ring was the same as anybody else's. But Harold's always *seemed* different; it seemed low, and respectful, and . . . caressing.

She would answer swiftly, and in a whisper, knowing who it was. "Hello?"

"Hello, darling. I just wanted to say good night. I just wanted to tell you to sleep well."

"*You* sleep well, too, Harold. Good night."

"Good night, sweetheart."

That was all. A conversation inane to any outsider, but very important to the parties concerned. She would hang up very gently, while at the other end of the line, in his apartment, he, too, would be gently hanging up. And she'd turn out the light, slide fully down under the covers, and go to sleep with a little smile on her face.

She took the V-mail and chucked it on her dressing table. She got into a nightgown, and sat at the dressing table to brush her hair and remove her make-up.

She and Vance used to have affectionate little customs like that, she remembered. But that was four years ago.

She remembered how when they were first married he'd come home nights and for a minute pretend not to see her; he'd go humming around the room, putting this down, picking that up, while she sat and pretended to pout—and then suddenly, whirling, he'd fly at her with arms outstretched, and lift her clear out of her chair in a tremendous hug.

She remembered how, when they were about to go out somewhere, at the last moment, at the very door, he would give her a swift slight pat, and whisper from a corner of his mouth: "You look swell!" And how he sometimes used to sit and watch her do her face, smiling fondly.

Most acutely of all she remembered how he would make up to her, nights in bed, when they had their spats. They would lie side by side, each pretending to be asleep, each rehearsing sorely what the other had said, and answering it in an angry mind. And then Vance would reach out and take her hand. He would loop his middle finger into her middle finger, and jingle her hand that way under the covers, very gently, pleadingly, and at the same time he would whisper to her, in that small-boy way she never could resist: "Mrs. Willis? . . . Mrs. Willis? . . ." He had always brought her around when he did that.

Oh, it had been very wonderful, for a little while. Long before he went away he had been taking her for granted. She was his wife, something always there, part of the routine.

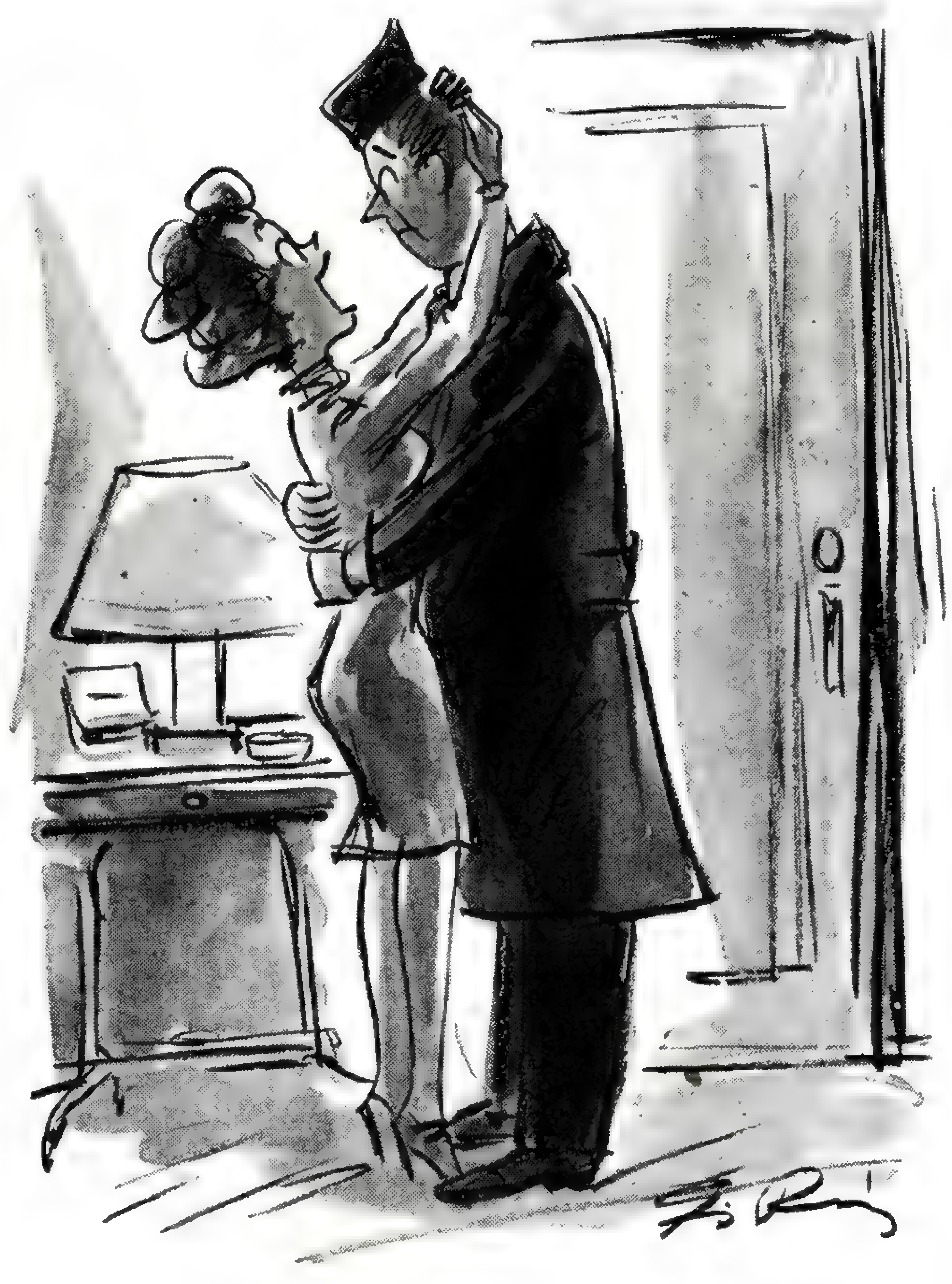
She believed he liked her well enough still, admired her, perhaps even loved her in an absent-minded but washed-out way. But nothing more. He didn't *really* love her. Hadn't, for years.

She had explained this to Harold. Harold was sensitive, poor dear, and in ordinary circumstances he wouldn't dream of touching another man's wife. He had never met Vance, yet probably he thought about him oftener even than Cora did. The fact that Vance was in the Army, in Harold's eyes, made it that much worse. Harold said that he felt like a skunk. She had argued with him about this.

"It isn't as though you were *stealing* me. Vance hasn't got me, hasn't wanted me, really for years."

Sometimes when she heard herself talking this way she wondered, fleetingly, whether in fact she was not arguing with herself.

All the same, it *wasn't* fair. She knew it. And Vance would know it, when the war was over and they confronted him and explained; for obviously they could do nothing about divorce until he'd come back, and meanwhile it didn't seem right to tell him about it in letters, for Cora, like Vance himself, was not clever at writing. But she was sure that they could



*"Why, of course, I'll be true to you, Harold—there are no other men left"*

make it clear to him face to face. He'd be a bit hurt at first, but only for a little while. After all, she meant almost nothing to him. She was no more than a habit.

Surely it was not Harold's fault that he had not been able to get into the Army. He'd tried, but the government had decreed that he was much more valuable to the war effort right there in the factory where his engineering experience counted for the most. It didn't mean Harold was a coward.

As she thought of this, she saw rather hard lines from the edges of her nose to the corners of her mouth. She did not like that. It made her look tough. She jabbed out the cigarette, and started to take off her make-up.

She wasn't tough. She wasn't deceitful, either. In the technical sense of the word—though she was honest enough to admit to herself that this did not mean much—she had been faithful to Vance. She had not lost her head. Harold indeed would not have wanted that. He was essentially a decent and honorable person.

"Are you sure that he—"

"My dear, don't I know him inside out? Haven't I known him for years? He doesn't think of me for a second!"

It was only very recently that she had even been kissing Harold good night, and only a little while ago had she given him the kiss he'd been waiting for—the kiss that was a promise.

Knowing what the kiss meant, he had wanted to come into the apartment with her. He had not been urgent, but he was a man, and he'd wanted to come in.

Indeed she didn't know why she hadn't let him do so. She knew what was going to happen, sooner or later. She knew what she'd meant when she kissed him that way.

Nevertheless she had held him off. But her eyes, in the dimness of the hall, had confirmed the message of the kiss. "Yes" they had said unmistakably. But they'd added, "But not tonight."

She finished with her face and went to the bathroom to brush her teeth, not caring, for the moment, if there were harsh lines leading down to her mouth. It *wasn't* fair! She was lonesome and Harold was lonesome, and it *wasn't* fair!

Why, the war might go on for years yet!

When she climbed into bed she was sure the face lines did not exist. Arms outside the covers, hands demurely folded, she smiled a little as she prepared to wait for the special good night.

She remembered the V-mail letter on the dressing table, and with a grimace she swung out of bed. For she couldn't decently put the reading off until morning. She was tearing it open as she got back into bed.

Her eyes became very large when she saw that the letter was not in Vance's hand. She was suddenly frightened. Why, she didn't know anybody else in the services who might write to her! In the "Sender's Name" space was written "Lt. M. Hallet," and the address beneath was that of a base hospital in Tunisia. Vance was in Tunisia, yes. She had known that, but—

"Dear Mrs. Willis: I am not sure that I should write you, but by this time, of course, the official notification of your husband's death will have reached you, and also the citation which will tell you how he got the wound that killed him."

(It had gone astray! A thin screech of agony inside her consciousness told her.)

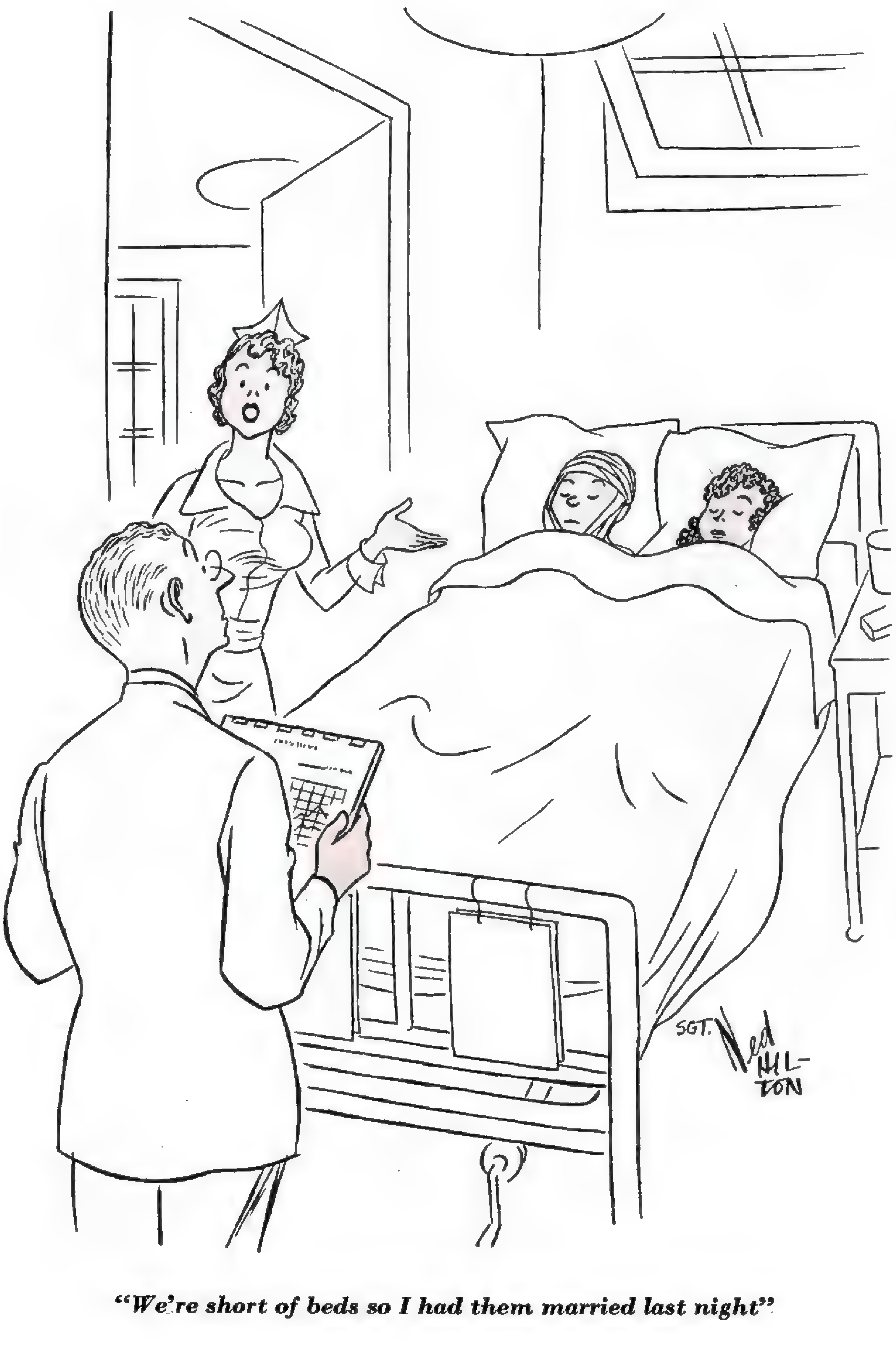
"I only thought that you might like to know that I was with him and that all his last words were of you. 'Cora, Cora,' he kept calling. He seemed to be trying to apologize for something, and he did not hear me when I offered to take down his last message on paper. I think he must have thought that I was you, Mrs. Willis, but this was toward the very end when his eyes were closed. For I know that you are very pretty, because he told all us nurses so much about you. And I am not pretty. But he thought that I was you, and kept reaching for my hands. He did a strange thing. He hooked the middle finger of his right hand into the middle finger of my left hand, and he jiggled it up and down anxiously, all the while whispering, 'Mrs. Willis? . . . Mrs. Willis?' and he seemed very anxious about something.

"I told him that it was all right, that everything was all right.

"Then he was quiet, and he relaxed, and even smiled. And that is the way he died.

"I have not made it a practice of writing to the relatives of soldiers who died here, unless specifically asked to do so. But in this case I thought that I should. I am not a married woman and do not understand about these things, but I thought that this might have some special meaning for you. Hoping I have not offended you by writing, I remain, very truly, (Lt.) Mabel Hallet."

The telephone rang. ⌗



***"We're short of beds so I had them married last night"***

# The End of an Era

## Granting Mrs. Harrison Williams' right to be called best dressed, most beautiful and richest American woman, if not the smartest

### by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

▪ARTICLE▪

If Grover Whalen had thought of it, a photograph of Mrs. Harrison Williams might now be sunk in a concrete vault below the Flushing Meadows. During the 1939 World's Fair, specimens of American culture were preserved in this vault so that the Earnest Hootons and William Beebes of 3,000 A.D. would be able to reconstruct a picture of U.S. civilization in the 1930's. Mrs. Harrison Williams, who has the reputation of looking well in anything, could have concretely represented the Queen Bess of the ultra-smart, ultra-rich U.S. society which made its money at home and its honey abroad. In her decade of absolute rule as America's international superwoman, Mrs. Harrison Williams has become the fabulous symbol of the snooty side of the tracks, or how-the-upper-upper-half-lives. Her legend, founded primarily on her husband's money, her beauty and her dressmakers, may pale (by 3,000 A.D.) compared to that of Joan of Arc, Lieut. Pavlichenko or Madame Chiang, but in her own time Mrs. Williams has been portrayed as a Pavlova, a Noel Coward heroine, a Duchess of Windsor, a Madame de Staël and a featherweight Dorothy Thompson.

This last spring not-so-surrealist Salvador Dali painted her with a ragged skirt, gaunt feet and beggar's hands, standing beautiful and undismayed against a background depicting the accumulated culture of centuries.

The legend and Mrs. Harrison Williams often overlook the fact that she has not always been Mrs. Harrison Williams, well-dressed wife of a well-millioned utilities magnate. She was born (and legend tacitly concedes this, although the year 1897 is not often acknowledged) plain Mona Strader in a simple homestead near Lexington, Kentucky. Although her family was not blue-blooded, they did breed blue-blooded horses. On one of these Mona grew up among the bluegrass blades. In 1917, when she was twenty, still unsophisticated and yearning for the social whirl she read about in the Louisville papers, she took the first mincing step toward becoming Mrs. Harrison Williams. Harry Schlesinger, a wealthy Milwaukee iron-ore heir, purchased a horse farm near the Straders, hired Mona's brother as his overseer and married Mona. Schlesinger brought his young wife (she was about twenty years his junior) back to Milwaukee. She bore him a son, Robert, and soon she became impressed with a handsome gentleman nearer her own age. He was James Irving Bush, then an up-and-coming bond salesman. Like Mona, he was married, and romance was temporarily thwarted.

In 1920 fate took the second step toward making Mona into Mrs. Harrison Williams. Bush's wife died. Mona promptly divorced Schlesinger, receiving a generous settlement and losing the custody of her son. One of the guests at Mona's wedding to Bush in 1921 was Harrison Williams. Mona now had a young, attractive husband. She had money enough to expand her sphere, and she began to travel. She began to collect things—things like expensive Chinese porcelains and expensive Paris models. Five years after her marriage to Bush she acquired her third husband. Having divorced Bush in Paris, she finally became Mrs. Harrison Williams in 1926.

In eighteen years as Mrs. Harrison Williams she has rarely stopped collecting. She collected homes, she collected friends, she collected brains, she collected wardrobes, and above all, she collected a legend. All of them, including the legend, were hand-picked with her own exquisite taste. The homes added to the friends, the friends added to the brains, the brains added to the legend, and the wardrobe added to everything, including the national income of *La Belle France*. By 1935 Lady Mendl was introducing Mrs. Harrision Williams in Paris as "the most wonderful woman in America." If Paris wondered a little just why she was the most wonderful woman in America, the wonderment ceased when she became the occasion for a most brilliant social season, for the sale of thousands of cases of champagne, for a marvelous splurge of splendid spending.

The Jap attack at Pearl Harbor was as great a shock to Mrs. Harrison Williams and her way of life as it was to Admiral Kimmel and General Short. The net effect of this blow was to force all three into more or less "private" life. In some respects Mrs. Harrison Williams was better prepared for what happened than Kimmel and Short. She and Mr. Williams "saw the handwriting on the wall" more than three years ago when they sold the *Warrior*, their German-built, world-cruising yacht. With the sale of the yacht the Harrison Williamses began retrenching. "I told Harrison that we were caught in a storm and that I was going to fasten down all the sails I could," she explained. As good as her word, she battened down four of their five homes, put their eight automobiles in storage, shut off all but two floors of their 30-room Fifth Avenue town house, and cut the number of their household servants from 25 to 10.

Even that may not be the end of Mrs. Williams' retreat. If some new equivalent of the President's attempted ceiling on income goes into effect, she won't know where her next mink is coming from. "I can't see the answer," she concedes. "All we do is live from day to day. I admit our class led foolish and useless lives in the past. We did silly things. Our values were wrong. But no period has been perfect."

Even "the mad dash for clothes" seems "silly" now to America's perennially best-dressed woman. She must occasionally walk now, so the tight skirts which made her figure front page news are impractical. When she takes taxis instead of one of her spacious limousines, her favorite large hats won't fit. She has learned to wear smaller, close-fitting chapeaux which won't blow off in the revolving door at the Colony Club. Her dozens of hand-made high-heeled shoes are shelved for the duration, and in their stead has emerged (until rationing) a steady stream of smart, hand-made low-heeled walking pumps as democratic as Kitty Foyle's in everything but price.

To save money on insurance rates, her rare and precious costume jewels are now in safe deposit vaults. The simple strand of pearls she wears around her neck is as imitation as that of any Smith girl.

But even with such admirable self-denial, Mrs. Harrison Williams manages to live on a scale reserved for pre-revolution Grand Dukes and pre-ceiling De Mille heroines. This scale is admittedly a lower one than the exalted circle of things in the '30's, when it was Long Island in the spring and fall, New York before Christmas, Palm Beach in January and February, Versailles and Paris in June and Capri in the summer for the Williamses. It was this exalted state which caused international royalty to wail that the only reason the Harrison Williamses didn't

*Continued on page 153*

---

### AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ➧

#### The face and fortune of Betty Jane Hess

March winds and April showers—and Esquire's photogpher, Jon Abbot—have brought forth May flowers. So rest your eyes on blonde, hazel-eyed Betty Jane Hess, who came all the way from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, climbed steadily for five years, to land on your barracks wall.

Betty Jane believes that exciting element called "the accident of an accident," has motivated her gay twenty-two years. Beginning with her latest windfall, she recently spent seven months in Hollywood in order to work seven days in Columbia's *Cover Girl*. With fourteen contemporaries, she lived in splendor at Marion Davies' Beverly Hills home, complete with swimming pool, tennis court and projection room for movies. They went to Cary Grant's and Ronald Colman's parties, and whereas their weekly salaries started at a mere century, they were eventually almost doubled.

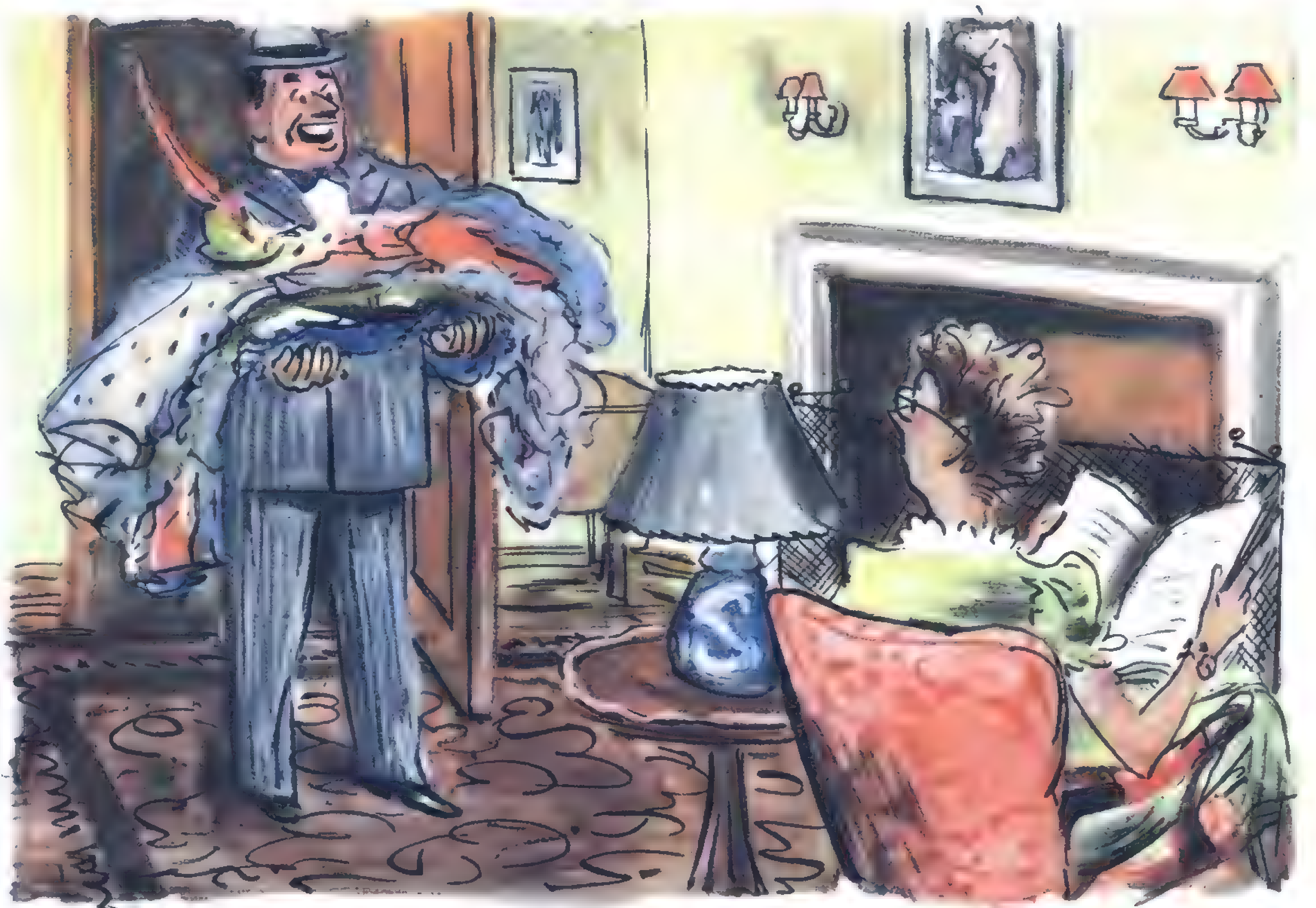
These honeys sold 50,000 dollars in War Bonds in an hour and a half. One customer danced three minutes with Betty Jane in exchange for a 3,000 dollar Bond.

It's only fair to announce that Betty Jane has a gentleman at sea: her husband. She has been the bride of her lieutenant j.g. for just over two years and likes it. Miss Hess came to New York five years ago to see the World's Fair, en route to Duke University to become a nurse. Instead she found herself studying anthropoids from an entirely different angle by way of Harry Conover's agency. She can look ingenuous eating an ice cream cone or be a femme fatale in black velvet with candelabra. Perhaps this accounts for her having been a cover girl on more magazines than she remembers.

As for men, Betty Jane confides: "I didn't know what I wanted—but I knew it was right when I found it. It—six foot three of it—came into my life just two weeks after I came to New York. I had never met a wolf, and after that I had no opportunity to meet one. But from what I hear they sound like fun."

Vital statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 22; *Height:* 5'9" with heels; *Weight:* 121; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 34.

JON ABBOT PHOTOGRAPH



*"My secretary wants to know if you can wear any of this stuff, dear—she's put on a lot of weight lately"*

# ◀ IF IT BE THUS TO DREAM

## Wanda McKay, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

GREEN-EYED, blonde-haired, smooth-browed Wanda McKay stems from Portland, Oregon, the city of roses. She went to school in Fort Worth and began her business career at seventeen in Kansas City, Missouri, working for T.W.A. as a hostess-model. At an age when many girls have no more important concern than choosing between Kappa and Theta, Wanda was creating a two-way selling job for herself. She sold the travel-by-air idea and gave girls the idea of air hostess careers. "I was the psychological angle," says Wanda. "You know, one look at little me (five foot two in medium heels) made women and gals feel if I didn't bat an eye at 5,000 feet of altitude, why should they?"

Wanda's air mileage is in the six figure brackets. She flew all over the country making speeches on what air had to offer the fair sex. Of course, it's an open secret that airplane hostesses seldom stay in uniform long. Maybe it's the high altitude that fosters those proposals of marriage. Or perhaps it's their flattering way of remembering your name, regaling you with bright chatter and chewing gum. Wanda might have accepted one of those innumerable proposals had she not won the title of Miss American Aviation. No sooner does a girl get a title than she thinks of Hollywood.

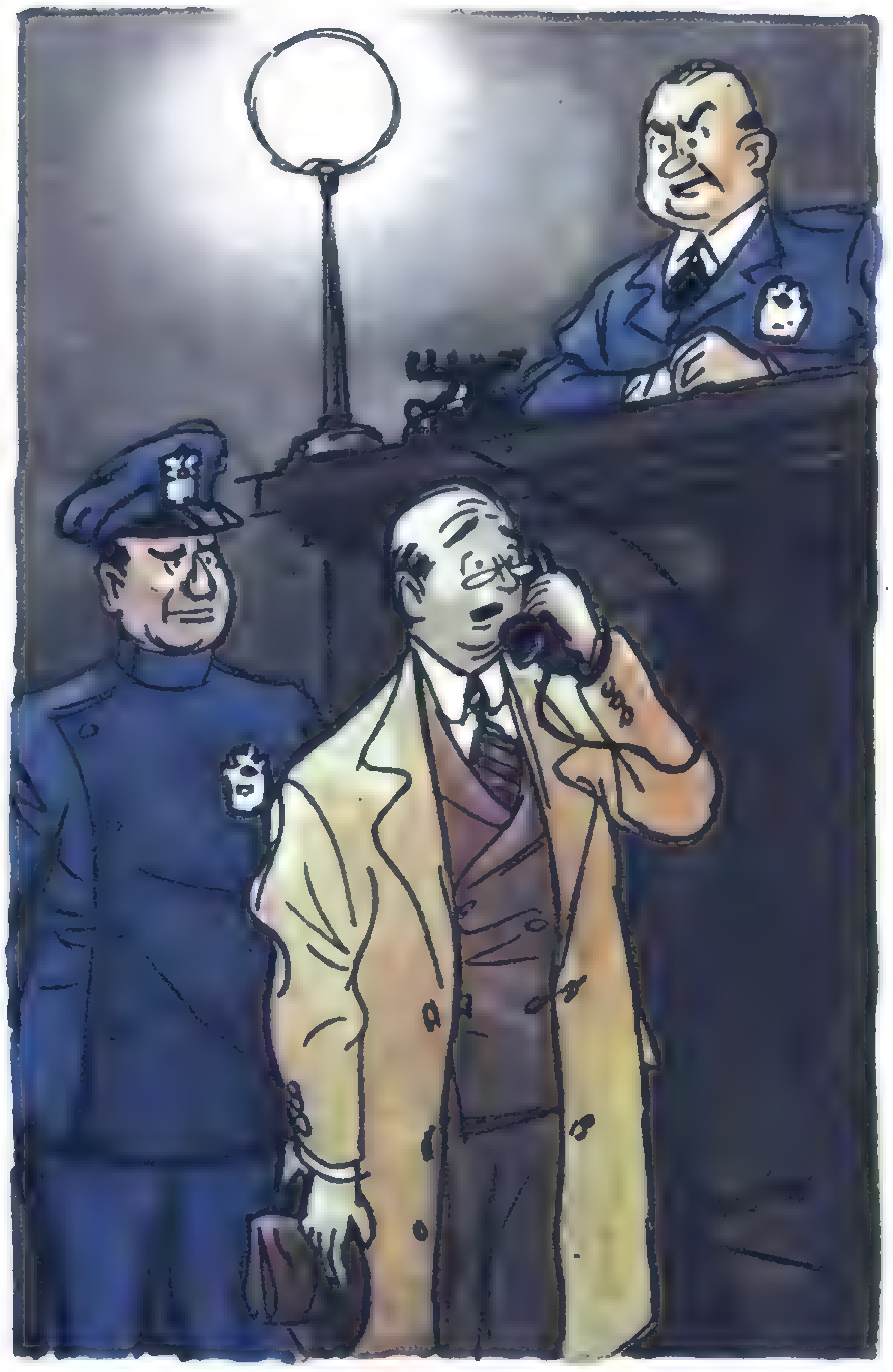
"I'm sorry I didn't get the Hollywood hunch sooner," says Wanda and with charming candor adds, "Not that I'm conceited. I'm just a believer that you don't get ahead in this world unless you think you're good." Realistic Wanda thinks she is good but she also knows she can get better. So she is studying hard at dramatics.

Little Miss McKay's goal as an actress is nothing if not ambitious. She hopes some day to become a composite of all the stars of the cinema she considers tops—Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Jean Arthur and Margaret Sullavan.

Wanda lives with her mother in Hollywood Hills. Her favorite sport is swimming and her ideal day is one spent at the seashore, swimming or sailing.

Vital Statistics: *Bust:* 34 in.; *Waist:* 23 in.; *Hips:* 35 in.; *Weight* 105; *Height:* 5 ft. 1½ in.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



*"Hello, Alice—I think I'm dreaming, but if I'm not, I won't be home for thirty days"*

# Bix at Lake Forest

## School authorities could hardly have guessed that this rebellious sophomore was to become the immortal Beiderbecke

### by ROBERT GOFFIN

ARTICLE

THE Academy of Lake Forest, Illinois, is a beautiful red brick edifice near the Lake Michigan shore, about thirty-five miles from Chicago. In 1921, when new pupils were entering school, the old students and the professors looked around at the new faces with a kind of doleful curiosity. One, a professor by the name of R. P. Koepke, who had been born in Strassbourg, had studied in Paris and Berlin and now taught French and Spanish, was energetic as well as curious and circulated from group to group.

He approached a group of three more or less bewildered new students chattering in a corner. He noted one of them especially—a boy with an open face, hair pulled straight back, a striped tie and a sports jacket with patch pockets. "What's *your* name?" asked Koepke.

"Bix," replied the boy.

"What, 'Bix'?"

"Bix. That's my Christian name. My full name is Leon Beiderbecke."

"Where do you come from?"

"I live in Davenport, Iowa, 1934 Grand Avenue."

"What's your father's name?"

"Bismarck."

The other students smiled then and Koepke looked up sharply.

"Yes, Bismarck Beiderbecke!" the boy repeated.

Koepke hesitated a moment. "Have you a hobby?" he said at last.

"Yes. Music!"

"Very good! I'll put you in the college orchestra. What do you play?"

"The cornet."

"Can you play Sousa's marches?"

"No!" said the boy firmly. "I prefer jazz."

Everyone laughed—except one senior named Walter Earnest Welge, from Evanston, Illinois.

Thus young Bix Beiderbecke entered the second year at Lake Forest Academy—that is, the Lower Middle Class. Next morning he found himself before Latin teacher Arthur Edgington, with exactly thirty other students. Most of them came from Illinois. Bix immediately found two students who also came from Iowa: John Graydon, Jr., and Howard Strahan. During recreation periods they were often seen together, but very soon Bix made other friends who, like himself, were crazy about music.

There was the young Welge, who was called "Cy" and who played the drums; and above all, there was the fellow who became Bix's best friend—Samuel Sidney Stewart, Jr., from Flint, Michigan. Both were students in the Senior Class and, at the end of the year, in 1922, when the class elected the best musician of the year, Stewart got eighteen votes, Bix three, and Welge two.

According to the testimony of Arthur Edgington, the only professor who knew Bix and is still at Lake Forest Academy, it was obvious from that first day in school that Bix had little interest in academic studies. Two things were necessary to his existence: sports and music. At the opening of the school year, the Orange and Black baseball team was decimated by the departure of the Senior Class. They needed new members. *Caxy*, the school annual, later reported:

> "As the date of the first game approached, the one finally decided upon consisted of Magnuson or Lipe. . . . Pattison and Welge won their right to roam the pastures, and Beiderbecke and Covert became the recognized utility men."

There were two football clubs, one "Orange" and the other "Black." Stewart played in one, Bix in the other. Thus music came to the rescue of sport.

That year music took on considerable importance in the Academy. Professor Koepke was an energetic organizer and he got together a symphony of forty players. Bix played the cornet.

In midwinter they gave a grand concert. I've seen the program and it begins with *Lake Forest, Go!*, a double-quick march composed by leader Koepke. He was interested in classical music and therefore didn't consider Bix very brilliant for, when there was a cornet solo, it was conferred not on Bix but on another pupil by the name of E. Parker, who rendered *In Old Madrid*.

Bix was already specializing. His technique was too individual to be accepted by a conservatory amateur like Koepke. Where Bix stood without peer was in the little dance orchestra composed of two violins, Sargent and S. Smith; two cornets, Parker and Beiderbecke; three saxophones, Stewart, Haysen and F. Wagner; one trombone, Rising; and a drummer, Cy Welge.

Bix lived in the northwest corner of East House, on the second floor. It was a very natty little room but little by little his love of music transformed it into a conservatory. When he wasn't busy in football or baseball practice, Bix exercised with his friends in his room and they often kept it up at high pitch until the neighbors complained. Then Stewart would be quiet, Cy would keep time very gently on the study table and Bix would stuff the bell of his trumpet with a handkerchief or hand towel. And when night came and it was impossible to play an instrument, Bix would open his old portable phonograph, stop up the loudspeaker with a towel and in almost totally smothered tones he would play some record of the Original Dixieland Band. Bix would close his eyes and keep time until he was tipsy with rhythms and counter-rhythms—the rhythms which came to govern his life and lead him into immortality.

Should someone drop in, Bix would light up one last cigarette and go down to the first floor where he tried to play tunes on the piano which wouldn't be heard all the way up to the sleeping quarters. At that time it was the slow melancholy of *Margie*, the magic of *St. Louis Blues*, the speed of *Tiger Rag*, the improvisations of *Nobody's Sweetheart*—and in the course of his various visits to dance halls, Bix had heard a tune which bewitched him and which he transformed little by little into a melancholy composition called *In a Mist*.

One evening at a dance in Evanston a young man in the crowd was amazed at Bix's solos and came to talk with him during the intermission. It was Milton Mesirow. He discussed the power of this new music which had swept over Chicago. He spoke of the Original Dixieland, King Oliver, and especially the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and the fine high frenzy they created each evening at the Friar's Inn.

The next morning Bix talked it over with Cy and they decided that one night a week they would sneak out of the Academy after supper, look up Mezz in Chicago and hear this new orchestra in which the trombonist, George Brunis, and the clarinetist, Leon Rappolo, were musical divinities.

They saved their last pennies and when they finally arrived at the Friar's Inn they sat dumbly behind their wine glasses while the Kings—the Nork, as they were called—played the new tunes: *Angry*, *That Dada Strain*, and *Shimme-Sha-Wabble*. It was the

Continued on page 144

## STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

### Three Dancers from the Club Versailles

THE Club Versailles, resplendent in crystal and satin—don't forget those frosted glasses, boys—combines the transcendental with the transitory; it's fun, too. And here are three perfectly good reasons to give you pubcrawlers pause. Dancers, left to right, Dorothy Littlejohn, Lisa Kirke, and Joan Manners, have their own special way of looking at things; they believe there's more black magic in the long glove, the heavy necklace, and the veiled hat than in the divestment thereof.

Dorothy Littlejohn is just turned eighteen. Born in Memphis, Tennessee, which town she took like Grant took Richmond, there followed the Gardner School in New York, and this moment which you are sharing with her is her first night club appearance. And here's one for your Broadway I.Q: How can a girl be eighteen and still have been in show business for ten years? Answer: stock in Memphis. Dorothy has appeared in *The Drunkard*, *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, has been in legitimate stage productions, including the original company of *Junior Miss* and the Boston company of *My Sister Eileen*. Her ambition is "definitely the theatre;" meanwhile she teaches school in the afternoon, models, has clicked on the radio in *The Aldrich Family*, *Five Star Final*, and *Cavalcade of America*.

Lisa Kirke, the skeptical beauty in the center, shook the dust of Roscoe, Pa., from her functional feet a few years ago. A graduate of Charleroi High School, she was headed for Carnegie Tech when she started singing with Baron Elliot's band over WCAE. She did a quick switch from technology to technique, and is none the worse for it. Lisa, too, started at the age of four, acting in her father's arms—he was a minstrel.

Stunning is the word for Joan Manners, the brunette on the end. Joan comes to the night club out of a convent, but has appeared professionally since she was six, doing tap dancing and ballet. She derives from a long line of English actors, has had four proposals of marriage while working at the Versailles from a paratrooper sergeant, an army lieutenant, and two ensigns.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF

# The Winning of Muscle Shoals Mike

**Being too well-heeled to get a bang out of gambling for cash, the old men put up stock farms, night clubs and a bird dog**

### *by* FRANK X. TOLBERT

•FICTION•

MURDO MACBAIN and the bird dog, Muscle Shoals Mike, stopped at a corner of Park Avenue and Forty-first Street. Mr. MacBain rolled a cigarette and spoke to a policeman.

"Son," he said, "could you direct me to the Murray Hill Hotel bar? I'm supposed to meet a party there."

"You are standing in front of the Murray Hill Hotel," replied the policeman. "Haven't you got a leash and muzzle for your boid dog?"

"I am humiliated to say, son, that this bird dog no longer is my property. I lost him last night in a game of chance."

"Anyhow," said the policeman, "you've got to muzzle that boid dog."

"Right here's his harness," said Mr. MacBain, pulling a coil of leather thongs from a pocket of his blue serge suit. "Muscle Shoals Mike is used to the leash, but I've had right smart trouble getting him halter-broke to this muzzle since we hit town yesterday. Though he is one of the world's greatest field trials dogs, Muscle Shoals Mike is of a nervous, ornery disposition."

He slipped the muzzle on the bird dog's white and lemon-ticked head.

Mr. MacBain was a tall old man with two days' growth of gray whiskers on his gaunt, bold face. He wore a small, white Stetson hat and handsome, high-heeled boots. His blue serge suit was threadbare but well pressed. He had bought the suit during the Texas Cattlemen's Convention of 1931. The suit had served him well and he was thinking of buying another like it. Mr. MacBain was owner of many properties, including 70,000 acres of Texas Panhandle grazing lands on which there were more oil well derricks than trees. He could afford a new blue serge suit.

He had come east to run Muscle Shoals Mike in the New York State Pheasant Trials. After Muscle Shoals Mike won the principal stakes of the field trials, the old man and the big pointer had come to the city for a short visit. Now Mr. MacBain was sorry he had brought along the bird dog, for on the night before he had lost Muscle Shoals Mike in a crap game with Homer Jones, the famous New York night club owner.

Like the Texan, Mr. Jones was too wealthy to get the fullest pleasure from gambling for cash. So they had played for such properties as stock farms, Florida estates, night clubs, distilleries, and, finally, Muscle Shoals Mike.

"I was a fool, boy," said Mr. MacBain, in an apology to Muscle Shoals Mike. "I had just won a half interest in a Boston brewery that the Jones family had owned for thirty-nine years. I'd started thinking I couldn't lose, I guess. Anyway, I bet you against a little, old island off the coast of Maine. And it was the only time I lost all night. One consolation I got—Mr. Jones knows and appreciates a good bird dog. He is the little fat, squeaky-voiced guy who kept wanting me to sell you after you won the Texas Open at Mr. Derden's plantation last fall."

According to terms of the bet, Mr. MacBain had to deliver the bird dog at 6 o'clock on the evening following the crap game. The men were to meet in the bar of the Murray Hill Hotel. Accordingly, the old Texan and Muscle Shoals Mike arrived at the corner of Park and Forty-first only about fifteen minutes late for their appointment.

Muscle Shoals Mike stared bleakly at Park Avenue, and he started to sit down on his haunches but thought better of it. Sitting down on his haunches was a most uncomfortable position for Muscle Shoals Mike. A few days before, at the New York Pheasant Trials, the bird dog had lost his tail, or most of it. He had been standing in a warehouse doorway on leash, minding his own business and waiting to be put in the field trials dog wagon. A careless worker slammed shut the steel doors of the warehouse. Muscle Shoals Mike's thin white tail was caught between the steel doors and cut off cleanly about three inches from the base.

Despite this painful accident, Muscle Shoals Mike won the Open All-Age Stakes. He ran with his stub of a tail bound in surgical dressings. He drew a course almost bare of game. But, in a smoky creek bed, a minute or so before his heat was up, Muscle Shoals Mike made a find and handled beautifully. All of the judges voted for him. He got no pleasure from his victory, though. He was too heartsick over the loss of his tail.

Now, as they stood in front of the Murray Hill Hotel, the bird dog pushed his bony rump against the old man's trousers so that the policeman could not see his mutilated tail. Mr. MacBain threw away the cigarette. They marched into the bar, the dog tossing his head, for the muzzle irritated his sensitive nose.

Mr. Jones was seated near a window, drinking a double bourbon and soda. He was a fat, little fellow, about sixty years of age but younger in appearance because of his unlined face. His head was almost bald and his blue eyes restless. He said: "Sit down, Murdo, and have a drink. You're late, and I was about to turn you in for dog theft. And a man might be hung for stealing a dog as valuable as Muscle Shoals Mike." As he talked, Mr. Jones looked at the dog and his face was beaming. Muscle Shoals Mike coiled his body by walking in a short circle and fell heavily to the floor.

"I know that losing his tail didn't harm Muscle Shoals Mike's nose," said Mr. Jones, "though it sure didn't make him any prettier. He looks more like a bulldog than some bulldogs do. But as long as he has that million-dollar nose, I don't care how ugly he is. Only one thing, I wish you hadn't trained Muscle Shoals Mike to work birds on a police whistle."

"There's nothing better than a whistle for handling a bird dog," argued Mr. MacBain, "especially in country where there's lots of shinery. Two blasts on a police whistle and Muscle Shoals Mike will take off as if the sheriff were after him. And he hunts thoroughly all the way to the horizon, even though he's running like a race horse."

The waiter brought the men

DAN'S LIQUOR STORE
13 CLARK ST.
WE DELIVER
Eric Ericson

their drinks. A hurt look came into Muscle Shoals Mike's brown eyes. He opened his jaws as far as the muzzle would allow and howled. The waiter dropped his tray and retreated behind the bar.

"Excuse me, boy," said Mr. MacBain to Muscle Shoals Mike, "I clean forgot you there for a minute." With his boot heels beating on the floor, the cattleman walked to the bar and returned with a saucer of bourbon whiskey for the dog. He slipped off the muzzle. Muscle Shoals Mike lapped at his drink, all the while showing the whites of his eyes as he looked up, gratefully, at Mr. MacBain.

"Sometimes I think that dog drinks too much," said Mr. Jones. "I remember you gave him a gallon demijohn of East Texas corn after he won the Texas Open last fall. And you let him lap up more than a quart of Canadian whiskey for taking the Open All-Age Stakes in Manitoba. Muscle Shoals Mike is going to knock off a lot of that drinking now that I'm his owner."

"Aw, the boy don't drink much except on big occasions," said Mr. MacBain. "He has only had about fourteen saucers of whiskey this afternoon as we visited around in these here New York saloons. And, the way I figured it, this was a very special occasion, for this may be the last time that Muscle Shoals Mike and I will ever see each other again. Anyway, he has an awful sore tail."

Mr. MacBain tossed down his whiskey and continued: "Maybe this won't be no farewell party for Muscle Shoals Mike and I if you are still a sporting man. I've got a seventy-foot yacht tied up at Galveston. I'll roll you high dice for that yacht against Muscle Shoals Mike."

"I don't need another yacht and I'm a fool to risk Muscle Shoals Mike. But it's a deal," said Mr. Jones, and he produced a pair of dice from a vest pocket. After they had rolled, the New Yorker still owned the bird dog and the yacht as well.

They were ready to shoot again, with Mr. MacBain wagering a quarter interest in a Cleveland firm which manufactured baby clothes, when they were interrupted by another howl from Muscle Shoals Mike. The bird dog had finished his saucer and he wished a refill.

Mr. MacBain fetched the saucer of whiskey. Mr. Jones said: "I think I'd better be going as soon as Muscle Shoals Mike drinks up. My station wagon is parked over near the Waldorf. If you would walk that way with Muscle Shoals Mike and me, we will be glad to drop you off at your hotel."

"Thanks," said the Texan, sadly. "That'll give me a few more minutes to spend with Muscle Shoals Mike."

They left the bar and walked down Park Avenue toward Grand Central Station. There were no policemen in sight, so Mr. MacBain had not put the muzzle on the bird dog. Muscle Shoals Mike weaved a little as he walked, for he'd had considerably more to drink than either of the men.

They were in the shadow of Grand Central when a doorman at the Commodore Hotel put a whistle to his mouth and started blowing for a taxi. He blew two sharp blasts at first. Muscle Shoals Mike listened and a strange look came into his eyes. Since the days when he'd run in Puppy Stakes, two blasts on such a whistle as this had always been the signal for him to move out. So he started running. He forgot about the hard streets and the tall buildings and his sore tail. He headed to the left into Vanderbilt Avenue and circled Grand Central on this street. Then he turned back into Park Avenue.

The men started in pursuit, with Mr. Jones shouting. Mr. MacBain saved his breath and loped for about 100 yards. When the dog turned off Vanderbilt, Mr. MacBain slowed to a trot and let Mr. Jones catch up with him. The fat New Yorker was gasping for breath yet, gamely, he followed at the trot for two more blocks. They stopped in front of a hotel and the cattleman spoke to a burly doorman.

"Say, son," said Mr. MacBain to the doorman, "did you see a bird dog pass this way. He was big and mostly white but with some lemon-colored ticks on him, and he was running like a spotted-tailed ape."

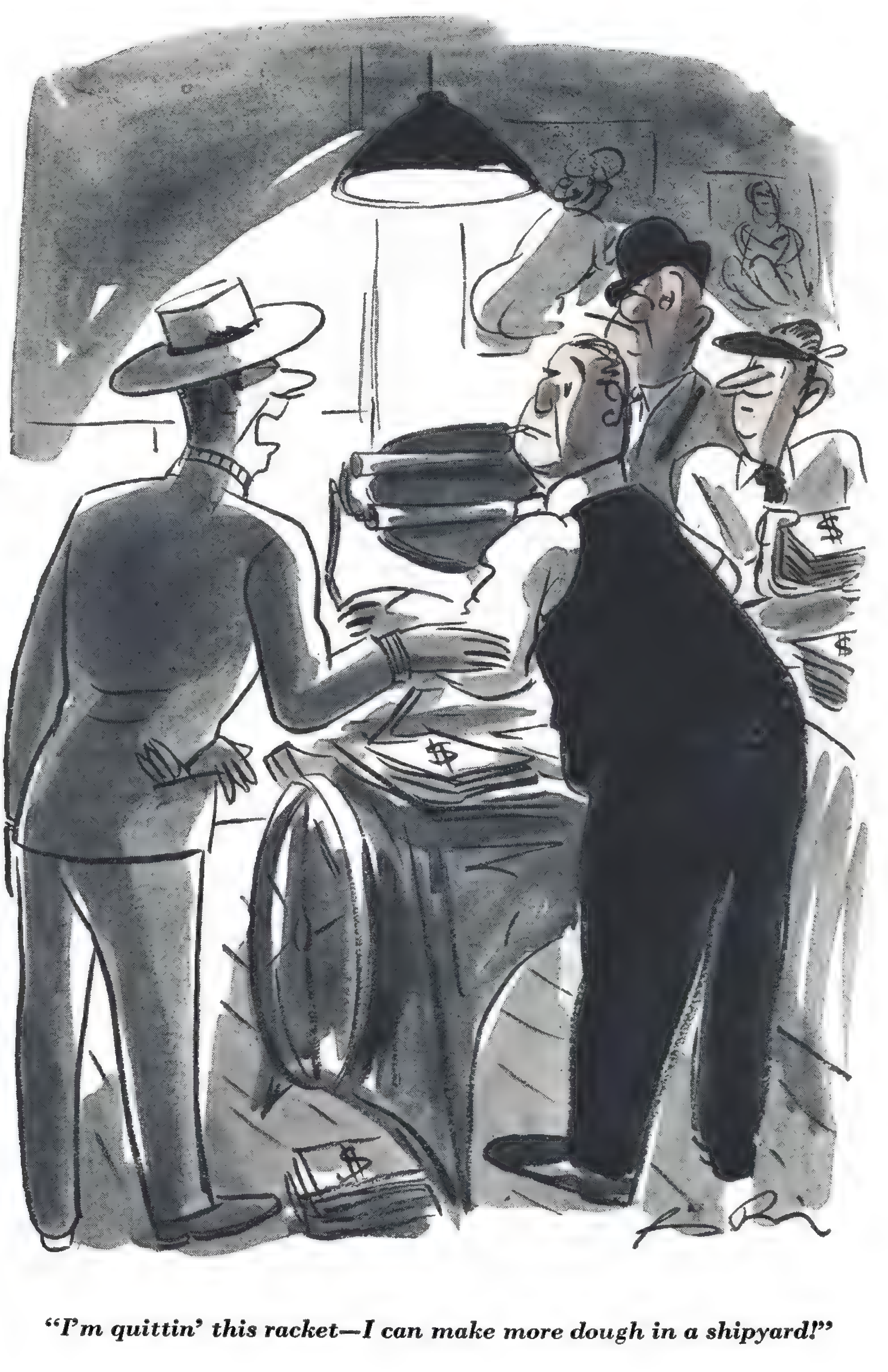
"Naw, grandpop," replied the doorman, in rude tones, "I have not seen no boid dog with lemons on him. And if you two old hicks don't shove off, I'll have to get tough with you. We don't allow no drunks to loaf around here."

Mr. MacBain carried a .38 caliber revolver in a shoulder holster. He used the revolver mostly to fire over dogs in field trials after they had pinned birds. Now he drew the weapon and began pistol-whipping the doorman about the head and shoulders.

"Your manners are bad, son," said Mr. MacBain.

The doorman retreated under

Continued on page 123



*"I'm quittin' this racket—I can make more dough in a shipyard!"*

# A Byrd on the Links

### Babe Ruth's "stand-in" finds sustained tension of tournament play makes golf tougher game than big league baseball

### by SAM BYRD

• SPORTS •

I've played big league baseball with the club that is generally considered the most powerful in history, the New York Yankees; and I've played big time golf against the present sharpshooters who do things to par that would have made the old timers shudder. I've played in a World Series and I've played in National Open tournaments. Now that I've had samples of the best that both sports have to offer, if a youngster with an aptitude for hitting both a baseball and a golf ball were to ask my advice in making a choice, I'd say without hesitation: "Sonny, you'll make the grade in baseball a lot easier than you will in golf."

To be a big league ball player, you need a good eye, power at bat, speed afoot and a strong arm. There's the recipe scouts use. You read a lot about the quick-thinking required of ball players. Occasionally, yes. But the cases where actual quick thinking has been required are so rare they are historic. The thinking is mostly instinctive and long training makes it practically automatic. In golf, it's think, think, think, all the way around. You have to start concentrating on the first tee and the tension never lets up until you've holed your last putt.

A good baseball player and a good golfer naturally must both have the physical qualifications, but the golfer, in addition, must have much better nerve control. The golfer gets the nerve test every time he makes a stroke, whereas the ball player may handle only a few chances a game. At bat the ball player can have two strikes, three balls, and an unlimited number of fouls before connecting, but a golfer has to connect properly on the first "pitch."

The baseball is in motion coming toward you. The golf ball is cold and dormant, allowing you time to think of every possible mistake you might make while you're winding up to hit. The tough part of the golf swing is that it must be a complete rhythmic swing, but you may get an idea of some revision required in a detail of your swing at just the last moment and that means a fatal jerk. Also, the golf club, being light, allows players and tempts players to try to use their hands for some function other than that of being the connecting joint between the player and the club—and that's where most of the trouble of the average player's long game happens. Every golf shot requires complete concentration and absolute discipline of muscles.

In watching the pitcher and the ball in baseball your mind subconsciously is made to concentrate and your muscles are instinctively geared to the necessary performance. In baseball batting you can move your feet in "winding up" to hit—which you can't do in golf; and that's a great reliever of tension.

Even in the tightest situation in baseball, say with the bases full and the score tied in the last inning of a World Series game, the pressure is not to be compared with the strain of battling for the lead in a big golf tournament. The instant the baseball is hit, you're on the move, probably at full speed, and that helps to relax you. The play is over in a few seconds. Only two results are possible: either you get it or you miss it. In golf, you may miss your target by inches and the inches may make all the difference between a perfect shot and a terrible lie. In either case, the pressure hasn't let up. If it was good, you've still got a delicate putt left. If it went wrong, you've got to buckle down and try to pull off a miracle recovery, because saving one shot may save the championship. Thus while you have hot flashes of pressure in baseball, in golf you have sustained tension—which happens to be the most wearing thing in all sport.

Most baseball players hit a golf ball fairly well on full shots. In chipping and putting they get under tension and freeze up. Ball players don't realize the tension there is in golf. After Bill Dickey had spent some afternoons and evenings at driving ranges in St. Petersburg, Florida, getting the knack of hitting a golf ball, he went out to play his first round with me. After he'd hit a couple of balls into a water hole I suggested that he relax. Bill insisted that he *was* relaxed. After he had hit six balls into the water we moved to the far side of the pond. Then Bill dropped a ball and whacked a spoon shot to the green about 200 yards distant. On *that* shot he *was* relaxed, without the threat of the water in front of him. He confessed that he couldn't picture himself as under any strain or tightened up merely because there had been a water hole in front of him. But that tension was there just the same—subconsciously.

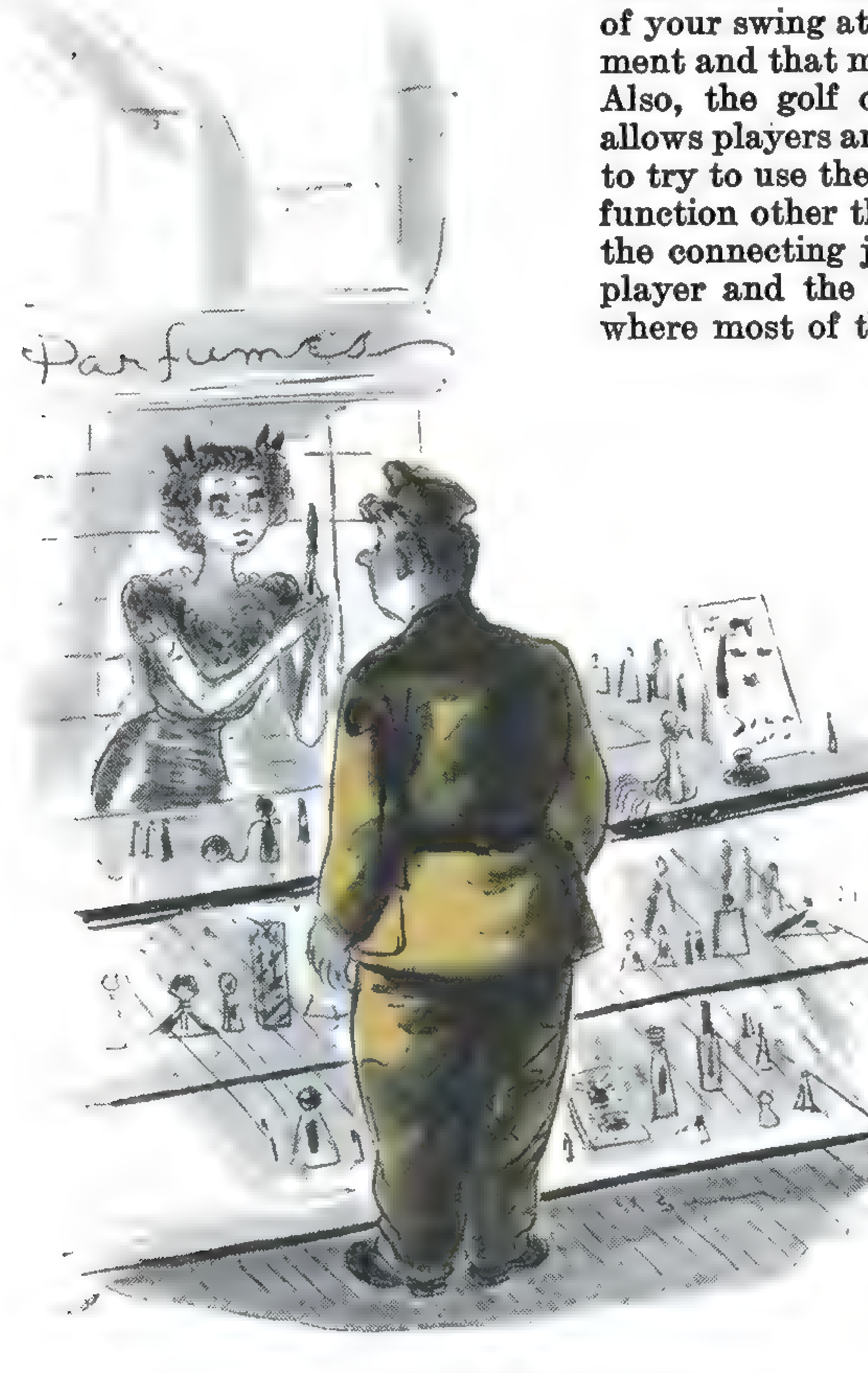
There's another phase in which golf is tougher on the competitor than baseball. In a ball game you've got your opposition where you can watch it all the time. You know just what you have to do and what you haven't got to do. You can play safe or gamble, according to the circumstances. But in playing the closing rounds of a championship golf tournament, your chief contender may be nowhere in sight. While you try to give undivided attention to every shot, your nerves are frayed by hearing *his* gallery roar with excitement, causing you to wonder just what he's doing to you. It may mean he's on a hot streak carrying him right to the title, or it may mean only that he's scrambling out of troubles that threaten to ruin him.

In baseball there are teammates in the field and on the bench to give you support. Ruth was always a great help to his team, a natural leader. Each Yankee was himself plus part of Ruth. They had the attitude of thinking of Ruth as the tough big brother who would take care of the other guys who were pushing the Yankees around. And usually he did!

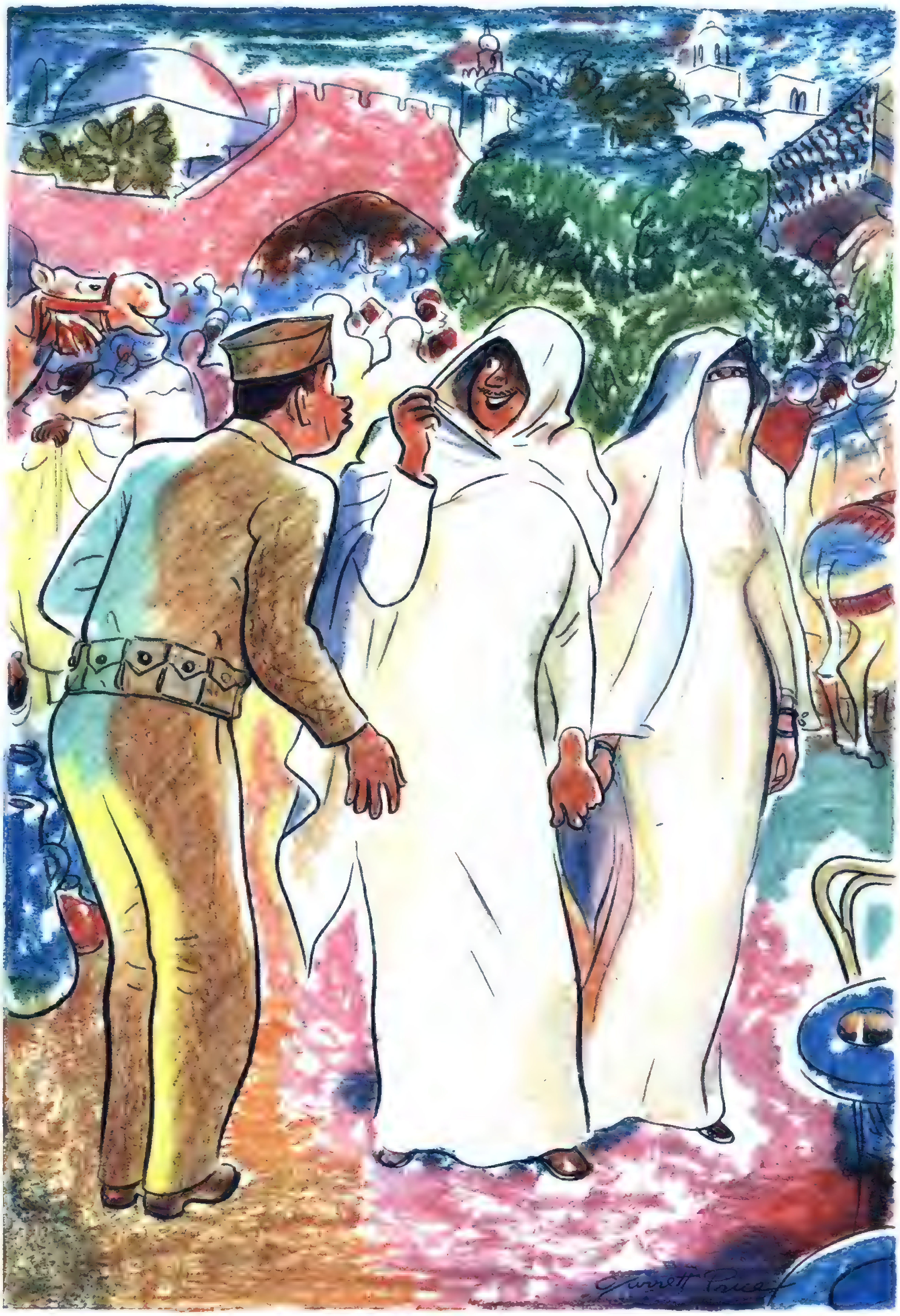
In golf you play all alone. It's even lonelier in your stance for a golf shot than it is in the prize ring, in which Donn Byrne wrote a fighter was the loneliest man in the world. The fighter has the opponent coming toward him to keep him from getting lonesome, and there is also the referee hovering around, and the seconds and the noisy crowd. The strictly individual character of golf develops a selfishness in the successful competitor. He is compelled to think of nobody except himself and his own game. That may be one reason why it's tougher for a newcomer to break into golf's big time than into the big leagues. In the majors, new talent on a team is welcome because it means a better chance at the series dough. In golf it means just a tougher road getting to that pay-off station.

I might cite this as the biggest reason of all why golf was tougher to crash than baseball—for me, at least. In the old days, so I have often heard, veterans on a ball club made the life of rookies a veritable hell. But all that was changed by the time I came into baseball and the regulars did everything they could to help the

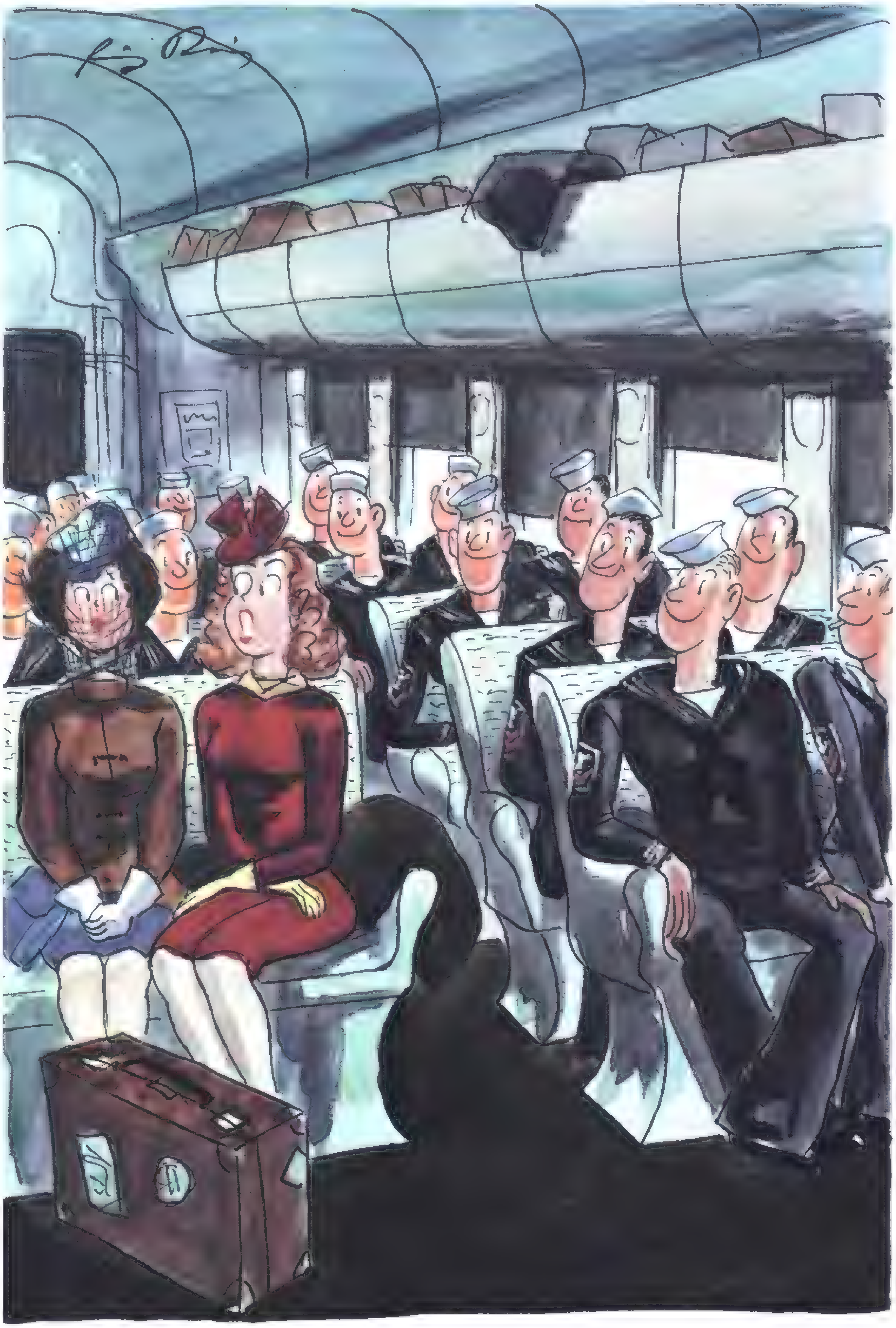
*Continued on page 116*



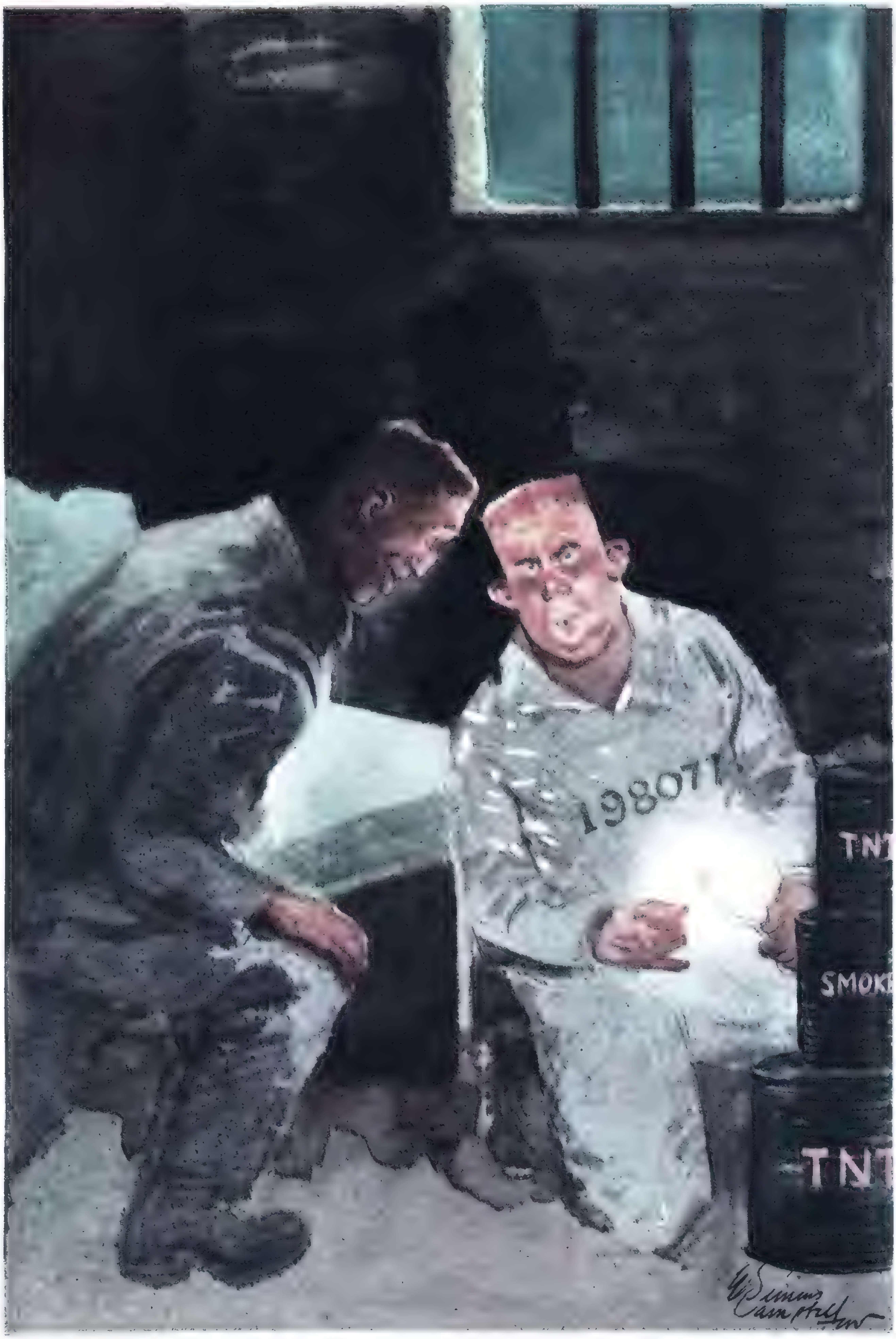
*"Is it for you?"*


Garrett Price

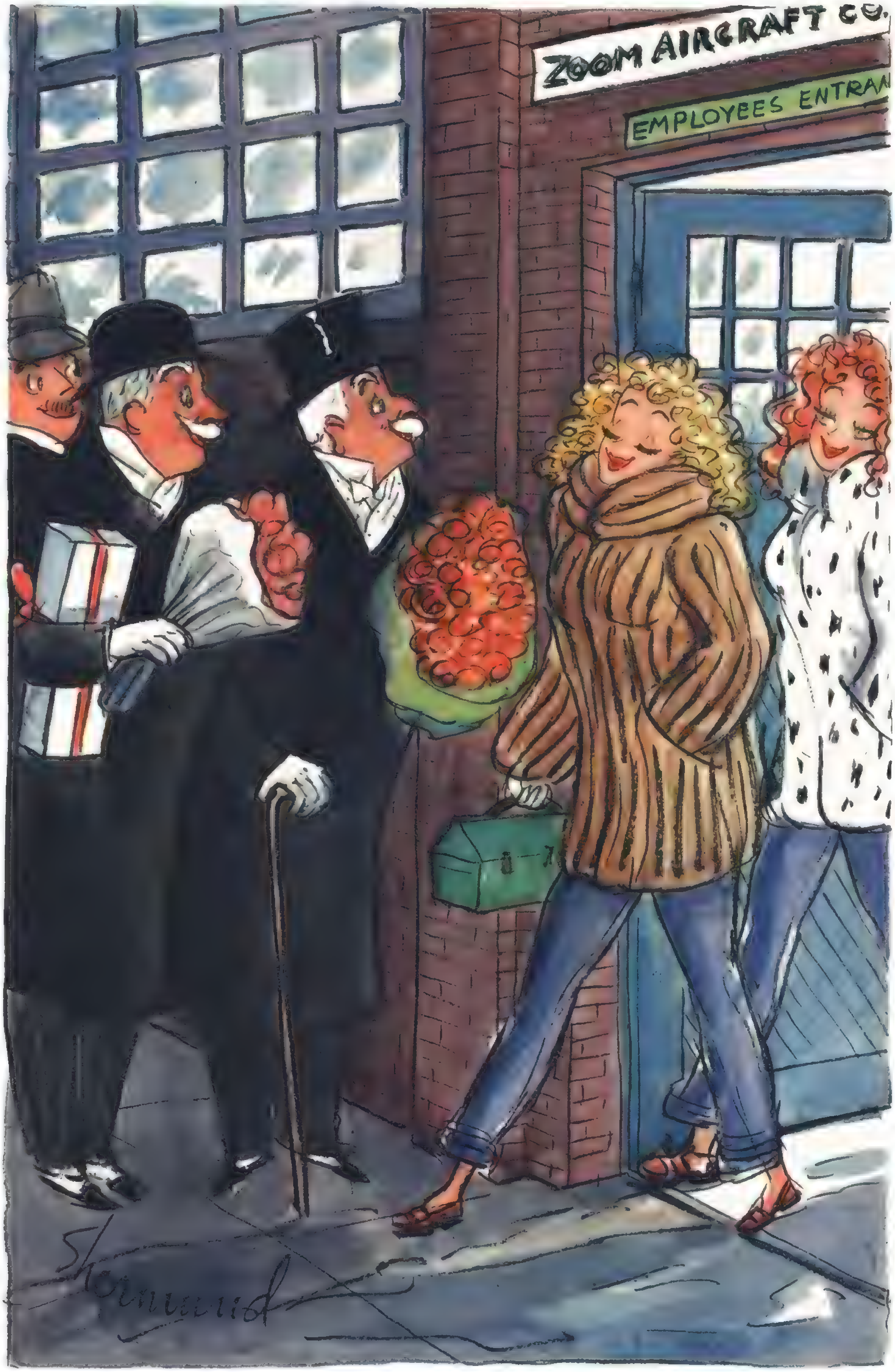
*"Why, Sarge—have you forgotten how dangerous it is to speak to the girls here?"*



*"Did you ever have the feeling someone was watching you?"*


19807
TNT
SMOKE
TNT

*"Maybe we'd better muffle the explosion—hand me a pillow"*


ZOOM AIRCRAFT CO.
EMPLOYEES ENTRAN

# Five Ways to Win at Checkers

### U. S. Champion Harold Fischer advises players how to maneuver in some basic patterns frequently found on the board

### *by* ALBERT A. OSTROW

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When the Nazis blitzkrieged Russia in 1941 and military experts around the globe announced that the Red Army would last sixty days at the outside, a man named Harold Fischer, checker champion of the United States, knew that the experts were wrong. To Fischer's way of thinking, maneuvering on a battlefield was nothing more than an enormous game of chess or checkers, played for life-and-death stakes. He knew that the Russians were the best players in the world at those two games—particularly chess—so it was inconceivable to him that they could lose a war.

When Fischer moved about New York's Times Square, habitat of checker wizards, assuring all who would listen that they could disregard the dismal news from the Soviet plains, as reflected in the electric letters that ran around the big bulletin board of the Times Building, he was pegged as a candidate for the booby hatch. Fischer, a thoughtful, gentle-mannered man just turned forty, patiently maintained that the vaunted superiority of the kraut-eaters was beside the point. He explained that in a checker game a resourceful player might find himself virtually cornered by a bold opponent, yet, by skillful maneuvering, can wrench victory from seeming defeat. "It will be just the same in Russia," Fischer pointed out. "You wait and see."

Although Fischer today sits in the I-told-you-so seat, he assumes an academic rather than a gloating attitude. The Russians, he says, led the invader into a pitfall by letting him advance so rapidly that there were blank spaces between the German vanguard and the German rear. When the Red Army spotted those spaces, it began to knock off its opponent in a series of moves which, on a game board, would be double and triple jumps.

In checkers (and Fischer has worked out five fascinating problems, and their solutions, which you will find at the end of this article) virtually every strategic move of ground warfare since the days of Genghis Khan can be duplicated. Traps, sacrifices of men in order to move into an advantageous position, the gaining of ground, the consolidation of a gain, and various flanking movements can all be worked out in miniature on a chess or checker board.

As king of the domain of red-and-black squares, Harold Fischer's throne is a smoke-heavy room about twenty feet square above a theatre at Broadway and Forty-second Street. The place is called The Imperial Checker Club, and from nine every morning until deep night, good, middling and bad players and experts sit at about a score of tables fighting a parlor war.

For a long time, Fischer made a living playing all comers on the basis of a quarter a game if they lost and for free if they won. Over a period of years, he has averaged one loss in 1,000 games.

About a year ago, other play-free-if-you-win experts began to cut-price Fischer to the point where he felt the chilly breath of the landlord on his neck. Then Fischer triple-jumped his competition with an entirely new move.

The thought occurred to him that he had been losing dough when two or three patrons who fancied themselves on the hot side had waited their turn to play him. Why not, he reasoned, let those people play each other?

So that's how it is now, and everybody's happy. Fischer pairs opponents who are about equal, and the tariff is a dime an hour for each player, win, lose or Mexican stand-off.

Furloughing officers and soldiers from the Pacific and European theatres take busmen's holidays by re-fighting battles or straightening out strategical kinks on checker and chess boards in the room on Brownout Drag. "We even had an American general in here one day," Fischer says with some awe.

When he first appeared in the Broadway sector several years ago, Fischer led a goldfish life by taking on all opposition in the ground-floor window of a Broadway amusement palace. The gimlet-eyed boys who were on the prowl for sure-thing sugar exhibited a profound interest in Fischer when they received the intelligence that the man in the window had a system. The horse players, loaded-dice and marked-card authorities forthwith began a campaign to incorporate Fischer's system, whatever it was, into their own financial pursuits.

Naturally the Broadway foxes weren't going to lay potatoes on the line for anything they could cop. They figured that all they had to do was to watch Fischer long enough. And so, over a period of months, the pavement in front of the window where the wizard won regularly from nine to five was loused up by Damon Runyon characters. They attracted so much attention that Tom Dewey, then the D.A., stopped briefly while in the neighborhood one day. Dewey couldn't see anything wrong going on, although he seemed puzzled over so many sharpshooters being drawn to anything strictly on the up-and-up.

When the wise lads were unable to fathom Fischer's system, one of the most prominent successors to Arnold Rothstein—the man who never bet on anything that wasn't prematurely bagged—propositioned Fischer. "Gimme your system," said the gambler, "an' I'll cut you in on ten per cent of my take."

Fischer, who doesn't like gamblers, made it plain that he wanted no truck with crooks. He added that even if he had a desire to sell out he wouldn't be able to deliver. Mastery of checkers comes from a familiarity with certain basic problems and their solutions, coupled with experience and ability to anticipate the strategy of an opponent. Knowledge of the game, Fischer pointed out, simply can't be acquired in either ten easy lessons or five hard ones.

Another source of Runyon material—a gent who cast a spiral shadow—propositioned Fischer as follows: "I'll slip you ten if you let me beat you in a game. I want to impress a guy."

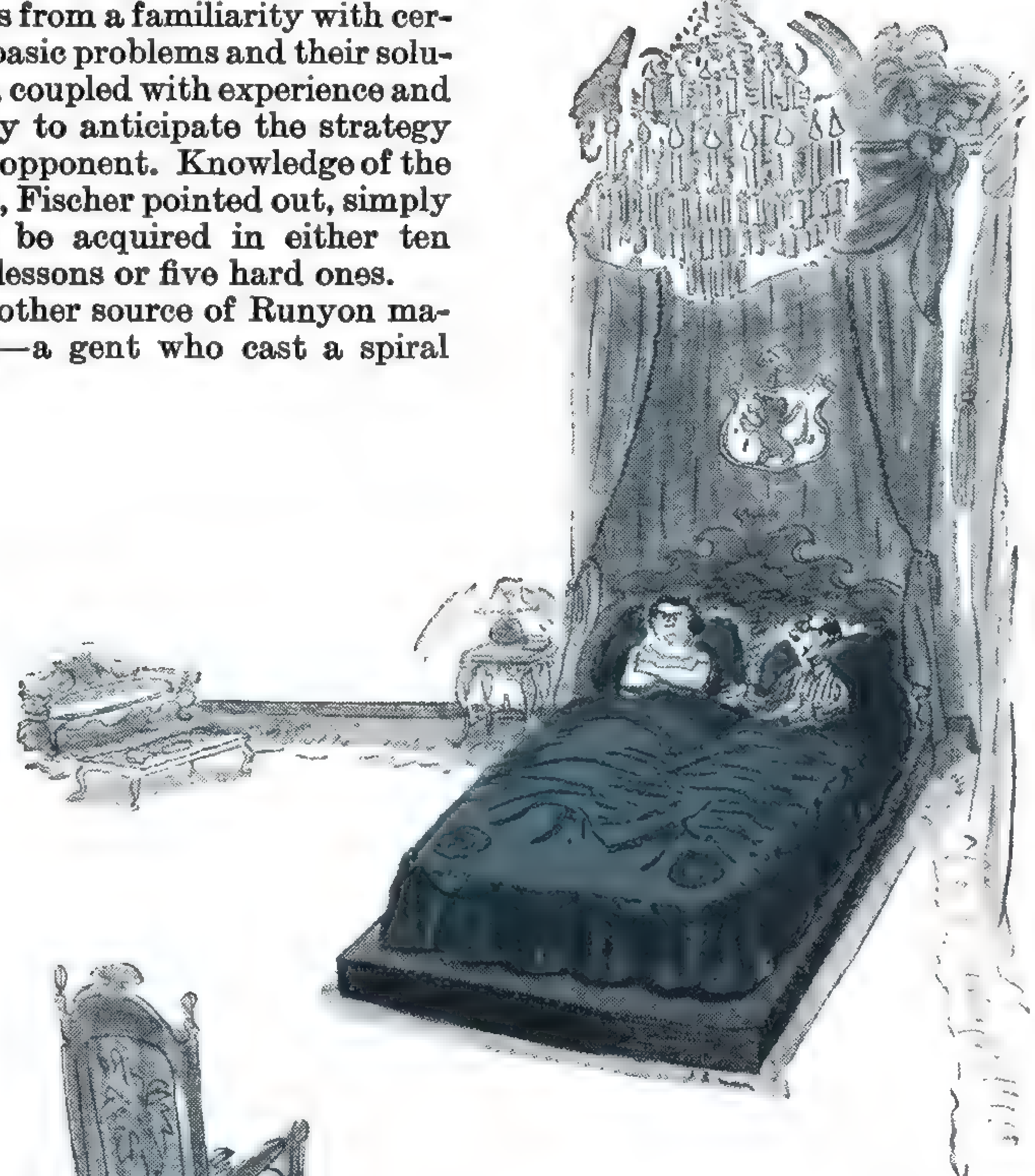
"You mean," said Fischer, "you are probably betting the guy a hundred that you can beat me."

"Well, maybe," shrugged the gambler. "So I'll cut you in for half."

Fischer, who has a sly sense of humor, is as eager to lend himself to a harmless practical joke as he is unwilling to have anything to do with dishonest money. While he was still playing in the window on Broadway, where his chess opponents included such men of prominence as George Earle, one-time governor of Pennsylvania and minister to Bulgaria, the cast of a stage show used to watch him while going to and from the theatre.

As a result, the leading man—an incurable ham—caught checker fever, and went out and bought himself a board. Presumably he

*Continued on page 138*



*"It's all I could get, Grace—you know how tough it is to get hotel rooms these days"*

# Bridge Is So Relaxing

### Felicia anticipated a cozy evening chatting casually for a few rubbers with these neighbors from New York

### by DAVIS DRESSER

• FICTION •

Mr. Andrews became aware of his wife's humming as she moved about the small living room just as he reached the last page of the sports section. It was a comforting and restful sound, intermingled with other restful sounds coming through open windows from the quiet suburban street.

It was good to hear Felicia humming again. She always hummed when she was happy or expectant, and she hadn't been very much of either during these last dreary months of war.

Mr. Andrews lowered his newspaper to peer over the top of it. Felicia had the bridge table set up in front of the old red divan. She was smoothing a quilted cover over the table as he looked at her.

"Are we having company tonight?"

Felicia tilted her fluffy blonde head at him. "The Chesters are coming over for bridge. I'm sure I told you, John."

"The Chesters?" Mr. Andrews frowned.

"The new couple who just moved into the big house in the next block." Felicia stepped back from the table and puckered her forehead. "I'm sure I told you they were coming."

Felicia Andrews looked absurdly grown-up when she puckered her forehead. After twelve years of marriage it still gave Mr. Andrews something of a shock to notice it.

"I do want things to be nice," she murmured. "It'll be wonderful to have neighbors again who enjoy playing. Since the Dabneys moved away and what with gas rationing and all—" Her voice trailed off as she turned to draw up the green brocaded chair.

Mr. Andrews cleared his throat. "I walked down with Mr. Chester yesterday morning. Are you sure they play our kind of bridge?"

Felicia rounded her blue eyes at him. "They're just crazy about playing, dear. It'll be like old times again—visiting back and forth for a few rubbers." She got two ashtrays and a set of bridge cards from the sideboard.

"I haven't met Mrs. Chester," Mr. Andrews conceded. "But somehow he didn't strike me as being particularly the homey sort. What I mean is—they're from New York, you know. And they've moved into that big house."

"What's that got to do with it?" Felicia asked with a laugh. "New Yorkers play bridge, don't they?"

Mr. Andrews cleared his throat again. "They may expect to play for money."

"Of course, dear." Felicia smiled tolerantly. "We always gambled with the Dabneys. Don't you remember how each of us used to put up a quarter on the corner?"

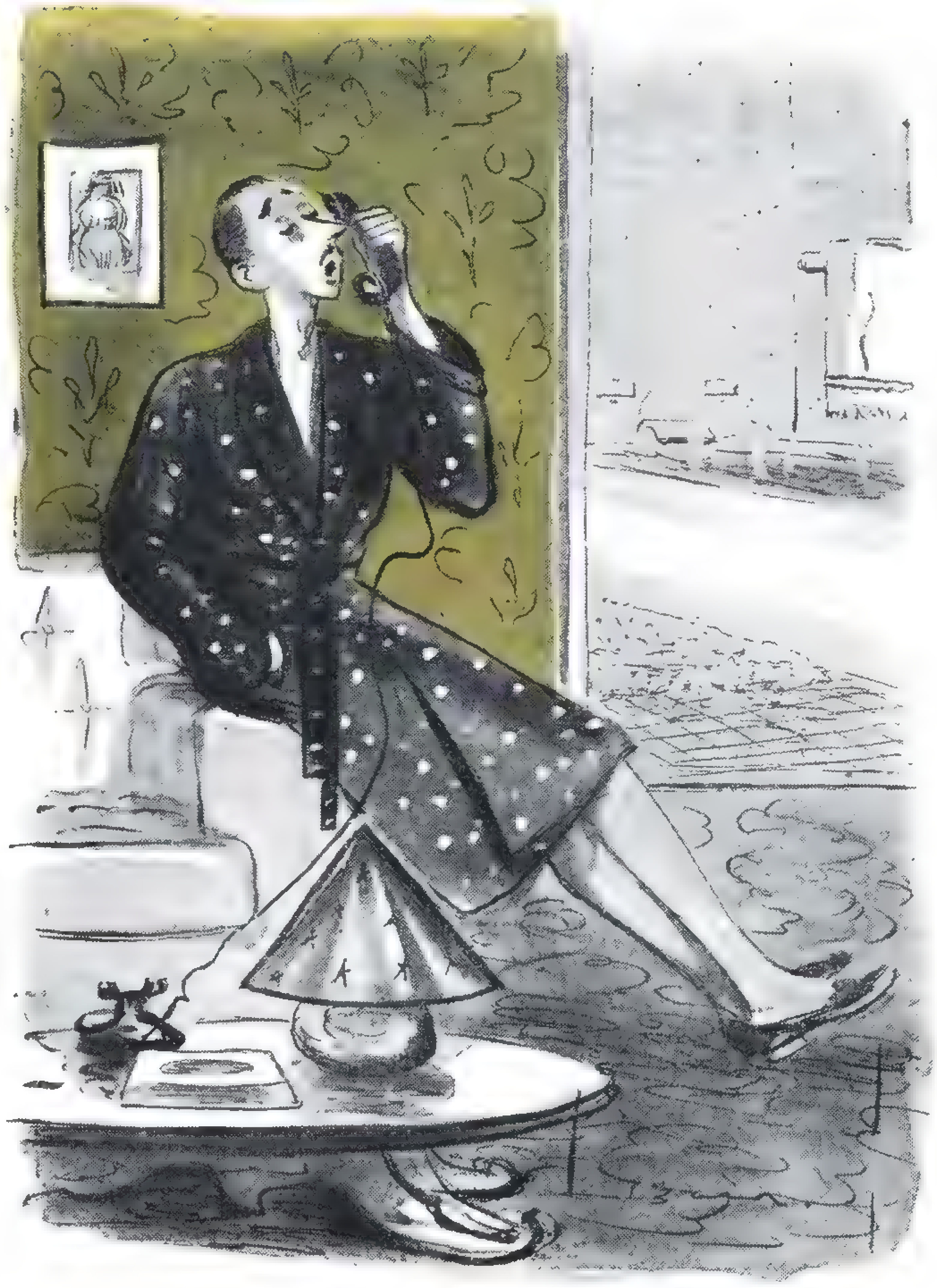
Mr. Andrews retreated behind his newspaper again. You didn't argue with Felicia—not after being married to her for twelve years. You hoped for the best.

Felicia kept on humming as she fluttered about getting everything fixed to look as nice as possible. It was so wonderful to have bridgy neighbors again. In these days, it was about the only amusement one could afford. And it did relax one so.

She hurried to the door when the bell rang, opened it and trilled gaily, "Come right in, folks."

Mr. Chester was tall, with a bit of a paunch that wasn't quite hidden by well-cut tweeds. He had flashing white teeth and an impressive smile and his hair was thinning on top. He took Felicia's soft hand between both of his and pressed it warmly while he boomed, "Mighty nice of you to invite us over so informally. Nothing like a game of bridge, I always say, to promote that neighborly feeling."

His wife was also tall. She wore a black satin dinner gown that clung to her willowy body in the right places. She smiled at Mr. Andrews without looking at him and went to the bridge table in a businesslike way. "How shall we play?" she asked with her hand on the back of the red chair. "Husbands and wives together?"



*"Hello, WJZ—could you shift Walter Winchell to 7:30 tonight?"*

"Oh, *yes*. If you don't mind." Felicia blushed like a bride. "I love to play with John, but so many couples don't. I think it's lovely that you and Mr. Chester do."

Mrs. Chester took the red deck and riffled it competently. She arched her eyebrows at the single scorepad. "Hadn't both sides better keep score?" she murmured. "It so often saves argument."

Felicia looked bewildered, but Mr. Andrews compressed his lips and said quietly, "If you wish. I'll get another pad."

He looked in the catch-all drawer in the kitchen, but found only a frayed portion of an old scorepad. Felicia called out, "Try the left-hand top drawer in the highboy, dear," and he went into the bedroom and rummaged about and found a new pad in the lower right-hand drawer.

When he returned to the living room the cards were spread out waiting for him to cut for deal. He turned the trey of spades and sat down opposite his wife.

Felicia beamed at him from across the table and announced happily, "We're going to play for a cent a point. Won't that be fun?"

Mrs. Chester was at Mr. Andrews' right. She had cut high card for the deal. She handed him the red deck and said, "I believe it's your make," waited for him to shuffle, and then punctiliously passed the cards to Felicia for a cut. Mr. Chester's bony hands riffled the green deck tenderly while his wife dealt.

"A cent for each partner, of course," he told Mr. Andrews casually. "Just enough to make the game interesting is what I always say."

"Of course. That's what I meant, John." Felicia laughed excitedly and began picking up each card as it was dealt to her.

Mr. Andrews spent some time lighting his pipe. He was fascinated by the rapidity and sureness with which Mrs. Chester's long fingers slid the cards off. She picked up her hand, glanced at it and passed before he had his pipe lighted.

He took his time arranging his cards into suits before passing. Without consciously stalling, he had an uneasy conviction that the fewer rubbers played during the course of the evening the less the Andrews' finances would suffer.

Mr. Chester promptly bid two spades. Felicia laid her cards face down and asked, "How do you folks like living in Westwood by this time?"

"It's your bid," Mrs. Chester told her.

"Oh! Why, I pass of course. It's so quiet here—"

Mrs. Chester said, "Two no-trump."

Felicia blinked her eyes wonderingly and slowly picked up her cards. Mr. Andrews passed and Mr. Chester bid four spades.

After being reminded it was her lead, Felicia laid down the ace of clubs. It took the trick, and she studied her hand for a long time with that little grown-up pucker wrinkling her forehead. Then, as a sort of reflex action, she picked up the first trick and peered at the cards.

"Sorry, dear." Mrs. Chester's voice was low and cool. "That trick was already turned over."

Felicia nodded. "I wanted to see what fell on my ace of clubs."

"But it's against the rules to look at a trick after it's been turned down."

"I'm afraid she's right about that," Mr. Chester seconded his wife. "Have to respect the rules, I always say. That'll cost you folks just fifty points." He wrote it on his scorepad under WE. "Better mark it down, too," he advised Mr. Andrews. "Just so there won't be any argument when we settle up."

Mr. Andrews put down fifty points in the THEY column. He smiled across at his wife and said gently, "It's all right, hon. Lead something—and try to remember not to look at a trick after it's been turned over. It's one of the rules."

"Is it?" Felicia smiled brightly. "I've never paid much attention to the rules," she confided to the Chesters. "As I was saying about Westwood—"

"It's still your lead," Mrs. Chester reminded her.

Felicia bit her lip and led a card. Mr. Chester competently made his game in spades.

The Chesters took the rubber while the Andrews were trying to make a game. When the second rubber started Mr. Andrews' jaw ached from gripping his pipestem so tightly. A frowning look of perplexity was beginning to show on Felicia's smooth face. Her blue eyes were troubled and uncertain. She had not yet learned how the Chesters liked Westwood.

The second rubber dragged on for a long time. Felicia was twice penalized fifty points for looking at a trick after it was down. When the rubber ended, the score stood at 2260 for the visitors against 340 for their hosts. Mr. Andrews puffed on his pipe and kept grimly reminding himself that it could be a lot worse than 38 dollars. As yet, there hadn't been any really big hands out.

"One more rubber, eh?" Mr. Chester looked at his watch. "It's best to set a definite stopping time, I always say, and stick to it no matter who's behind."

"One more rubber," Mr. Andrews agreed, "will be enough."

He made a game in no-trump, and on the next hand Mr. Chester jumped into a four-heart bid which he doubled.

He played his cards carefully and Felicia didn't trump any of his aces and he completed his book with the tenth trick. Mr. Chester was out of trumps and the three remaining cards in dummy were the ace of spades and the ace and queen of diamonds. Morally certain that Felicia held the king of diamonds in front of the ace-queen, Mr. Andrews put Mr. Chester on the board with a spade and settled back for him to lead his ace and queen of diamonds and go set.

Mr. Chester folded the spade trick deliberately. He studied the two cards in his hand and then led a small diamond, finessing to the ace-queen through Felicia.

Felicia played her king before Mr. Andrews could stop her. He said, "Hold everything," as Mr. Chester triumphantly reached for the ace in dummy. "You led from the wrong hand," he reminded his guest. "I threw you on the board with the ace of spades. Remember?"

"So you did." Mr. Chester chuckled as he folded up the trick. "Stupid of me. But your wife followed suit before the lead was questioned. However, I'm afraid it'll have to go through that way."

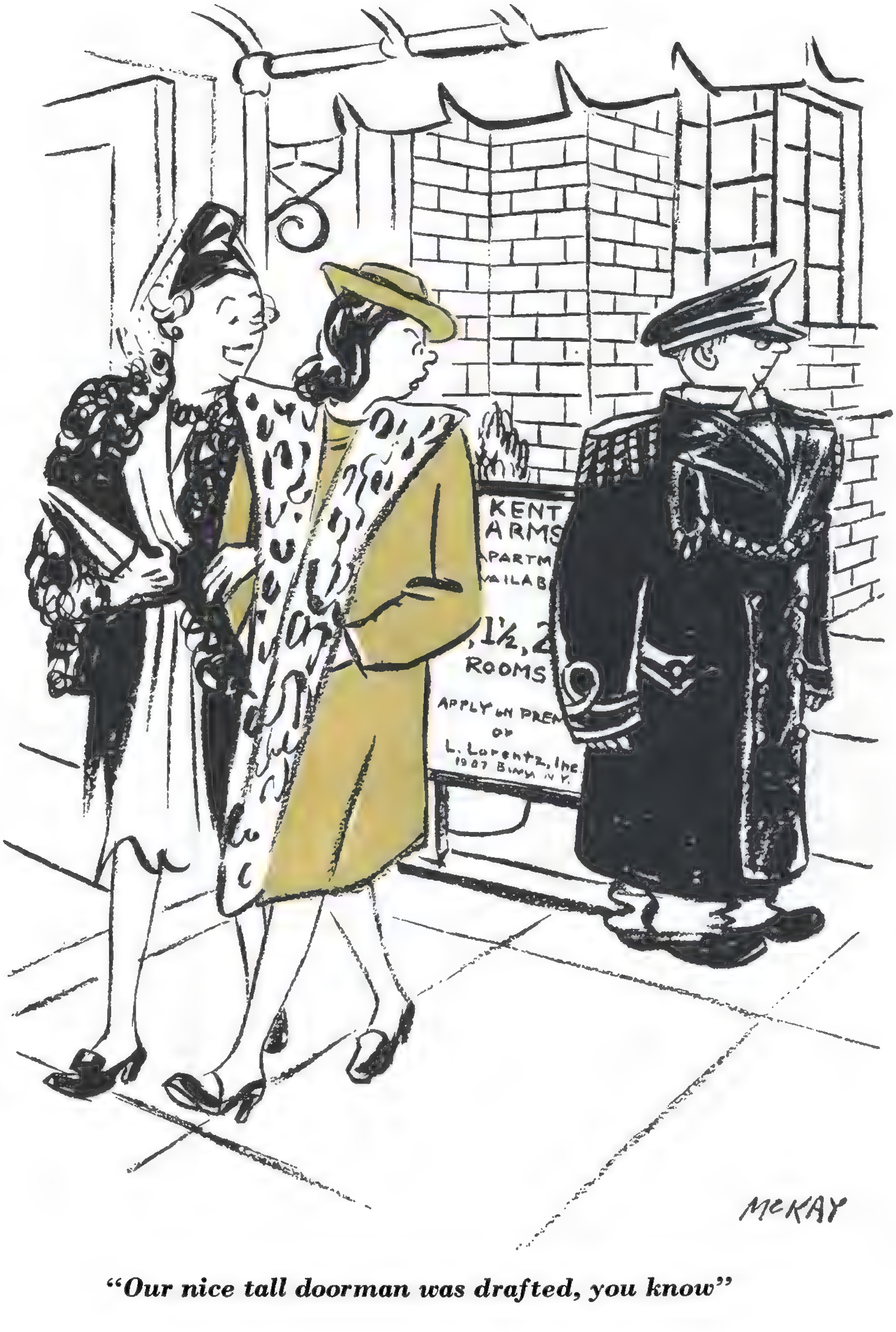
Mr. Andrews set his teeth hard on the stem of his pipe. "Is that the rule?"

"Certainly it is," said Mrs. Chester. She quoted, "If Declarer leads from wrong hand and it is covered by Opponent, there is no penalty."

"Here you are," said Mr. Chester. He reached in his breast pocket and drew out a card covered with small print. "Right here under PENALTIES. I always have this card in my pocket when I play bridge," he explained, "just to avoid arguments. That's best, I always say."

As he read the printed rule Mr. Chester protested, "But that time it made the difference between

*Continued on page 149*



*"Our nice tall doorman was drafted, you know"*

# Singing and Dancing and Fun

## Cheering the happy use of ballet in this season's musicals, with special emphasis on Billy Rose's *Carmen Jones*

### *by* GILBERT SELDES

**• THE LIVELY ARTS •**

For some time past, I have been predicting the discovery that singing and dancing, even when disguised as art, could be fun. I rather made a habit of an annual piece about the Russian Ballet. It seemed ridiculous to have so much good dancing around without using it where more and more people would see it.

The event has taken place. Look at the list:

*Oklahoma:* the outstanding feature is Agnes de Mille's ballet.

*One Touch of Venus:* the outstanding feature is Agnes de Mille's ballet.

*The Merry Widow:* the outstanding features are Balanchine's cancan and waltz.

*Carmen Jones:* the outstanding feature is—fooled you—Bizet's music, and next to that the story; but the dances created by Eugene Loring are splendid.

*Rosalinda:* an outstanding feature is Balanchine's choreography. And in *Artists and Models*, in *What's Up*, in *Early to Bed*, you will find the work of Russian or American ballet masters. Moreover, look what's due here: Paul Haakon will create the dances for Cole Porter's new show, *Mexican Hayride;* there will be a feature ballet in *The Man I Ate for Dinner;* Massine will make dances for *Good Neighbor;* Charles Weidman is working on ballets for a musical called *Jackpot;* and Katherine Dunham, who offers nothing but dancing, packed them in for months.

After ten years, the ballet is popular. Wherefore, a small salute to the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and to the Ballet Russe de everywhere else and to the American School of the Ballet and to all the other pioneers who worked and got kicked around and finally see their work appreciated.

A small kick in the pants, too. Aware of the loyalty of a minute section of the citizenry, ballets played hard to get. There was an air of delicate mystery about the ballet. The aesthetes talked a pedantic half-secret code, and made the simple pleasures of the ballet appear inaccessible. Lincoln Kirstein and his Ballet Caravan did something to help—they put on shows with plots, *Billy the Kid* and such, which the average man could like. Miss de Mille did a lot by making her work in *Oklahoma* so successful that now producers look for her first, then for a composer to write music, and late in the day for a comedian. (They don't find the comedian.)

Many centuries ago people sang and danced. Then art arrived and singing and dancing were taken away from us and became ballet and opera. It was a misfortune because it gave us an art distant from humanity, running to the extravaganza of opera on one side, the emptiness of romantic ballet on the other. When the Russian Ballet arrived here in 1914, it had already rocked the aesthetes abroad; but its power was dissipated. We never got its full value, and both opera and ballet remained arty for us. Radio cured grand opera of its pretensions; and now musical shows have done the same for ballet.

That's all to the good. We'll have better musical shows when ballets become an integral part (that comes later; right now a ballet is thrown at the show, and if it sticks, good). We'll also have better ballets. And there is one sign at least that opera may get a good shove forward, too.

*Carmen Jones* is Bizet's immortal work; the change is in the setting and in the language; for the cigarette factory near Seville has become a parachute factory near a Southern town; the second act is in Chicago; the bull ring becomes a prizefight arena; the cast is all Negro. But the music is heaven; and the story of the soldier who deserts for love and is then cast off is simple, sensuous and passionate; in short, *Carmen* is tremendous.

Billy Rose has given it a modern production without attempting to modernize the music or to get sophisticated about the story. His characters being factory workers, prizefighters, touts, dancers, tarts, and the like, the simple story stands firm; the only reason for making the cast all-Negro, so far as I can see, is to justify the wonderful dancing.

Mr. Rose and Hassard Short and Oscar Hammerstein, II have between them given a tremendous pace to the opera, a smoothness to the run of its scenes, a sense of expertness which opera almost never has. The reason is that opera lies still under the old tradition of coloratura and *bel canto* and all the other devices by which prodigious singers advertised themselves. No one cared about acting, really; grand opera was only a concert interrupted by a chorus and decked out with scenery. There had to be a plot so that someone would make money out of the libretto. Even the tremendous revolution of Figaro was watered down in the opera.

So *Carmen*—first performed in 1875—is really the first modern opera. Its people are real human beings; its story is rude and honest. Bizet was so revolutionary he used spoken dialogue. After Bizet died, the pedants of the opera leaped right in and spoiled his effects by setting the dialogue to music—and not his music at that. At the Opéra Comique (where I saw the 1,476th performance of *Carmen*) they still stick to their original, and that is what the new *Carmen* does. It talks when it has talking to do—and sings when it sings.

Maybe *Carmen Jones* will give new life to opera. Maybe other stories, and other scores, are better than they seem. About eighty per cent of the operas one hears (excluding Wagner) are romantic trash to begin with; the worst plays of Victor Hugo, long laughed off the boards, and some sentimental stories by the younger Dumas (including the ineffable *Camille*) and Sir Walter Scott and so forth. You cannot blame sane citizens for refusing to sit through them. They are—they used to be, at least—produced with such a bland assumption that the world hadn't moved in lighting, dramatic technique and dancing, that you had to shut your eyes in order to tolerate them at all—and thirty years ago Willard Huntington Wright suggested that grand opera needed to do only one thing: nail down the curtain before the singing began.

The Metropolitan, after several false passes, seems to have become more and more aware of the present. One false pass, years ago, brought Josef Urban in as scenic designer—but somehow he didn't revolutionize the sets. Another brought a modern ballet in, but it went out again. The single steady gain has been in good American voices and in an effort to attract more and more people by giving good operas well.

Perhaps the Met will learn most from Billy Rose. I give warning that he's got one scene as dull and arty as grand opera ever was; but he also has lavished money and brains and taste and talent on his show, and you come away from it with a sense of positive elation. It isn't anything for your highbrow diary; it comes under the heading of sheer enjoyment. But it makes Bizet's *Carmen* the stuff of everyday life—which is where Bizet would have liked to see it. ⌗

---

## HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

▶

### Lady of the Opera, from Horse to Romberg

This costume found its place on the cutting room floor, but not so the lady who is partly inside of same. Irene Manning is very much to be seen in the latest film version of Sigmund Romberg's *The Desert Song*, revived by Warner Bros. and now being offered on the bill of fair musicals. As Margot, she gets her first full-sized singing role on the screen. And about time, after a long stretch as Hope Manning, singing prairie arias to Gene Autry and his horse in a string of western films.

What with the masked rider, the kidnapping of the beautiful songstress and the traditional "chase" across shifting sands, there's no small scent of the horse opera in *The Desert Song*, at that. The old book has been dressed up in just-before-the-war clothes. The scene is still North Africa, but the time is 1939 . . . which brings in a blind and unsuspecting French Army, Nazis in disguise, a freedom-loving American and similar modern touches. But it all ties together with the same beautiful music, and technicolor. On the African native street scenes, on the dancing girls, on the desert landscape and, of course, on Irene Manning, technicolor looks good.

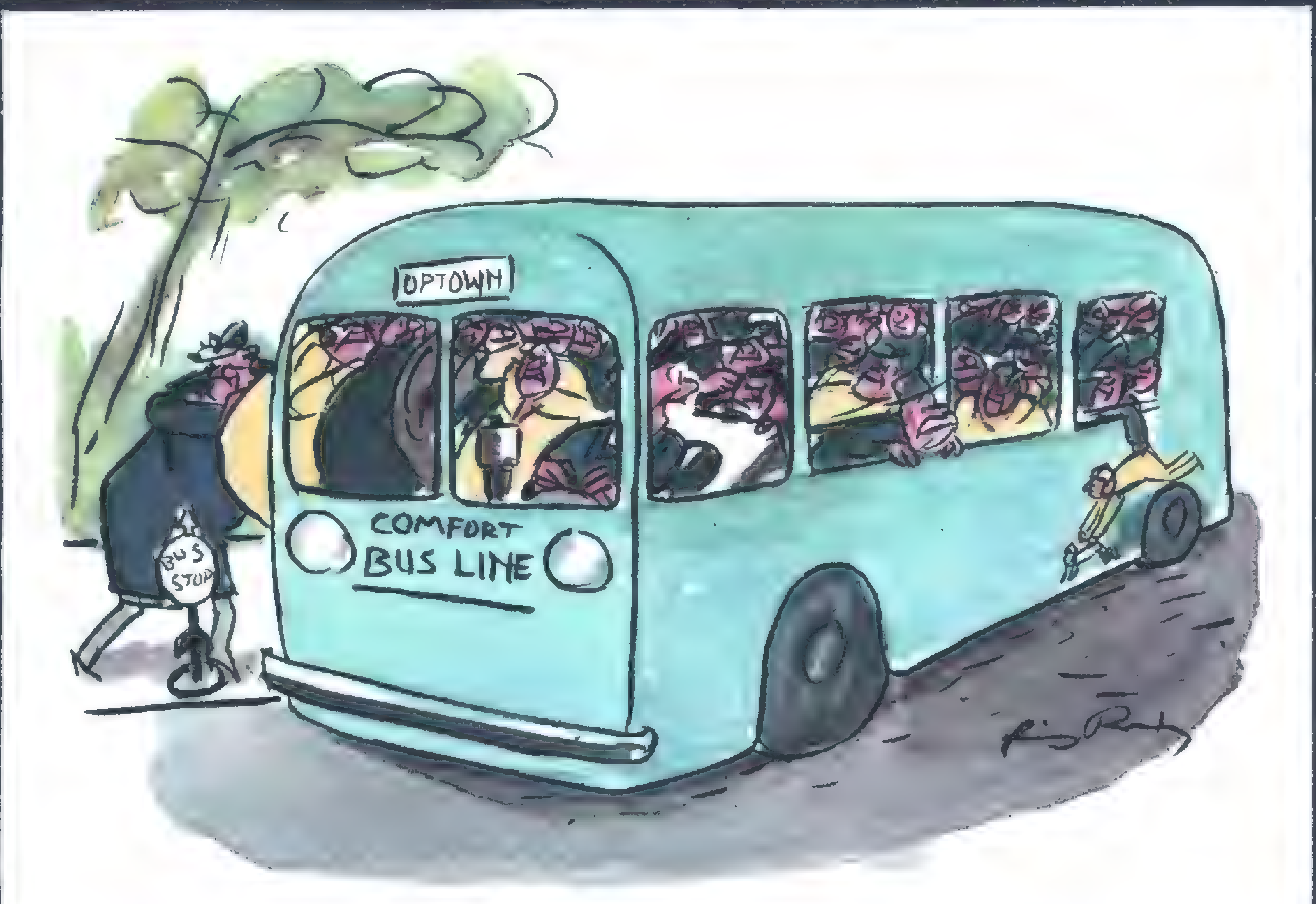
With a minimum of the blowing-in-her-face routine familiar to followers of Nelson Eddy, Dennis Morgan sings at Irene Manning. They both seem to enjoy their work, as will you if you like sopranos, baritones in the Morgan manner, and such long-lasting refrain-strains as *The Desert Song*, *One Alone* and *The Riff Song*.

Irene Manning has sung in everything from night club to church to the St. Louis Municipal Opera. She's covered quite a lot of ground in her climb, but then she's been at it since she was 13.

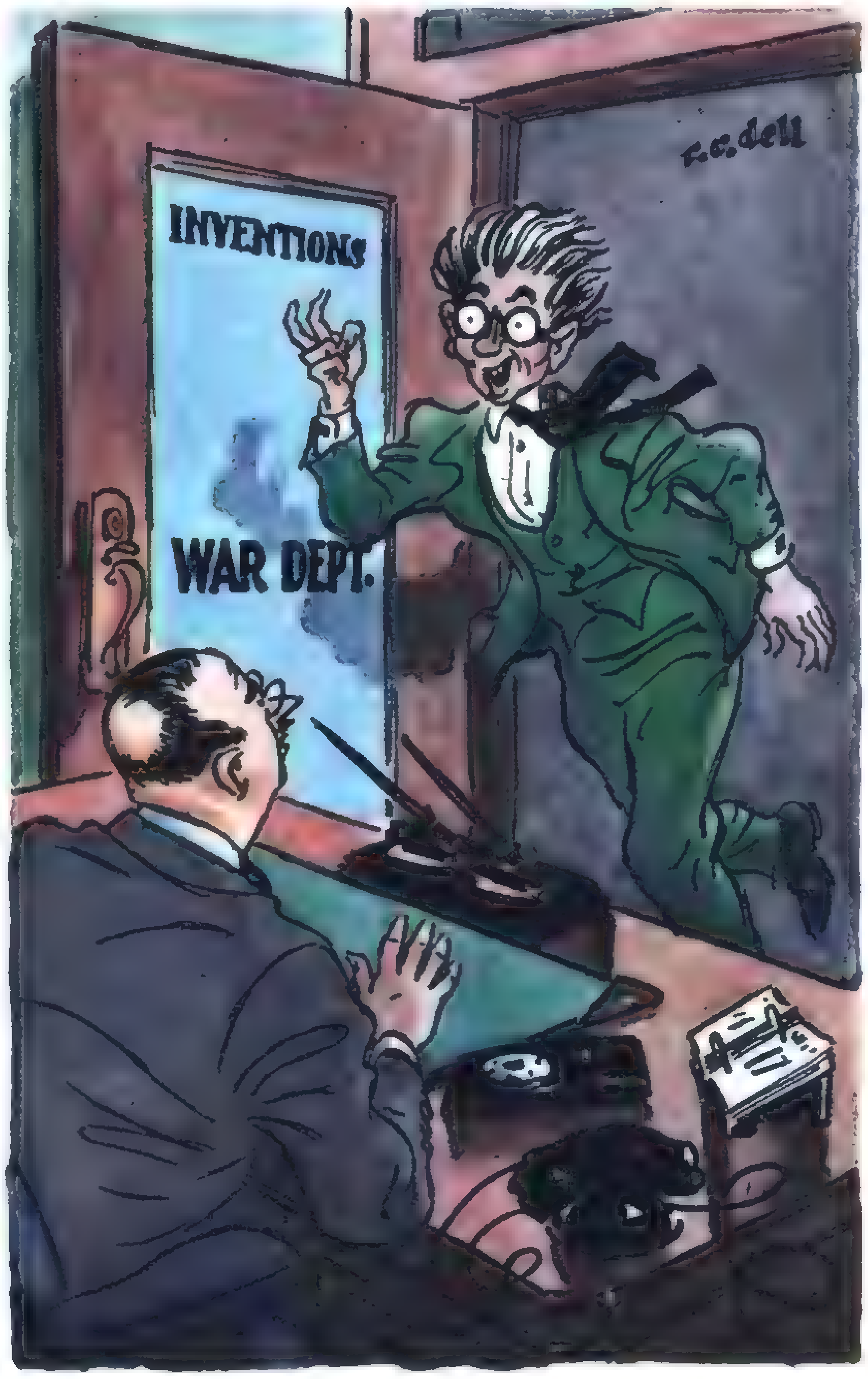
Bruce Cabot, who walks through the role of the well-meaning wrong guy in the North African contingent of the French Army, has long since been in actual Africa as an officer in our very real Army Air Forces. He was in Officer Candidate School in Miami Beach more than a year ago, so his picture presence here suggests that the brothers Warner have been holding out on those wanting a look at Miss Manning in top-form action.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BUDDY LONGWORTH

She's only a bird in a gilded cage



*"All right, everybody—exhale!"*



*"I just drank two quarts of nitro-glycerine —drop me on Germany before morning"*

## OLD TIME SONGS

### "A Bird in a Gilded Cage"

REALIZING the wartime need for distraction, Esky has probed the American psyche and come up with the idea of escapist pictures. The point is to dig you boys out of Guadalcanal, Sicily and the home front, figuratively speaking, and bring you softly back to that lovely decade irreverently termed the Gay Nineties via photographic song and feminine charm. On the opposite page, you'll see the first of a new series of pin-up girls illustrating the songs of yesteryear.

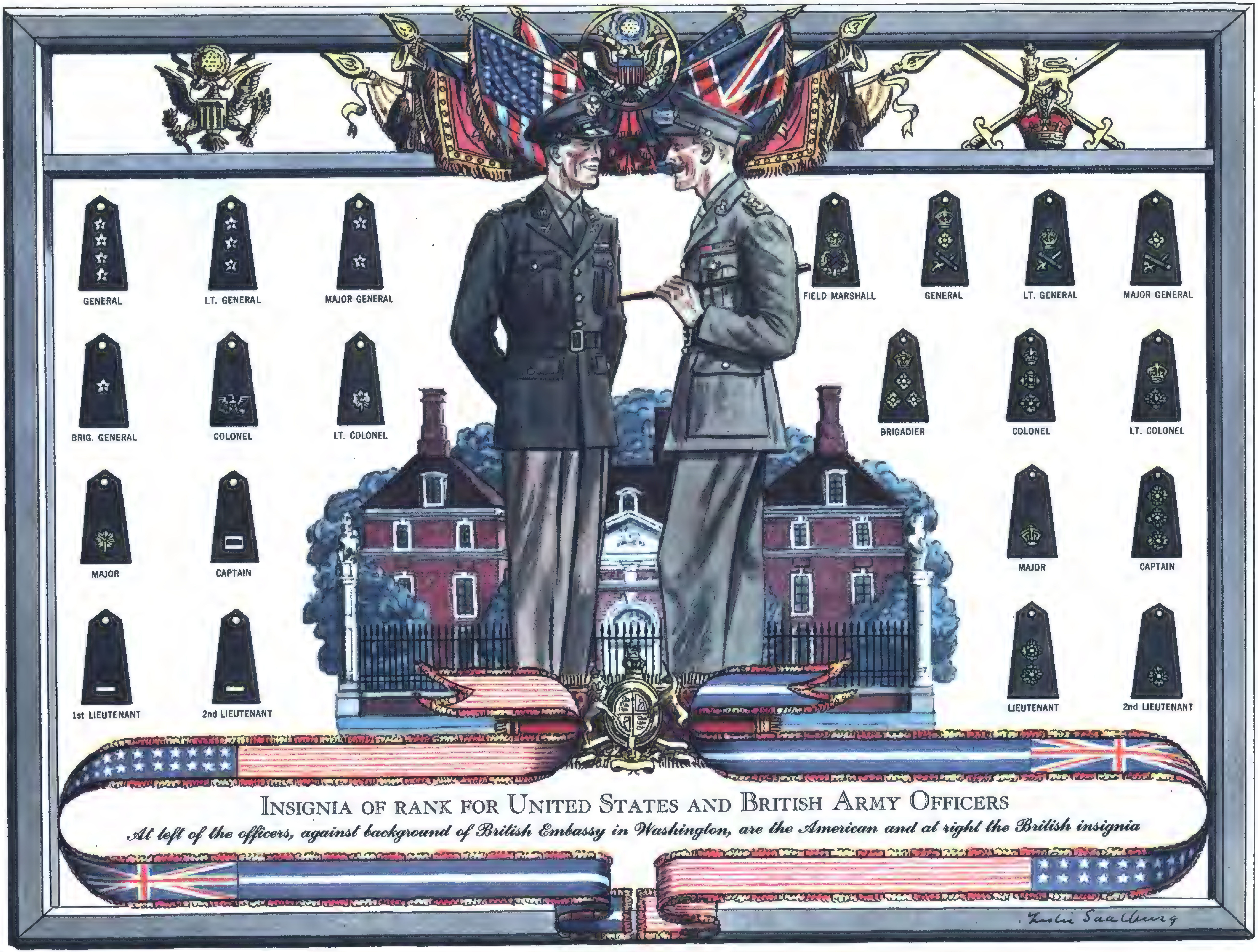
The bird in *this* gilded cage is small, black-haired, vivacious Nanette Fabray, who has sung and danced her way from the West Coast cast of *Meet the People* to *Let's Face It*, *By Jupiter*, and now stardom in *Jackpot*. Miss Fabray doesn't seem to find her capture exactly gruesome. In fact, being a bird in a gilded cage—we don't go for guessing games, either—has put her on the high side; but this is where the lyric writer comes in.

Historians of the less materialistic days tell us that long ago, when a young girl married that "rich old man" there was keening among the wedding guests. And the idea for this song that has sold more than two million copies, arose, like folk music, out of a genuine lament. Two sad fellows, name of Arthur J. Lamb and Harry Von Tilzer, got together in Chicago in 1900—in the back room of a saloon we like to think—and voiced their emotion in waltz time.

Probably the most famous of the Gay Nineties numbers, *A Bird in a Gilded Cage* was introduced by Dick Jose of the Primrose and West Minstrels at the old National Theatre in New York; immediately leaped into the sensational success bracket. Songs were serious stuff in the early 1900's, leading to tears, tender glances and little homes prettied up with stuffed birds, sea shells and antimacassars. People spelled love with a capital L, thought gals who took 100 dollar bills weren't nice.

Recent years have apparently edited the scale of human values, lyrically and financially speaking. The modern song writer doesn't use the word *old*, refers affectionately to the man with the gold as a good fellow named Daddy. There are the unabashed demands of the song hit *Daddy*, voiced by a lady who wants everything but a home and kiddies. Mary Martin was less specific in *Leave It to Me* but her song carried more innuendo when she declared that her heart belonged to Daddy, because, of all reasons, he treated it so well.

DESIGN BY STAPLES-SMITH; PHOTOGRAPH BY SIDNEY RAVITZ


GENERAL
LT. GENERAL
MAJOR GENERAL
BRIG. GENERAL
COLONEL
LT. COLONEL
MAJOR
CAPTAIN
1st LIEUTENANT
2nd LIEUTENANT
FIELD MARSHALL
GENERAL
LT. GENERAL
MAJOR GENERAL
BRIGADIER
COLONEL
LT. COLONEL
MAJOR
CAPTAIN
LIEUTENANT
2nd LIEUTENANT
Leslie Saalburg

INSIGNIA OF RANK FOR UNITED STATES AND BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS

*At left of the officers, against background of British Embassy in Washington, are the American and at right the British insignia*

# The Girdle of General Glugg

### It was known to the Italian officers that their colleague, the Nazi general, remained corseted even in the bathtub

### by ROBERT FONTAINE

▪FICTION▪

General Ananzia, commanding what remained of the 14th Italian Division, sat down behind an olive tree in Sicily's coffin corner.

"Gaetano," he spoke to his aide with friendly sadness, "this is the end." The point of his sharp black beard quivered. "There is no more Duce. There is no more Luftwaffe. Perhaps there is no more Italy."

His aide, Lieutenant Imro, a young and bright-eyed lad, beat his small breast with heroic ardor.

"We fight to the death for Italia!"

"Don't be a fool," the general mused. "I am hungry. I am also sick to death of General Glugg. Did you know he wears a girdle so he will attract the ladies?"

"Is such a thing possible?" Lieut. Imro said with wide eyes.

"He does not even take it off when bathing! In Catania there was only one bath and he got it. I went in by accident and he was in the tub with the girdle. In case someone appears, you see, he places the robe over the girdle and no one knows he is fat."

"Maybe the girdle contains very special secret information," Lieut. Imro suggested brightly.

General Ananzia roared with laughter, his beard waving.

"And perhaps, in my beard, I have a plan to bomb New York," he laughed. "Come, get out a white flag."

Planes began soaring over them and they lay down in previously prepared holes.

"They might be ours," Imro said hopefully.

"They are never ours," the general said. "No more. Now we surrender."

"They will cut off our ears and send them to their sweethearts in America. The Germans said so on the radio. General Glugg says in America the girls make necklaces from the ears of prisoners."

"Fah!" General Ananzia retorted, "I was in America several times. They are not savages. Where is the white flag?"

Imro blushed. "My General, I regret I am remiss. I have ventured out without a white flag."

"You are no credit to the army," the general chuckled. He put a white handkerchief on the end of a stick and advanced slowly toward the American headquarters.

Lieut. Imro followed slowly, holding nervously onto his big ears.

There was quite a party a little later at the American headquarters. General Glugg, it appeared, had been captured a little earlier. Together with General Ananzia and his aide, they were thoroughly questioned by Colonel Farr, of the American Intelligence.

"I know nothing," General Ananzia said sadly. "They tell the Italians nothing."

"There must be some plan of evacuation from Messina agreed upon," Colonel Farr insisted.

"Ha!" General Ananzia scoffed. "There was no plan for the Italians to evacuate. Only for the Germans."

"This is God's truth," Imro added.

"Quiet," Ananzia ordered. "You wish your ears cut off?"

"Bring out General Glugg," Colonel Farr shouted.

The bemonocled general strode forward, arrogantly.

"You pigs surrendered!" he said bitterly to Ananzia.

"May I spit in his face?" General Ananzia pleaded.

"I didn't hear you," Col. Farr said turning away.

"Me, too," said Lieut. Imro eagerly.

General Ananzia pushed the aide away.

"You don't rank high enough for such an honor," he explained.

"Cowardly pigs!" Glugg announced. He was restrained from action by two burly Americans.

"Has he told you the plan of evacuation?" Colonel Farr inquired.

"Bah!" exploded General Glugg, "There is to be no evacuation except of important personnel. The rank and file will die fighting for the leader, with a song on their lips and joy in their hearts."

"Strip him," Colonel Farr ordered.

"He wears a girdle," General Ananzia whispered.

"This is not according to International Law," General Glugg insisted as his pants came off.

"I'll have to look it up," Colonel Farr agreed blandly.

"I shall protest to the Red Cross," the German shrieked, as his tunic and shirt came off. Presently he was revealed in naught but his pink girdle.

"Be careful of the girdle," the colonel ordered. "It might be a booby trap. Make him run up and down and stretch his legs."

The German, swearing, skipped around the room like an awkward ballet dancer until grinning Col. Farr finally permitted him to stop.

"O.K.," the colonel said. "Remove the girdle."

"Wait!" General Glugg pleaded tearfully, "A general must be allowed his dignity."

Colonel Farr smiled.

"All right," he agreed. "Keep it. Examine his clothes carefully."

When General Glugg had been given back his clothes and permitted to leave, General Ananzia spoke to Colonel Farr.

"I have thought of something which may be of vital importance. I request two packets American cigarettes and one dish ice cream in return for vital information."

Colonel Farr leaned back in his chair, grinning.

"Very well," he said.

"Chocolate ice cream," Imro begged, wistfully.

"Don't interfere," Ananzia ordered.

"Yes, my General. But if it is about the girdle and the secret plans, I, too, am entitled to the ice cream and cigarettes."

"Listen to him!" Ananzia blustered. "Only a half hour ago I mentioned to him the possibility . . . now he claims the credit."

"You will both have ice cream," the colonel said.

"Good," Ananzia went on. As Gen. Glugg retains the girdle even when bathing, I believe it contains valuable information. I suggest you remove it and examine it."

General Ananzia and Lieutenant Imro waited eagerly for the result of the examination. They talked much of chocolate ice cream. Eventually they were summoned before a grinning Colonel Farr.

"Has the girdle been examined?" General Ananzia asked anxiously.

"It has. It was torn in pieces."

"Yes?"

"Each piece was carefully split with a keen knife."

"And?" General Ananzia could scarcely contain himself.

"Such pieces were submitted to infra-red photography, x-rays, chemical baths and so forth."

"Then?"

"Then the weave was examined under a microscope."

"Ah. And what was discovered?"

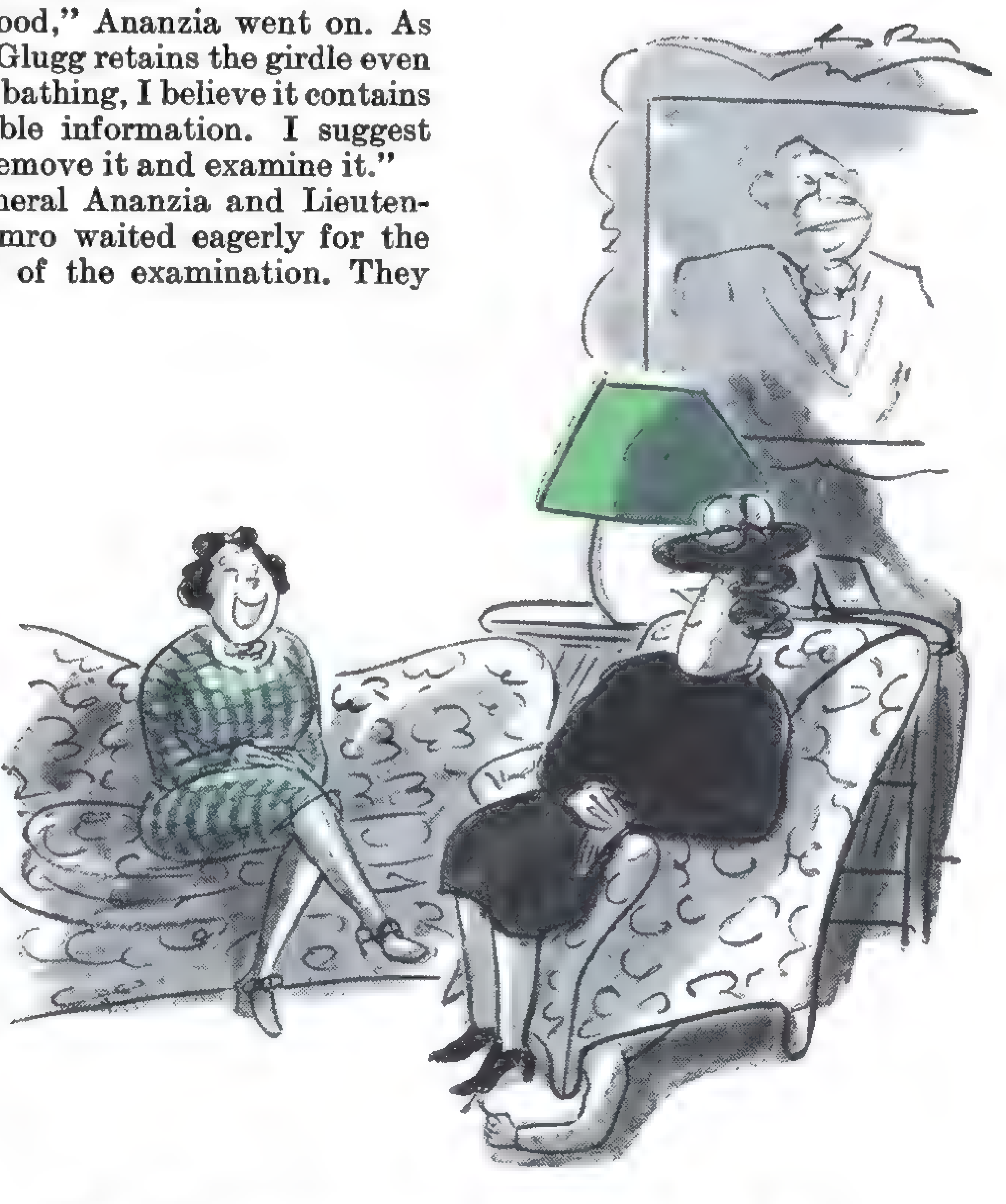
Colonel Farr sighed heavily.

"Nothing," he replied. "Absolutely nothing."

General Ananzia wilted like a punctured balloon.

Suddenly he slapped Lieutenant Imro on the side of the head.

"Stupid!" he bellowed, "it was your idea!" #



*"My little nephew is with me for a few days —from Brooklyn"*

# The Best Team Seldom Wins

## Attacking the play-off system used in American and Canadian hockey, which proves nothing but the power of money

### by VINCENT D. LUNNY

▪SPORTS▪

*The following table shows the best clubs in the National Hockey League since 1929 on the basis of points gained each season—two points being given for a win, one for a tie—and the Stanley Cup winners with their total points for the corresponding seasons.*

Point totals are in brackets:

| | N.H.L. Leaders | Cup Winners |
|---|---|---|
| 1929-30 | Boston Bruins (77) | Montreal Canadiens (51) |
| 1930-31 | Boston Bruins (62) | Montreal Canadiens (60) |
| 1931-32 | Montreal Canadiens (57) | Toronto Maple Leafs (53) |
| 1932-33 | Boston, Detroit—tied (58) | New York Rangers (54) |
| 1933-34 | Toronto Maple Leafs (61) | Chicago Black Hawks (51) |
| 1934-35 | Toronto Maple Leafs (64) | Montreal Maroons (53) |
| 1935-36 | Detroit Red Wings (56) | Detroit Red Wings (56) |
| 1936-37 | Detroit Red Wings (59) | Detroit Red Wings (59) |
| 1937-38 | Boston Bruins (67) | Chicago Black Hawks (37) |
| 1938-39 | Boston Bruins (74) | Boston Bruins (74) |
| 1939-40 | Boston Bruins (67) | New York Rangers (64) |
| 1940-41 | Boston Bruins (67) | Boston Bruins (67) |
| 1941-42 | New York Rangers (60) | Toronto Maple Leafs (57) |
| 1942-43 | Detroit Red Wings (61) | Detroit Red Wings (61) |

Lord Stanley, during his term of office as Governor-General of Canada, in 1892 donated ten pounds sterling to purchase the Stanley Cup as an emblem of amateur hockey supremacy. At that time even the most competent sports seer would not have had the temerity to foresee that it would be purloined by the professionals and used as a trophy in the National Hockey League in which the best team seldom wins. But that is exactly what has happened.

Hockey magnates, whose god is the dollar sign and who worship at the turnstiles, have allowed the play-off system to retrogress to such an extent that it is almost impossible for the best team to emerge from competition with the mug in any season.

When the N.H.L. operated in two sections—the American and the Canadian—the league forced the winners of each section to meet in the first round of the Stanley Cup play-offs, thus hastily eliminating one of the best clubs and making it easier for the tail-end outfits to triumph.

Later, when the league dwindled to seven teams and one section was established, the N.H.L. did not yield despite the diatribes of sports writers. It adhered rigidly to custom and there were lachrymose lamentations among the students of form when it was decided to toss the first and second teams into the opening round of the play-offs.

In tennis competitions, in golf match play and in other athletic events in which the championship must be decided by a series of matches, the best players or the best teams, as the case may be, are seeded to permit the leaders to meet in the final bracket, unless unforeseen upsets intervene.

Until last year the simple procedure of seeding made too much sense for the hockey overlords who persisted in dropping the "b" from brackets and the "l" from play-off, making the spring games the pay-off racket.

It is generally recognized by sports experts that the clubs do not provide good hockey in the play-offs for the fanatical loyalists who jam the rinks of the eastern American and Canadian cities.

The players do not flash the bewildering speed and the versatile attacks that characterized their games during the regular season. There is too much at stake and so they crawl like weary snails into defensive shells and await the breaks.

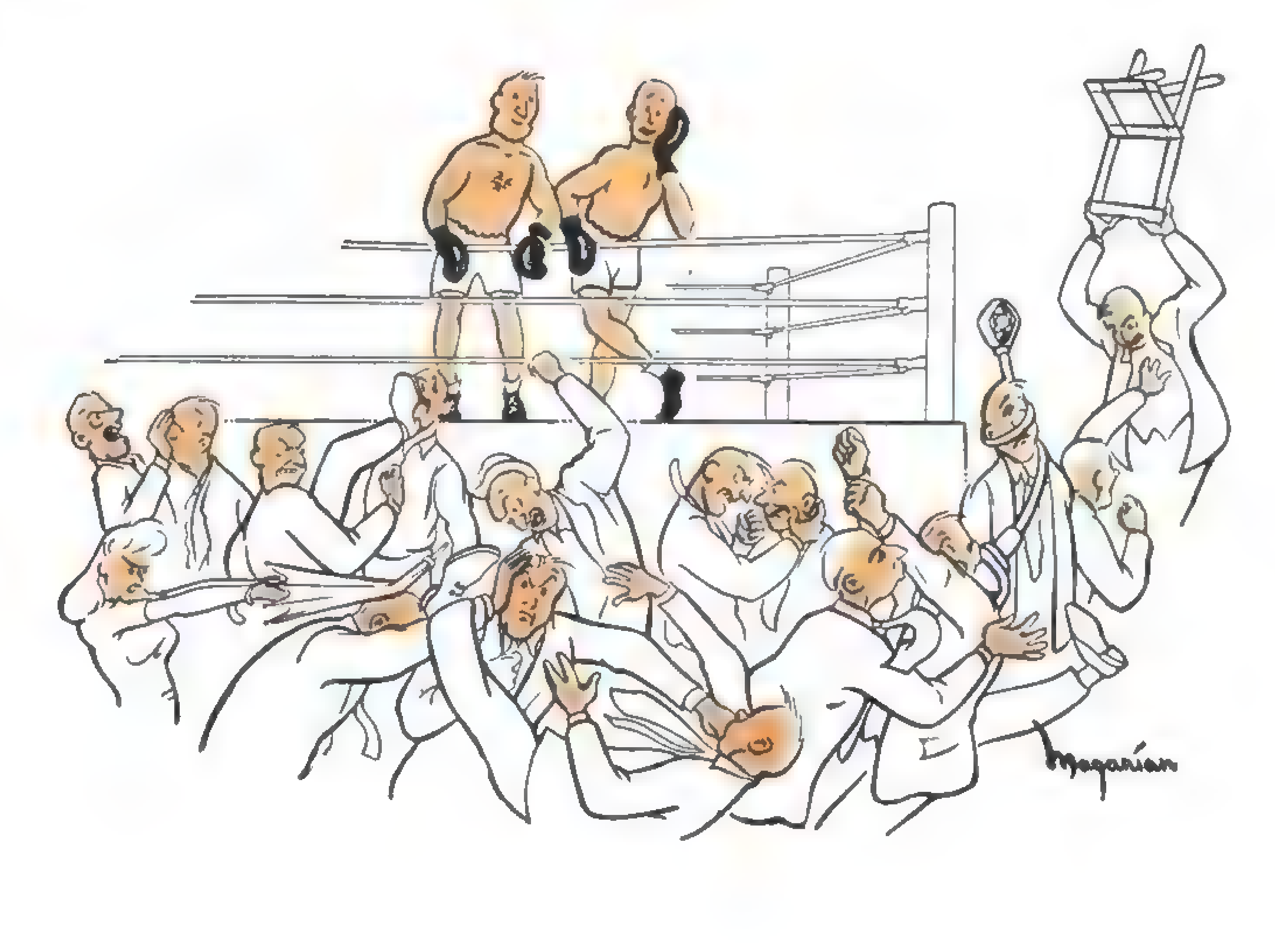
"I'll tell you something about play-off hockey," said Dick Irvin, Coach of the Montreal Canadiens. "In a short series a team can't afford to take chances and so it places the emphasis on defense, plays cautiously and hopes that a goal or two will come its way."

A classic example of cautiousness occurred in the 1936 play-offs and it still supplants the weather as a topic of conversation whenever hockey players swap greetings.

On the night of March 24-25, 1936, the Detroit Red Wings and the Montreal Maroons played 176 minutes and 30 seconds to decide a winner. That is equivalent almost to three 60-minute games.

Neither team would launch an offensive. One forward would lurk near the defense and two men would attempt desultory rushes. If the two scouts encountered trouble, they would forget that the basic idea of the game is to put the puck in the net, and they would dash back to the blue line to reinforce the defense against a potential cautious counter-attack.

The game started at 8:30 in the Montreal Forum, and at 2:25 in the morning, when some of the less sturdy athletes were dropping from sheer exhaustion, Detroit's Mud Bruneteau took a lazy pass from Hec Kilrea and plodded aimlessly around the defense. Wearily he batted the puck toward the net, probably just to get rid of it. The Montreal netminder, like the customers who were huddled in the stands, was half asleep. Already perspiring freely under his pads and other paraphernalia, he had shed ten pounds. He got his glove on the puck but it slipped through his cramped fingers and Detroit won the marathon struggle, 1-0. It was the longest game in the history of hockey.



The major league scaled new heights of crass stupidity in the seasons from 1938 to 1942, when seven teams, five representing the United States and two representing Canada, played all season to eliminate one club. The surviving six then entered the play-off matches to decide the temporary abode of Lord Stanley's silver donation.

Last year, however, the New York Americans abandoned the league—or, rather, the league abandoned the Americans. The system was revised and only four of the six teams were admitted to the play-offs with the top club meeting the fourth club, and the second place team meeting the third in the first round. To offset the loss of a two-team bracket, the series was extended to a seven-game basis.

Lord Stanley himself was a rather indifferent fan, and it was through the efforts of another distinguished Englishman, Lord Kilcoursie, that the cup was obtained. During a visit to Canada, Kilcoursie became fascinated by the game and he prevailed upon his friend Stanley to donate the ten pounds, actually $48.50, for the cup.

Although not impressed by hockey, Stanley was a sportsman with a deep love for amateurism, and if he could have foreseen the inception of the money-grabbing play-off plan, it is quite probable that there would be no Stanley Cup.

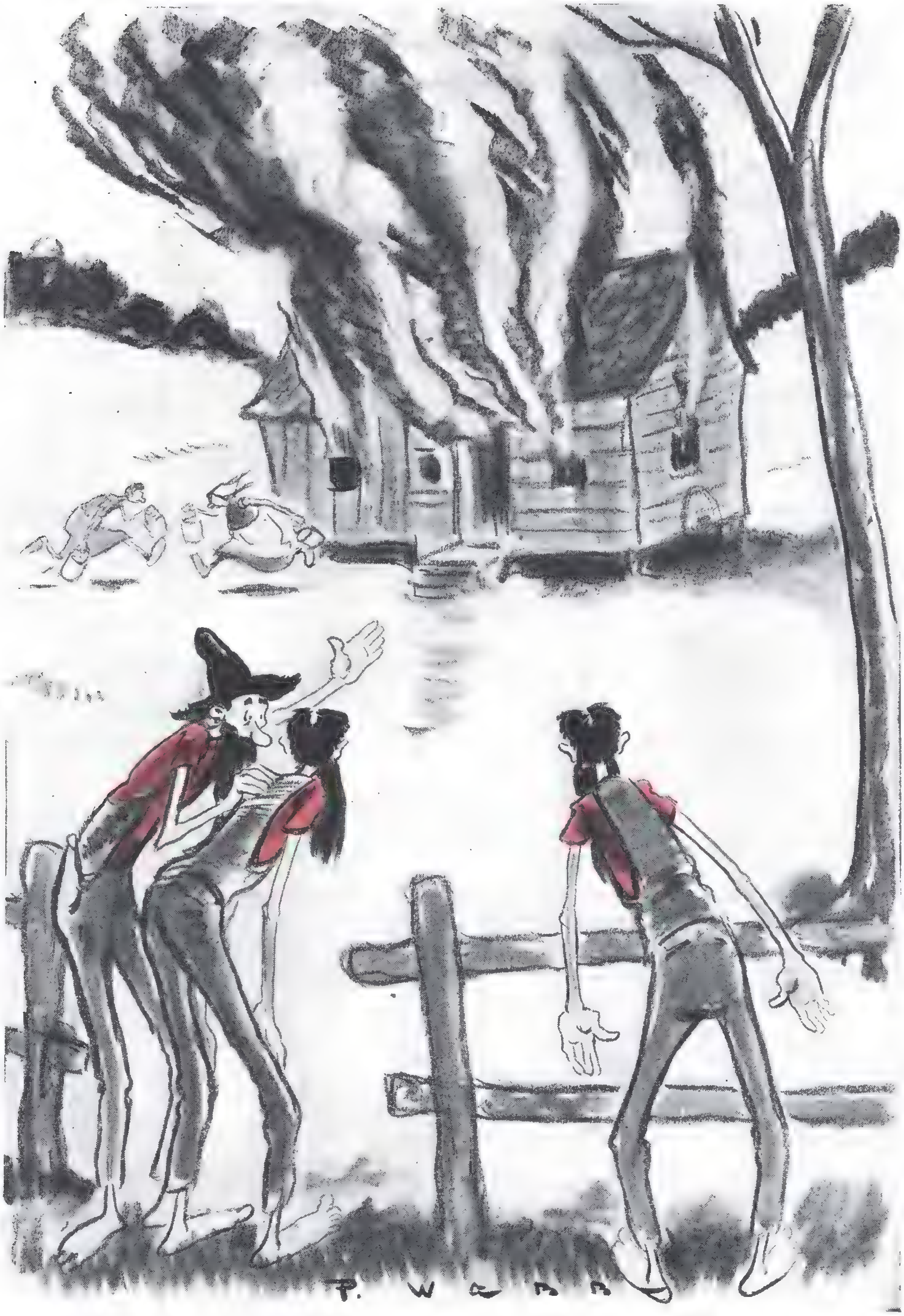
To provide a sound basis for our argument that the best team seldom wins and that a Stanley Cup victory is not necessarily an indication of hockey supremacy, let's delve into the records since the season of 1929-30 when the greatest modern upset occurred.

In the fourteen seasons dating from then the "pennant winners" have won the cup only five times. Boston Bruins, who finished first or in a first-place tie seven times, won the cup twice.

Detroit, which holds the dubious distinction of being the exception that proves the rule, won the pennant three times and every time they copped the cup.

On the other hand, New York Rangers and Chicago Black

*Continued on page 114*



*"We better git in there an' wake Paw up—you know how the dang fool likes to go to fires"*

# The Esquire Sports Poll

## Athletics should be graded same as other school subjects; fight managers rated as essential industrialists

*by* **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

CARRY on, stout fellow, from this point in. The conductors of Esquire's Sports Poll have been made punchy by the answer to one question in this month's poll.

In voting on Question II this month, 85.28% of the voters endorsed taxation.

Who the hell ever thought that would happen?

The other questions on this poll we thought were open, honest and unbiased. But on Question II we planned to chill the customers by suggesting the horrible hunch that taxation would be necessary to the support of broad recreational programs. In this connection we do not use the word "broad" as a reference to gender. Every broad we ever have known has been fully competent to care for her own recreational program and recreational programs of many others.

Furthermore, we have noticed that the list of freedoms named as essential by eminent statesmen has been expanded to include freedom for every guy's own special interests, but that nobody has seemed any too blunt about mentioning the price.

So we got mean and plotted to put up a question with the terms being strictly cash. It was our guess that the vote for expansion of community recreational programs would be very close to a tie when the idea of such programs calling for taxation was included in the question.

But the Yessers had a breeze. The nearest to a close contest on this poll was in Question VI. Some believed that our soldiers and sailors might bring back foreign sports that would occupy minor places in the American sporting scene. From overseas personal communiqúes we have received we are convinced the favorite sports of returning warriors, for at least six months, will be: sleeping late, putting the elbows on Mom's table and whipping the knife and fork and spoon; and holding hands, etc., of a dreamy, doe-eyed doll.

In addition to the civilian blocs, this issue of the poll was conducted at Camp Young, Indio, California; Camp Swift, Bastrop, Texas; and Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida. Camp Young, the largest Army training grounds in the world, is where General George Patton trained his men and won a reputation for rigid training schedules and a dynamic personality.

### THE QUESTIONS

I.

*Would you be in favor of installing a system in the schools whereby physical education would be put on the same basis as other studies, requiring a certain standardized prowess and a certain mastery of each branch before giving credit the same as in other subjects?* ........................ Yes ☑ No ☐
75.07%

II.

*Do you think that local government should support a broad recreational program in each community out of taxes?* .... Yes ☑ No ☐
85.58%

III.

*With our military men becoming familiar with the large recreation halls and sports grounds at the camps, do you think they will want similar sports facilities erected in their home towns when they return from the wars?* ................ Yes ☑ No ☐
80.18%

*Would you be in favor of this?* ........................ Yes ☑ No ☐
83.81%

IV.

*Do you think that men show proper sportsmanship to the women doing war work?* ............................ Yes ☑ No ☐
75.83%

V.

*Would boxing be a better sport without managers?* .......... Yes ☐ No ☑
69.04%

VI.

*Do you believe that the returning soldiers will bring back new sports that will enjoy popularity in America after the war?* .. Yes ☐ No ☑
62.74%

*What sport do you think has the best chance of catching on as a major attraction in this country?* .................. Sport
Soccer 54.66%

### QUESTION I

***Would you be in favor of installing a system in the schools whereby physical education would be put on the same basis as other studies, requiring a certain standardized prowess and a certain mastery of each branch before giving credit the same as in other subjects?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **Yes 79.72%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **Yes 64.81%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **Yes 76.09%** |

For what reason the sportscasters were less inclined than other groups to vote in the affirmative on this question we can't imagine.

Many brief comments made by voters on Question I were to the effect that establishment of a physical par probably would: (1) pep up students in a way to make them mentally more alert and energetic, and (2) in the case of marked inability to perform to moderate standards call for physical examinations by M.D.'s. Such examinations, so it is believed, would reveal correctible conditions and produce a greatly needed advance in public health.

Several made the point that professorial push of the program mentioned in Question I would greatly spur intramural sports and give the athletic critics on faculties an opportunity of providing the answer to their protest that school sports are over-emphasized on the star-system and spectator grounds.

There was frequent mention of the unfairness of the present neglect of balance of brains and brawn in schooling which tended towards keeping teachers' pets home as 4-F's and having the other lads go into bloody battle for the nation's salvation.

So, according to the forecast of this vote, Junior may bring his report card home in several years and have his Old Man storm because Junior flunked in muscle.

Sentiments favorable to the idea were expressed by **Irving Fisher,** the eminent Yale political economist; **Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines,** president of Washington and Lee; **Al E. Herrnstein,** former Michigan grid star; and **L. B. Icely,** president Wilson Sporting Goods Company. **Professor Aurelio M. Espinosa,** Stanford, was antagonistic, as was **Irving Fineman.**

"Communities should pay more attention to high school athletics," insisted **Brigadier General Robert L. Denig,** United States Marine Corps. "Prior to the war there was a tendency to cut down on high school football which turned many a boy loose on the streets when he could have been using his energy on the football field. There should be more track meets for high school boys. An attempt should be made to foster better competition in *all* sports which would bring the best of the boys out into the open. Most military men are playing sports for the first time in their lives in this war because they have found out what it is to be sports-minded. It helps men develop that competitive spirit."

"Physical education, yes," commented **Professor John A. Fairlie,** noted University of Illinois political scientist, "but grades on physical abilities should not be averaged with those on mental abilities. Distinguish participation from observation (seeing or hearing); also those based on physical prowess and skill, from the so-called fine arts (music and painting); and those merely calling for mental alertness (chess, contract bridge). It is unfortunate that in high schools, colleges and universities, athletic coaches and players are given more attention than teachers and students whose work is less spectacular."

"A sound body," argued **Banjo Smith,** Columbia, South Carolina, *Record*, "can be developed only by diligent, day-by-day application to athletics. A good mind is developed only from diligent application to study, which a majority of kids don't like. A boy or girl must be *made* to develop the body as well as the mind."

**Mel Rich,** Whittier, California, *News*, contributed this significant item: "I know of two brothers who always managed to skip P.E. at our own local high school by submitting doctor's reports stating that they should be excused. Both entered the Army Air Corps training program—and believe it or not both fractured legs in the course of training on the obstacle course. That was because their bodies were neglected several years before."

"We have wonderful sports and draw fine crowds," wrote **L. C. Babcock,** Chicago, "but make a person who has the privilege of getting an education also come out of it a strong and healthy person. My daughter, Caroline Babcock, played five years on the

Wightman team and ranked eighth in the world as a tennis player. Her tennis completed a fine education for her."

"As State Athletic Commissioner of New Jersey," wrote **Abe J. Greene,** president of the National Boxing Association, "I sought to introduce into the schools of New Jersey a course in boxing as a sport which provides physical contact and inspires a self-confidence and an ability to meet an opponent hand to hand such as few other activities generate. My term as commissioner, however, expired before I had full opportunity to activate the program. With compulsory military service apparently inevitable, it is certainly desirable that children in schools be required to give some thought to physical uplift in addition to their jitterbugging. I am in favor of such a program."

**John F. Kenney,** Lowell *Sun*, wrote:

> This question reflects the American direction of thought, springing out of this war, regarding the fitting—not entirely the fitness—of her youth in the future to acquire a leathery skin for a task of preserving greatness on the same rawhide basis with which that greatness was won. Youth must be shown that bones were broken and blood spilled to get her up there where she is, and there'll be belly-to-belly battles again to keep America great, for that has been the history of all nations. Only when the skin of Ancient Greece and Rome became thin did bastions fall, ships mould at docks and wealth fail even to buy mercy. Frank Leahy once told me that while our guys are tough, they're short of what they could be all along. I know what he meant. They're not what they should be from the boy on, not when warblers can sidle up to radio microphones at camps and get robust cheers for singing, 'I Want a Paper Doll to Call My Own.' Any guy who'd sing about a paper doll to any other American Army would experience the fright of his life after being given the American sporting chance of a 10-yard start for the gates. We've gotta cut a lot of that stuff out, along with zoot suits, men's manicures, plaid sports coats, two-toned drawers and chain-link bracelets. I don't want to be crude, but when you smell sweat, you smell America. It's time to teach that in the gymnasium of the high school, and you can hang that sign up on the juke box as well as the country club porch.

"The body is as important as the mind," insisted **Marion H. Miller,** Kansas City, "and should be developed." **Clarence Burgeson,** Austin, Minnesota, *Herald*, also contended that: "Physique, rhythm and poise are just as vital as development of the brain."

"Required physical training offers the only solution to the problem of raising our physical standards," declared **Kenneth Jones,** Peoria *Journal-Transcript*. **Dave Griffiths,** WGBI, Scranton, said: "This system is already in vogue in our Scranton schools, and has proved very successful."

**Phil Dorweiler,** KVFD, Fort Dodge, Iowa, wrote:

> In schools throughout the country the Victory Corps Physical Fitness program is proving very successful. These boys work out every day for one hour. They go through rough and tumble exercises, an obstacle course and other muscle-building stunts. These boys are going into the service physically fit. More power to this kind of program.

### QUESTION II

***Do you think that local government should support a broad recreational program in each community out of taxes?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **Yes 84.41%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **Yes 88.67%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **Yes 85.22%** |

Post-war planners in this country, Great Britain, Russia and China already are outlining expanded recreational facilities and programs. English plans for rebuilding bombed areas are especially alert to the need of recreation plants in crowded population districts.

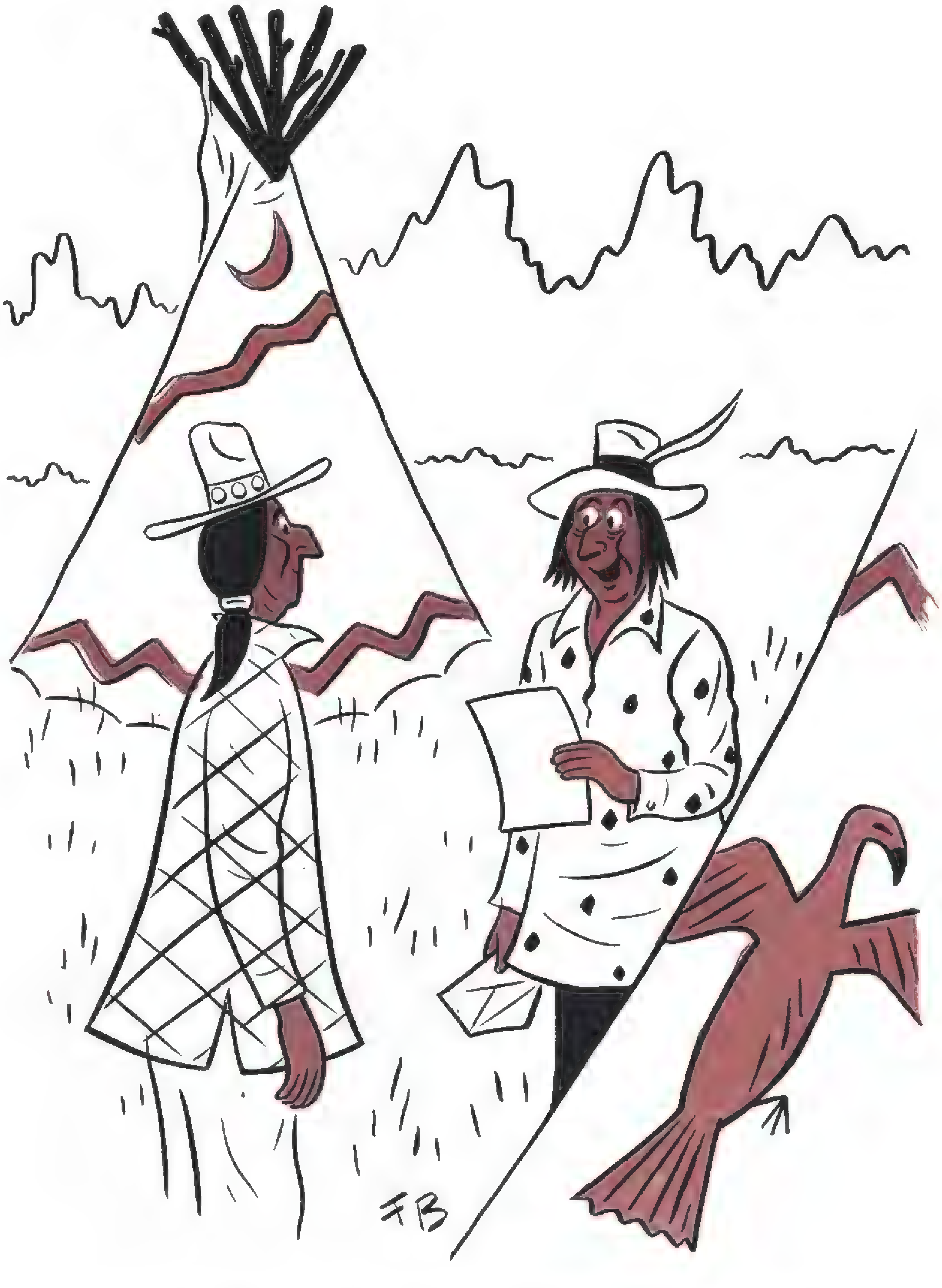
"For eighteen years," reported **Bill Kinney,** Rock Island *Argus*, "this community has done just that, and in normal times some 87 softball leagues operate in the summer." That such a thing is feasible is further testified by **Jack Martin,** WKBH, LaCrosse, Wisconsin, who said that, "The sport editor of the local paper and myself hammered this and the city council passed the appropriation in the budget this year." **Neil Searles,** WEMP, Milwaukee, added that, "The success of such a recreational plan is vividly shown by the overwhelming acceptance of the idea in Milwaukee. The Milwaukee Municipal Athletic program is outstanding in the country."

**Earle D. Wilson,** WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, wrote:

> The number of men rejected for armed service because of physical disability and the amount of time necessary to get many if not most others into physical condition bears out to a degree the enemy opinion that Americans were soft. We need more physical training in which all participate and less emphasis on sports where the many watch the few exercise. A systemized, supervised and, if necessary, government sponsored and financed program of physical training is urgently needed.

"We have such a program in Austin," wrote **Joe Paget,** KATE, Austin, Minnesota, "and it works perfectly. The city swimming pool almost pays for itself, though some help is needed from the city government." **Bob Nesbit,** Terre Haute *Tribune*, said: "I talked recently with the director of a

*Continued on page 135*



***"Letter from Son Blackfoot—he say he scalp 'em plenty Yellowface —with the aid of P-47"***

# A Disreputable Interlude

**Romantic surmise concerning what happened to John Paul Jones after his unexplained disappearance from the island of Tobago**

## by THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

• FICTION •

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *There is a hiatus in the record of the early career of the founder of the United States Navy. It falls between his disappearance from Tobago under suspicious circumstances and his appearance in Philadelphia in 1775 with Congress's commission as a lieutenant in the embryo navy in his pocket. A part of the following narrative is without documentary authority, but is based upon rumors so tough as to have weathered the passage of almost a century and three quarters. Murder and piracy are ugly words in rumor as in direct charges; and the author feels that, in translating ugly rumors into a romantic legend, he is making a contribution to history and standing in on the side of the angels.*

THE brig *Betsey's* company, excepting only her young master and owner, Captain John Paul, ranged in complexion from yellow and buff, by way of mauve and milk-chocolate and puce and burnt-umber, to the blacks of ebony and iron. The captain's complexion was that of a sea-tanned dark white man. He was a Scot, but there probably was a strain of Latin in his veins to account for the brightness of his very dark eyes and the vivacity of his manner.

When Captain Paul announced to his mate and crew that he had spent his last dollar on cargo, and that there would be no cash for them until his sugar, molasses and rum had been sold in Boston, the waist of the brig became a pandemonium instantly, seething and sizzling with enraged gestures, flashing eyes and teeth, glints of steel and threats and curses in the romance languages and a diversity of jungle tongues. The mate, a Spanish mulatto, sprang to the low poop deck with a hand at his sash and a name on his lips that no shipmaster could afford to overlook; and, as quick as he flashed a knife, John Paul conjured an ironwood belaying pin from somewhere about his person; and before the mutineer could stab or slash, the young navigator applied the belaying pin with accuracy and force. The mate crumpled to the deck, rolled over and lay still. All the fellows in the brig's waist became equally silent. Forward, at the backs of the mob, stood King Hob, the cook, a gigantic African and the master's only sure ally aboard. King Hob was armed with a great pot of boiling water. John Paul shifted the belaying pin to his left hand and, behold, his right presented a short pistol!

"Take him to his berth," he ordered, indicating the motionless mate, but holding his pistol steady.

The sprawled body was dragged down across the break of the poop.

"Dead as mutton!" said someone, and that word went hissing through the mob.

"Dead, d'ye say?" cried John Paul, harshly. "Too thin a skull for a bloody-minded mutineer! Take him forrad, Bosun—and you, DaSilva—an' sew him up in the rottenest canvas in the sail-locker, for burial at sea. And the rest of you, get about yer duties. Step lively!"

Hard bare feet shuffled, but nobody stepped from his place.

"Murder!" said the boatswain: and that word went snarling around in half a dozen languages.

"Murder, d'ye say?" challenged the young master, in an assured voice—but a hot cramp of despair tortured the top of his stomach. "Ye saw him leap at me—and the flash of his knife! It was his life or mine. Forrad to yer quarters—or I'll have ye all arraigned for mutiny before the admiralty court ashore!"

That mongrel boatswain let out a hoot of derisive laughter, whereupon all hands took to hooting and laughing, though few of them knew why. But the boatswain knew. He was even a better sea-lawyer than a seaman. And young John Paul knew. The fact was that the fair little island of Tobago was then suffering a period of political and economic insecurity, and was without an admirality court or even a trustworthy parish magistrate. The laws of the moment might, if invoked, as likely prove to be French, Dutch, or of no recognized code, as English. The judge might be an enemy of the British Crown and the prosecuting attorney a bloody pirate. It was a dim outlook for an honest young British shipmaster.

"We'll clear for Boston on the morning tide, and at Boston you'll be paid yer dues and something over; or ye'll never again get aught but grief from John Paul," announced the captain, in a full and unshaken voice.

The pesky boatswain hooted again.

"Bosun, I'm looking at you; and I warn ye I don't like what I see and that the difference between one an' two dead mutineers don't seem a great matter to me with the twitch I have in my trigger finger at this moment," added the captain.

That puce-complexioned seaman was not entirely a fool, and he possessed a keen ear for the voice of sudden death. So he turned and swaggered forward along the deck and was followed by all hands and the toted corpse of the mate.

The captain had two thirds, or better, of his freighted brig to himself. But he knew that he could do nothing to save any part of it, though all was quiet forward now—on the surface. He had lived twenty-three years, eleven of them hard, but life was sweet to him. He had commenced seafaring at the age of twelve, as an apprentice to a shipmaster who was a good friend to his father. From that employment, he had stepped up to the lee-side of the quarterdeck of one of His Majesty's warships as a first-class volunteer or provisional midshipman. But this did not last long; for reasons unknown and anybody's guess. Had young Mr. John Paul remained in that service, who would have fought *Bon Homme Richard* to victory against *Serapis* fifteen years later? (Forget it! To read history in that way is to acquire headaches and little else.) Quit of the royal quarterdeck, young Paul joined a blackbirder as third mate and plied that distressful trade for the next two years between Jamaica and the Guinea coast. Sick of that, he took passage for England in the ship *John;* and when her master and mates were stricken with fever when only a few days out, the ex-slaver passenger took over, held her to her course and brought her safely into the Thames. The owners proved their gratitude and generosity in practical ways, and young John Paul made a number

*"Halt! who goes there, and what's your telephone number?"*

of highly profitable round-trips between London and the West Indies in his dual capacities of master and supercargo. But his owners dissolved partnership when he was at Port of Spain and he was relieved of his command and employments by a Trinidadian agent; whereupon he visited Tobago and there purchased the brig *Betsey* and her cargo at advantageous prices. He had the world and the fullness thereof in his pockets, it seemed—but now he was beggared and in peril of his bare life.

The captain held his ship to as far forward as the little deckhouse which contained the galley and sail-locker. There were neither victuals nor drink on the poop deck. He saw men around the door of the galley eating fried fish and roasted yams and drinking out of mugs and bottles. The delectable scent of the food stole aft to him on the sweltering air. The sun dipped; a little land-breeze spilled down from the mountain; night blinked down, full of stars overhead and sea fire alongside. A large shadow moved aft in the port scuppers. John Paul watched it. It reached the break of the poop; and the captain sniffed coffee and rum and more fried and roasted food, and pocketed his pistol, for it was King Hob with a loaded tray. The cook stood by while the captain blunted the edges of thirst and hunger.

"Sir, your valuable life is in jeopardy," he said.

From infancy to young manhood this iron-black sea cook had been owned by an English gentleman—a parson self-exiled in the mountains of Jamaica—who had treated him like a father and tutor combined. King Hob had fallen into very different hands after the settlement of that kindly scholar's estate, but the good man's mark upon his syntax, his manners and his morals had never faded.

"Sir, if we do not act with decision and wisdom before the morrow's sunrise you will probably be murdered in due course without benefit of the law or the clergy," he continued. "But if you realize seriously the extreme degree of your peril, I see a chance of your escape with your life, Sir."

"I'm in a clove hitch, devil a doubt of it!" admitted John Paul, with a smile of the lips only.

"Sir, will you promise to place yourself in my hands unreservedly, and not to act with your customary impulsive recklessness, if I undertake to save you from these ruffians?"

"I promise. I can't guess what chance you see, for the riffraff are the masters ashore, too, but I'm in your hands, my trusty friend."

Two hours later they lowered themselves into the water without a splash and swam with scarcely a ripple. Ashore, King Hob continued to lead the way, and John Paul stumbled at his heels in jungle darkness. They halted.

"Sir, you have a well-wisher in this house—and one not without resources, I believe," said King Hob.

"What house?" asked Captain Paul.

"The Ice House. Angostura Sue's place. We are at the back door."

"I've drank a dozen of her punches maybe, but why d'ye count on her for help?"

"Sir, you knocked down and flung out the half-caste Portuguese skipper who insulted the girl Teresa five nights since. That young woman is the apple of her eye, Sir. Her only child."

"Ah! One of my recklessly impulsive acts, I presume?"

"Sir, I admit gladly that it was a fortunate impulse; but I venture to maintain, with all due respect and affection, that the majority of your impulsive outbursts are less happy in their results, Sir."

"Spare me the sermon, my friend."

King Hob sighed and fell to tossing twigs and lumps of jungle mold upward in the dark. His efforts were soon rewarded by slight creakings overhead. He moved forward a pace and a brief exchange of whispers followed. He turned and whispered that they were welcome. They heard the opening of a door close at hand. King Hob took his captain by a wrist and led him forward. They descended three stone steps to a moist, pitch-black place which smelled of crude sugar, rum and salty old sailcloth. John Paul heard the cautious closing of the door by which they had entered. King Hob released his wrist, whereupon he mopped his face with a wet handkerchief and leaned a shoulder against the nearest wall of coral rock. He heard whisperings of two or more voices, but did not try to catch their drift. He trusted King Hob.

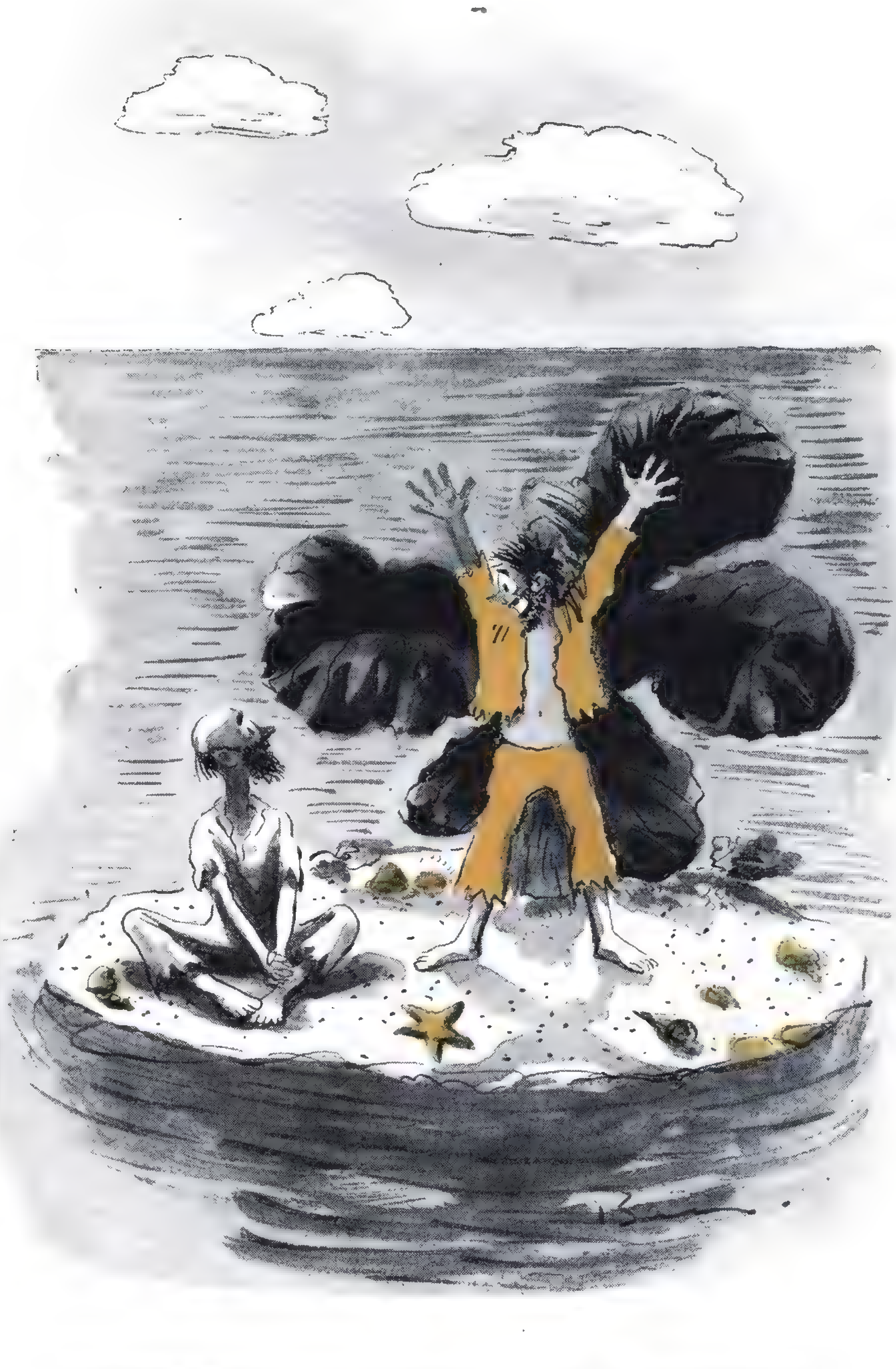
"Sir, Madam's heart is responsive to your plea," said the cook.

"I am deeply grateful to you, my dear lady," said the captain, addressing the general direction of Angostura Sue in his best Spanish.

She replied heartily, in English.

"It's a pleasure, after the way ye handled that dirty son of a pig,

Continued on page 164



*"My divorce decree becomes final today—let's celebrate"*

# The Babe at the Senior Ball

### His well-ordered house, his garden and his wife were like a prison which the scented letter had pleasantly disturbed

### by DWIGHT CUMMINS

• FICTION •

ARTHUR JENNINGS BROWN, vice-president of the Atlas Insurance Company, gave a cursory glance at his round, golf-tanned face in the mirror, brushed the widening band of grey hair above the temples which he had so often been told gave him that "distinguished" appearance, carefully buttoned the grey, double-breasted, pin-striped suit (striped because it made him look thinner) and went down the stairs of his Bel-Air home to breakfast. As he crossed to the breakfast table, set in a glass-enclosed patio overlooking the garden and swimming pool, he wore a thoughtful expression.

Holmes, the tall, cadaverous butler, greeted him. "Good morning, Sir." He pushed the folded copy of the *Times* toward his employer and opened a napkin. "It's a nice day, Sir."

Brown rejected the paper, to Holmes' almost apparent amazement. "Mrs. Brown up yet?"

"She'll be down directly, Sir. She said you were to drink your orange juice. And she ordered an omelet for your breakfast this morning."

Brown pushed the glass aside. "I don't want any orange juice. And I don't want an omelet, either. Get me ham and eggs, and a cup of coffee."

Holmes stared in amazement. "But, Sir, you always—"

Brown looked at him. "I said, get me ham and eggs and a cup of coffee—now."

"Yes—yes, Sir." The confused Holmes hurried off. Brown watched him go with a grim amusement. Holmes and Mrs. Brown had ordered his life for years. Martha called it household efficiency. She took pride in running his home as she imagined he ran his office. She was a determined woman. Brown's smile took on a tinge of the sardonic. Who would have believed that the sweet, slender Martha of twenty years ago could have become the stout, set, unimaginative woman who was his wife today. He thought about her with mounting irritation. "Good God! A woman ought to keep herself up. She shouldn't let go, become frumpy and placid, just because she's been married to a man for a period of years. A man has to keep *himself* up, doesn't he? *He* has to stay abreast of the times."

"Why, dear, you haven't drunk your orange juice! And Holmes says you want ham and eggs. You know they don't agree with you."

Brown looked up into the solicitous, smiling face of his wife. She had on a flowered wrapper with a ruffle around the neck and she wore slippers. She looked like what she was, a comfortable, motherly woman of forty-five—a housewife. She made Brown feel old. Abruptly he pushed back his chair and glanced at his watch.

"Come to think of it, I have an early appointment in the city. I won't have time to eat now."

"But, dear, you must have *something.* Cook has your omelet on. It'll only take a minute." There was genuine anxiety in her voice.

From long habit of obedience, Brown half started to sit down. Then he stiffened. Omelet! He had said he didn't want an omelet. He might just as well have saved his breath. Under the pretense of looking after him, Martha had long ago overruled his every spoken desire. His eyes held on her motherly, kindly face and he felt a sudden revulsion.

"I won't be home for dinner," he said abruptly. "Got to work." Before she could protest, he kissed her perfunctorily on the cheek—and fled.

Once in his car, he felt suddenly free. His house, his garden, his wife had somehow become a prison. As the green countryside began to roll by, he relaxed and drew a deep breath. Then his thoughts went to the letter he now had in his pocket.

It was in a woman's handwriting, and it smelled faintly of perfume. It was the same perfume she had worn twenty years ago, just before he had somehow married the dowered Martha. The scent of it clouded his brain, and out of that cloud emerged the memories so long buried.

Her name was Cherry, and her lips were as red as the fruit for which she was named. She was slender and willowy, dark-eyed and—passionate. She was like a flame. The memory scorched and burnt, and called. He saw himself dancing with her at the Senior Ball. He remembered that midnight swim on the lonely beach, when they had stayed long after the wienies had been roasted and the fire had died out.

Brown sighed. He turned his car into the Atlas building garage and, alighting, went into the Grill. Automatically, he ordered orange juice and an omelet, remembered with a sudden sense of confusion but let the order stand.

A hand clapped him on the shoulder. It was Art Grayson, the firm's accountant. "You're here early," he said.

"Got some important business," retorted Brown.

Grayson nodded understandingly and went on. Brown drank his orange juice and tackled his omelet. He had known Grayson ever since they were kids. It had been Grayson, indirectly, who was responsible for the letter in his pocket. He had been in the steam room of the Athletic Club when Grayson had groped his way in.

"That you, Brown?"

Brown had answered in the affirmative as Grayson settled himself in the hot canvas chair across from him. The rising steam obscured their faces.

After a moment, Grayson spoke. "Say, who do you think I saw today?"

"Haven't the slightest idea."

"Guess."

"I'm not in the mood for games." Brown's voice was irritable.

Grayson chuckled. "All right, I'll tell you. Remember that little babe you were playing around with the year you graduated?"

Brown sat up, his face crimson. The steam was a welcome curtain. "No," he said gruffly.

"Oh, you remember. That hot number you took to the ball. The one that was giving out with all the oomph. What *was* her name?"

Brown almost said, "Cherry Edwards," but caught himself. "Can't say," he grunted, then added, "For Pete's sake, you can't expect me to remember all the women I knew twenty years ago."

"You'd remember her," came Grayson's voice sardonically.

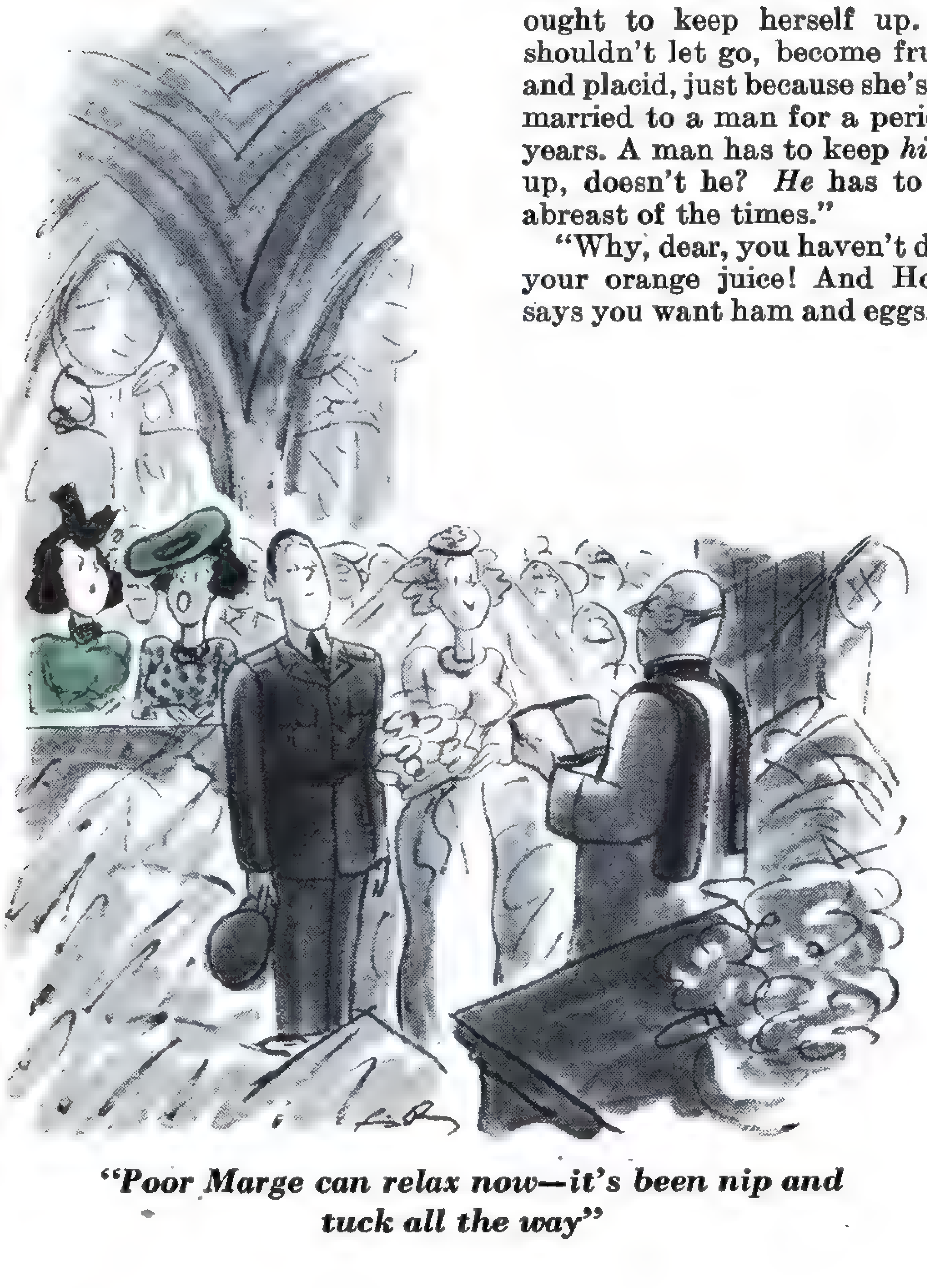
Brown had felt as though the top of his head was about to burst open. He could see her at that moment in his mind's eye. He pushed the vision from him. "What about her?"

"Oh, nothing, only she's staying at the Biltmore. I ran into her in the corridor." Grayson's figure rose, dimly silhouetted in the mist. "Well, I've had enough. See you later."

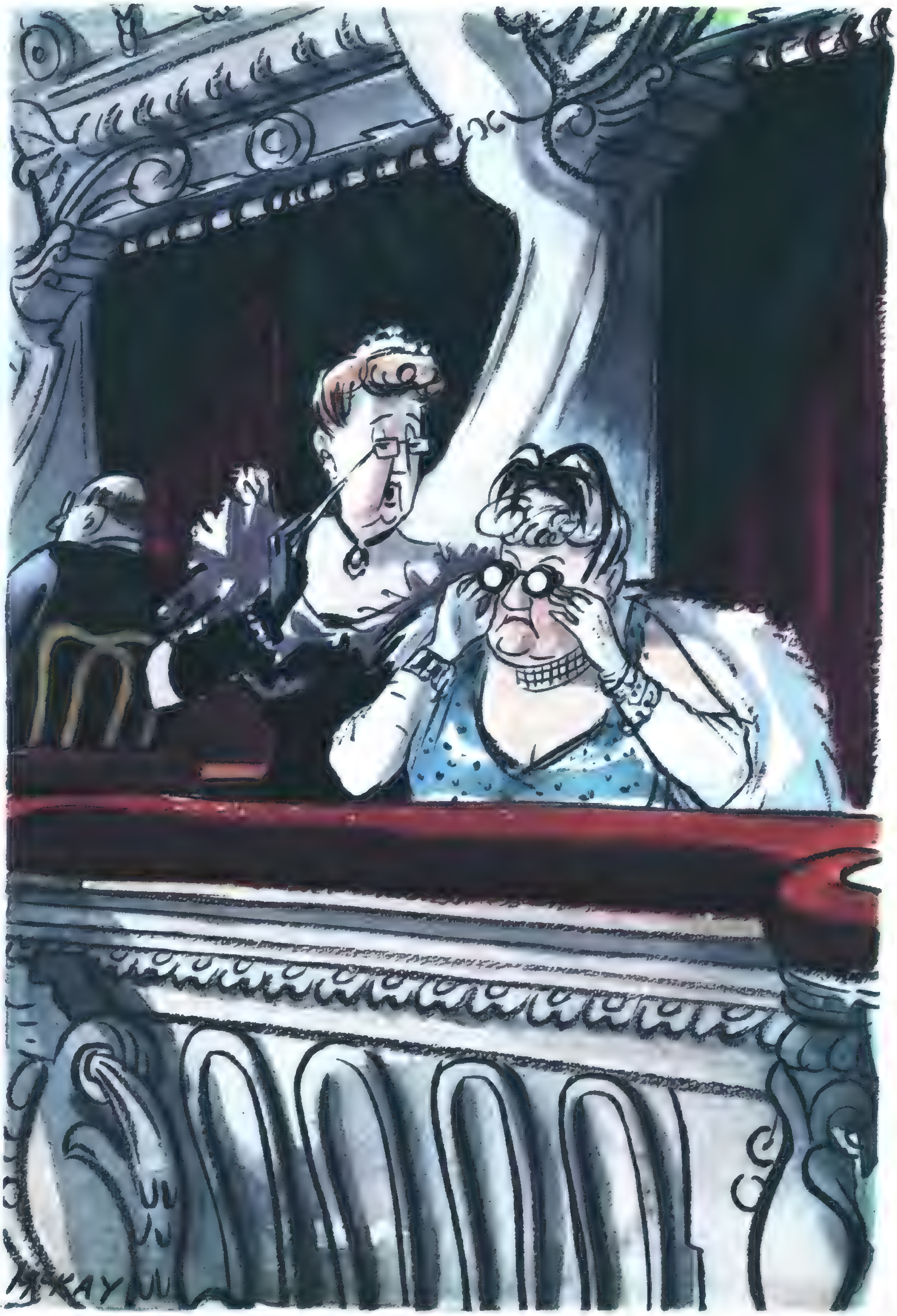
"Okay," said Brown.

The door opened and closed and he was alone—with his memories. Cherry Edwards. Cherry Edwards! He could see her now, still slender, beautiful, poised, gazing at him with mocking laughter,

Continued on page 146



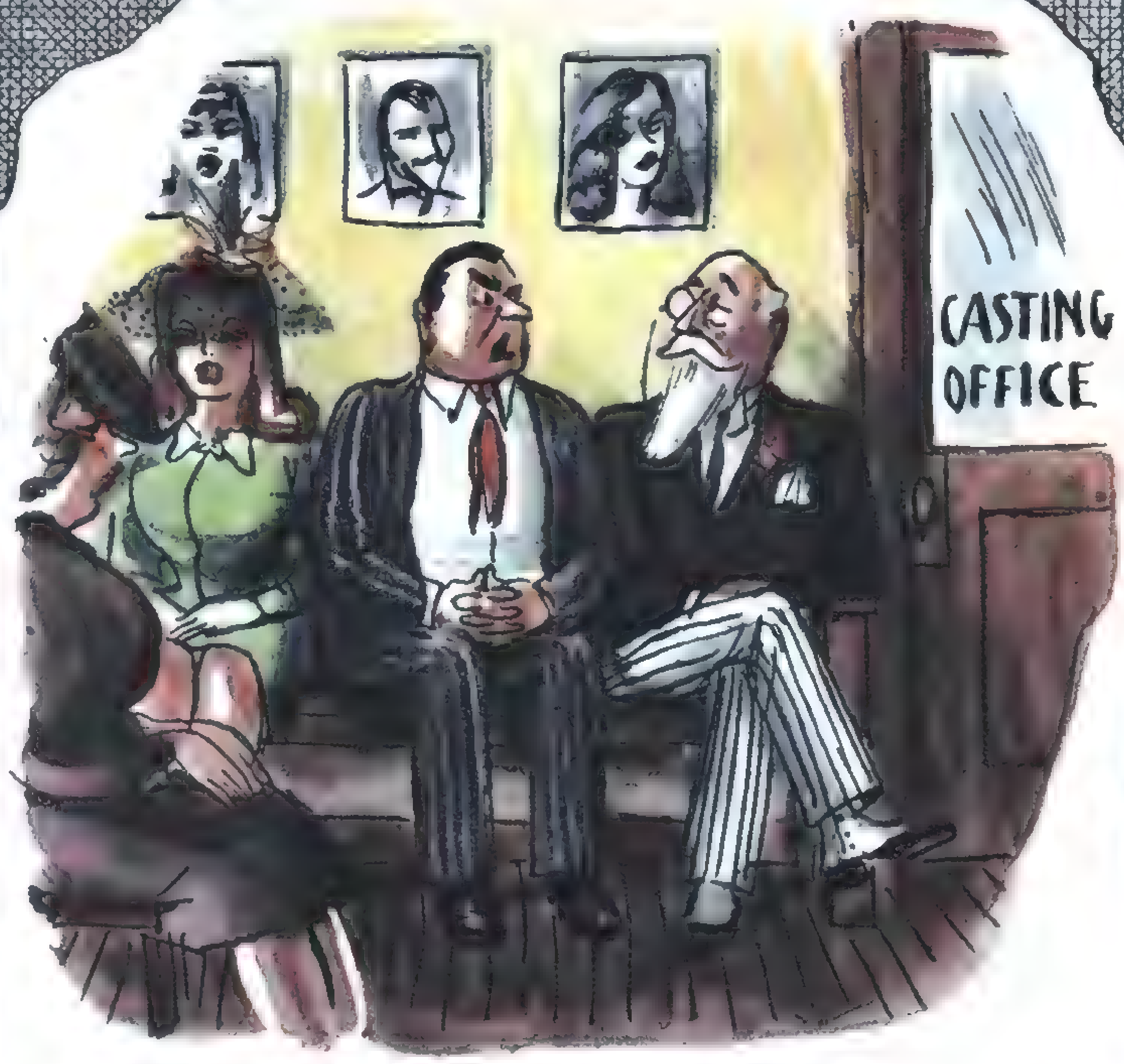
*"Poor Marge can relax now—it's been nip and tuck all the way"*



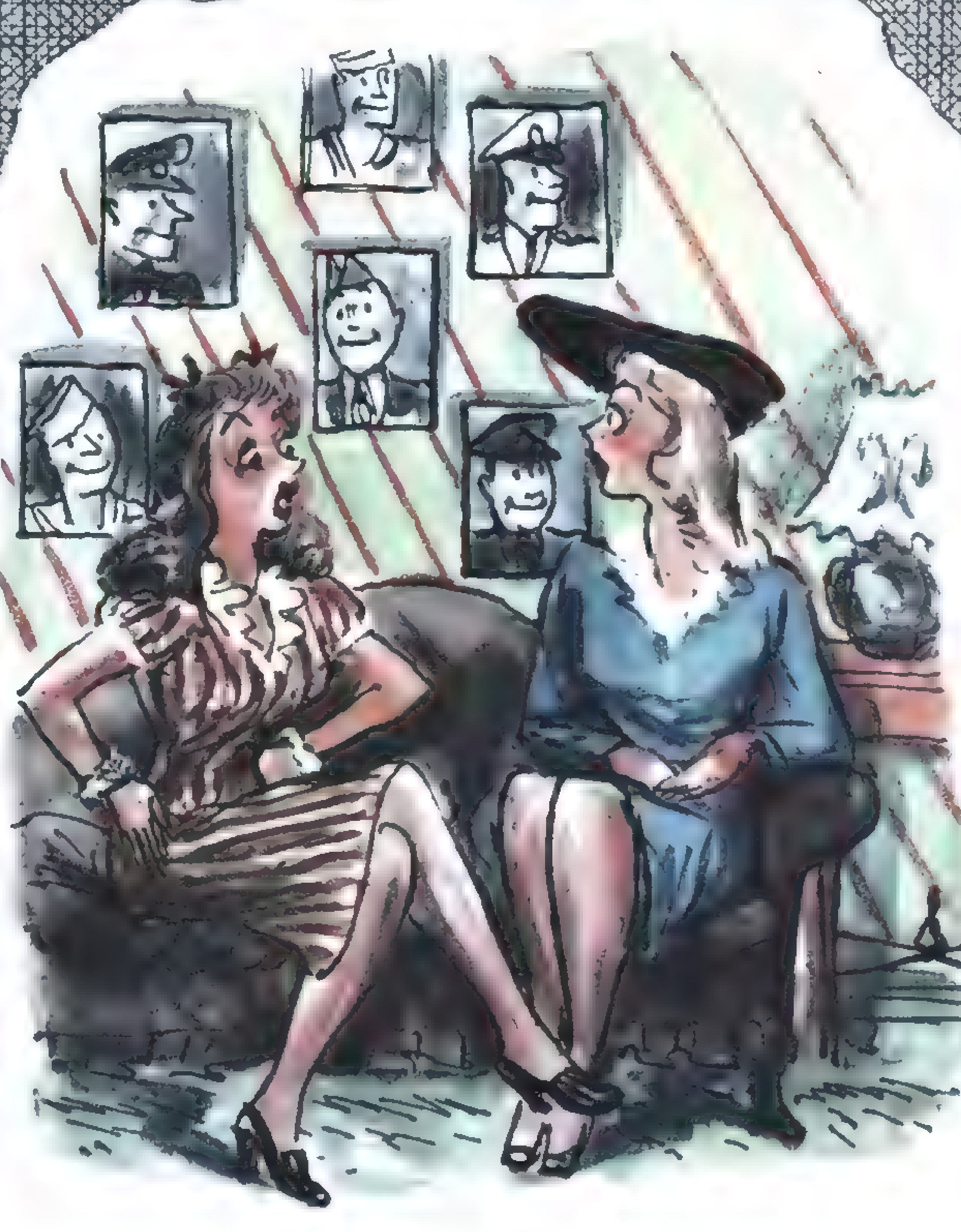
*"Who's the jerk with her?"*

# Anything for a Laugh

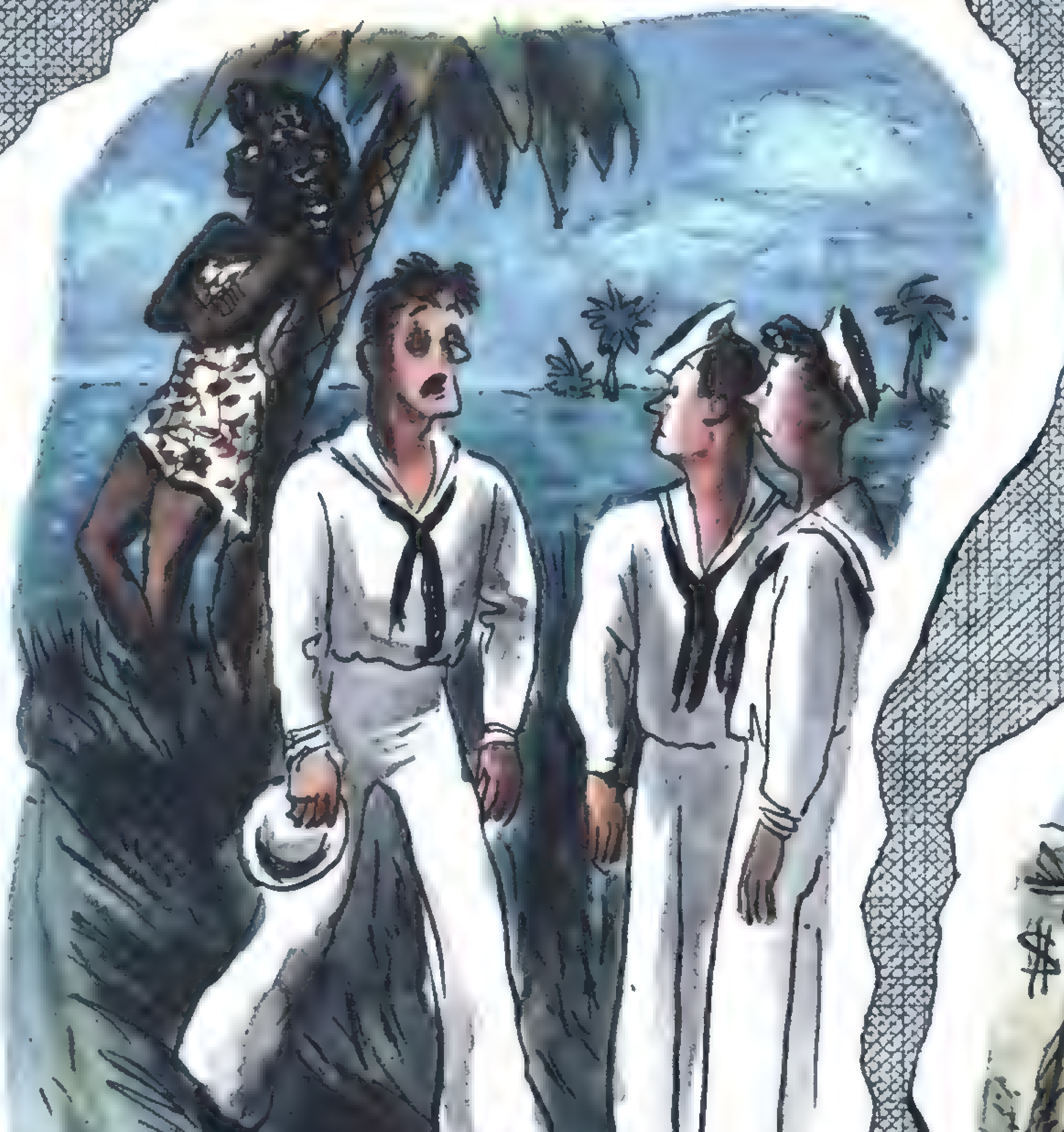
### by HOWARD BAER



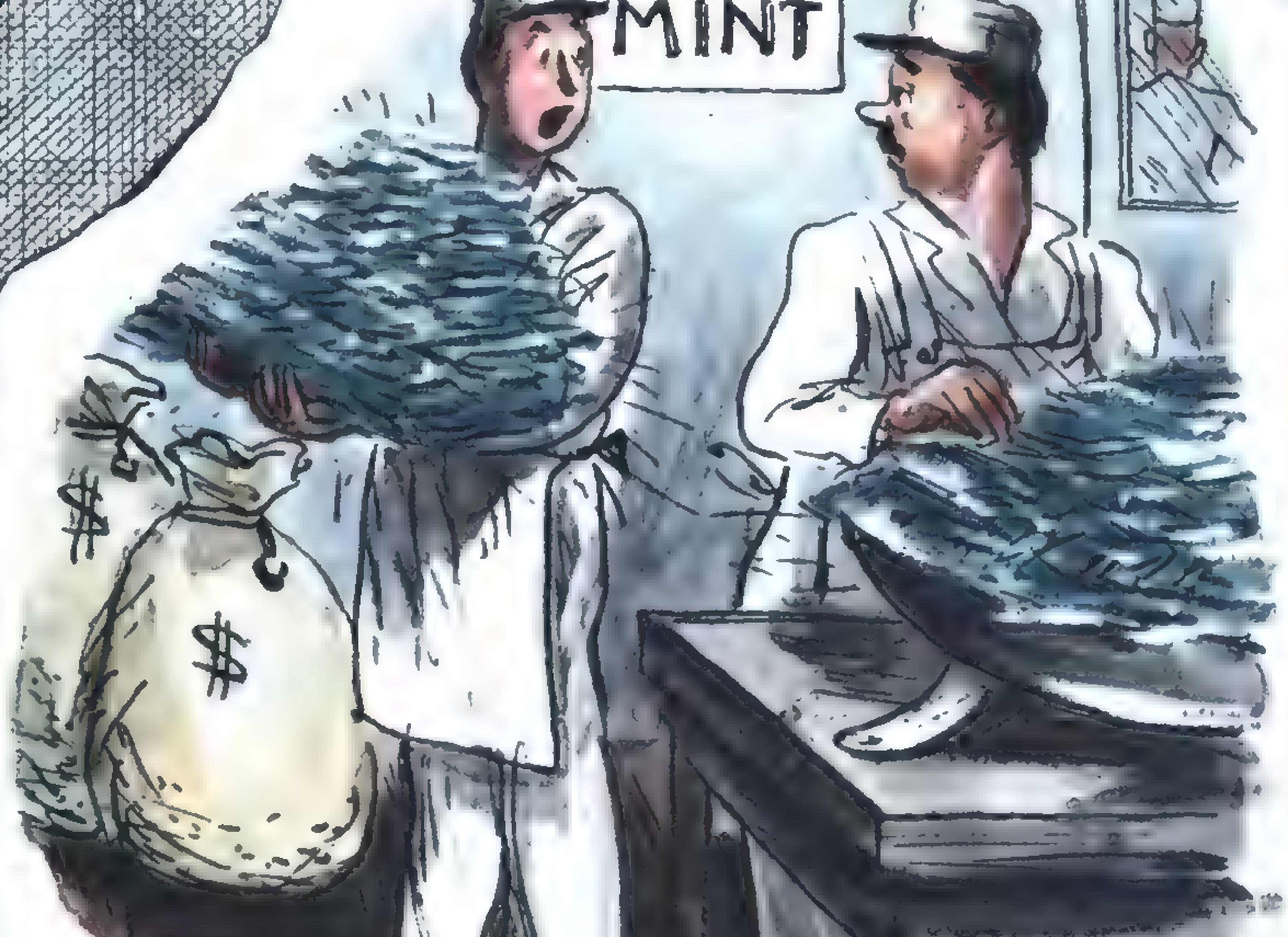
*"Geez, I could make a fortune if I looked like a stinking Jap"*



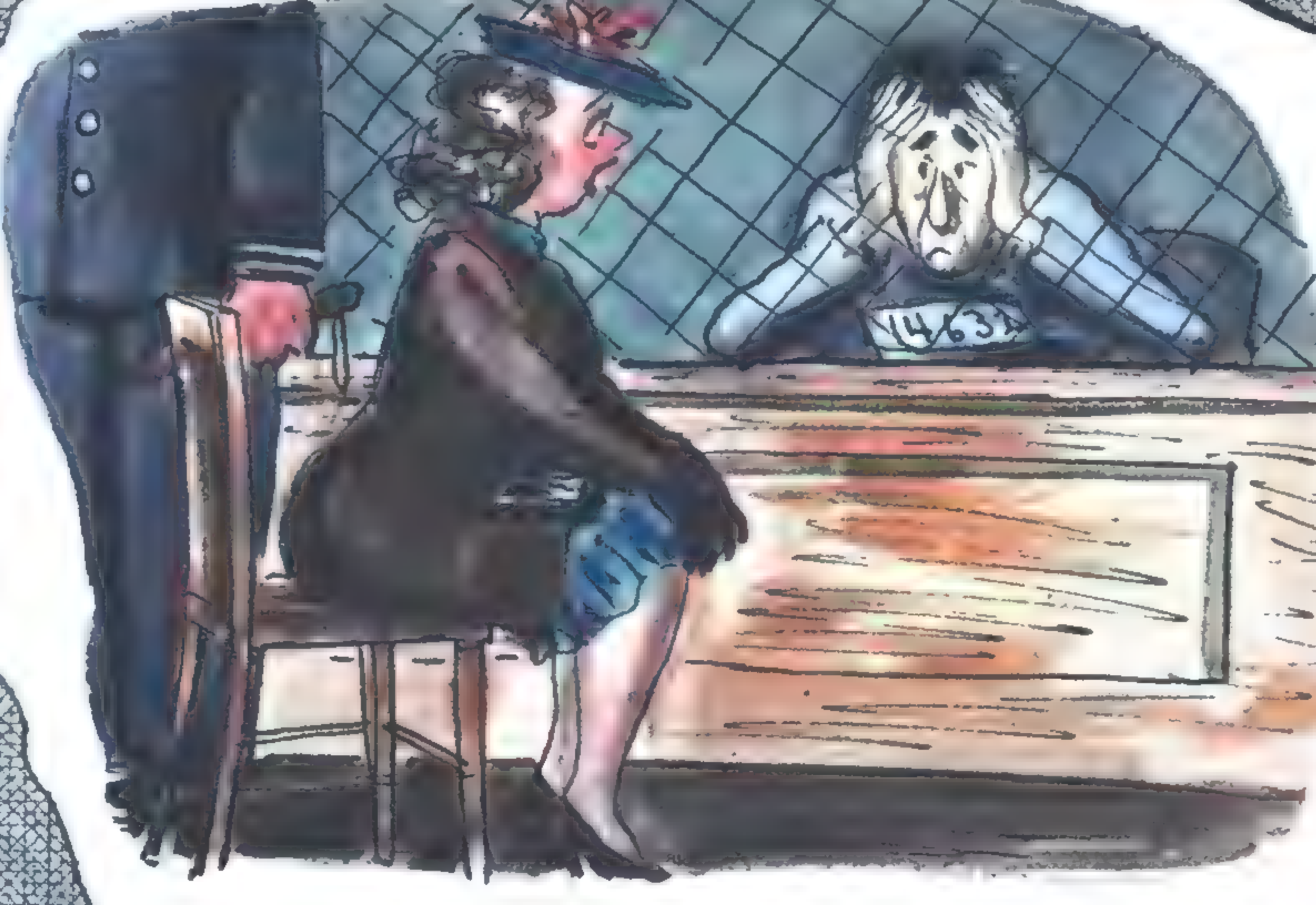
*"I bet I'm being two-timed on every front"*



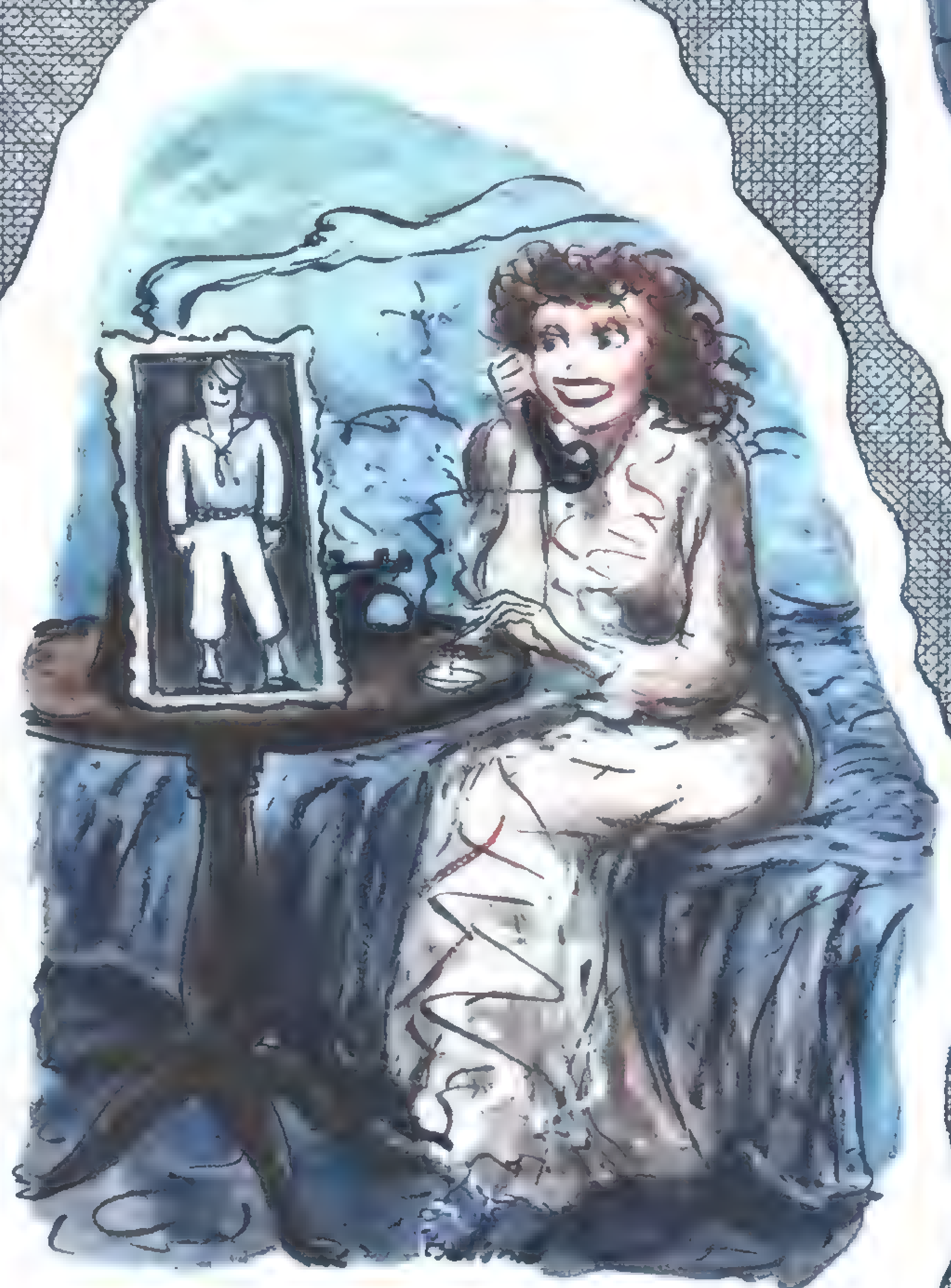
*"She don't speak American—just sign language"*



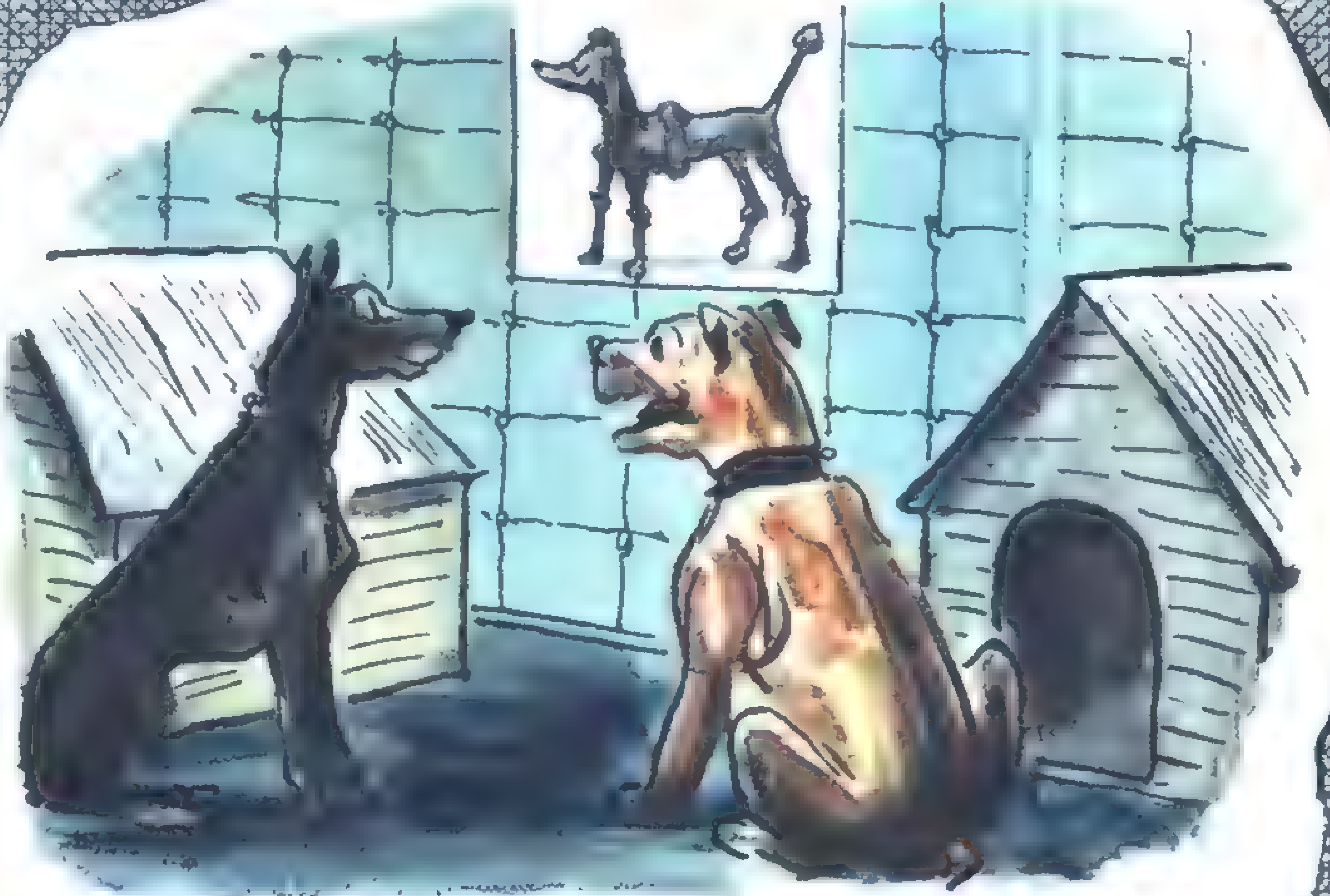
*"Boy—if only I had Uncle Sam's money and my brains!"*



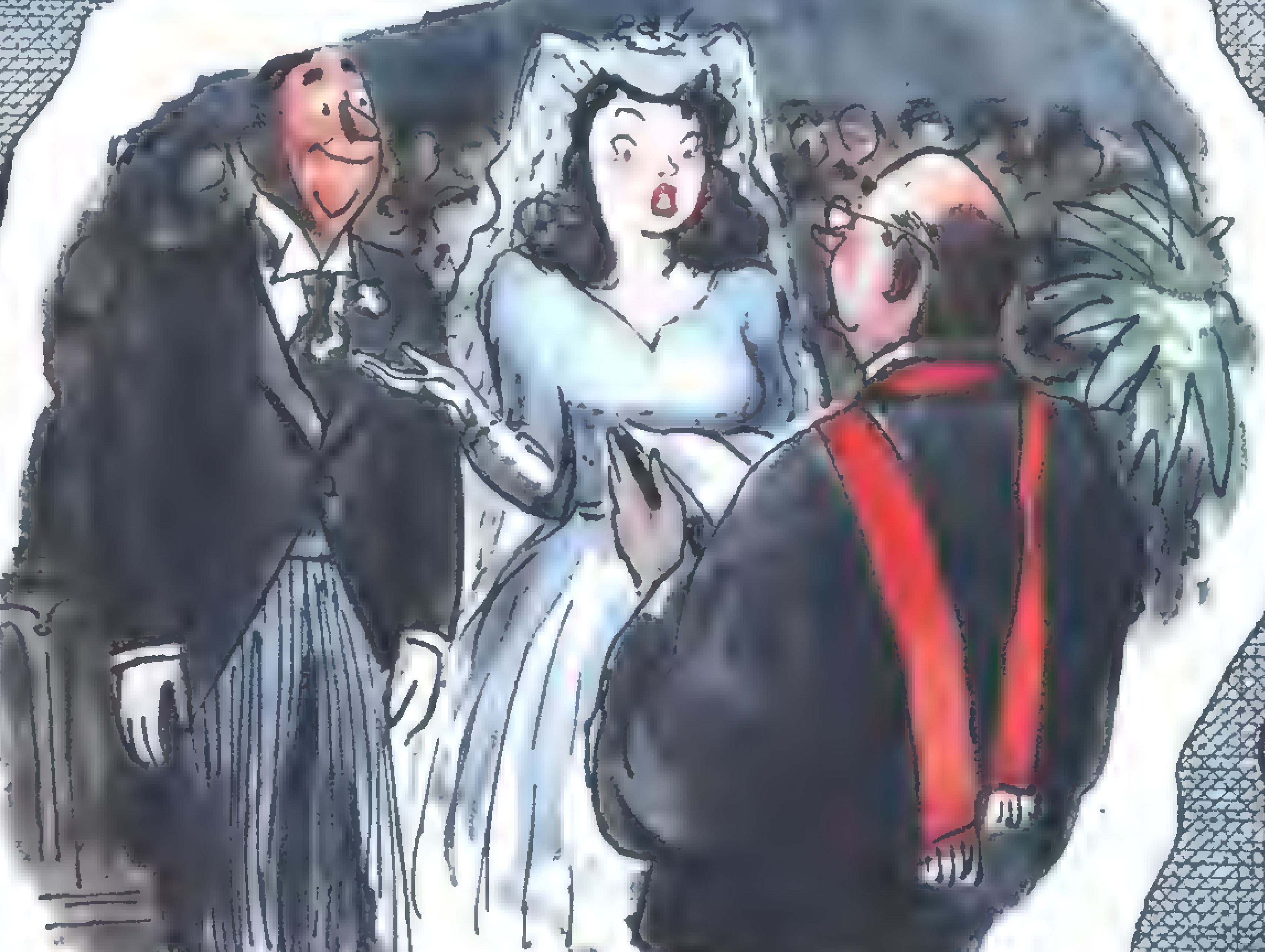
*"Why would the warden say you are happy here, dear, if you're not?"*



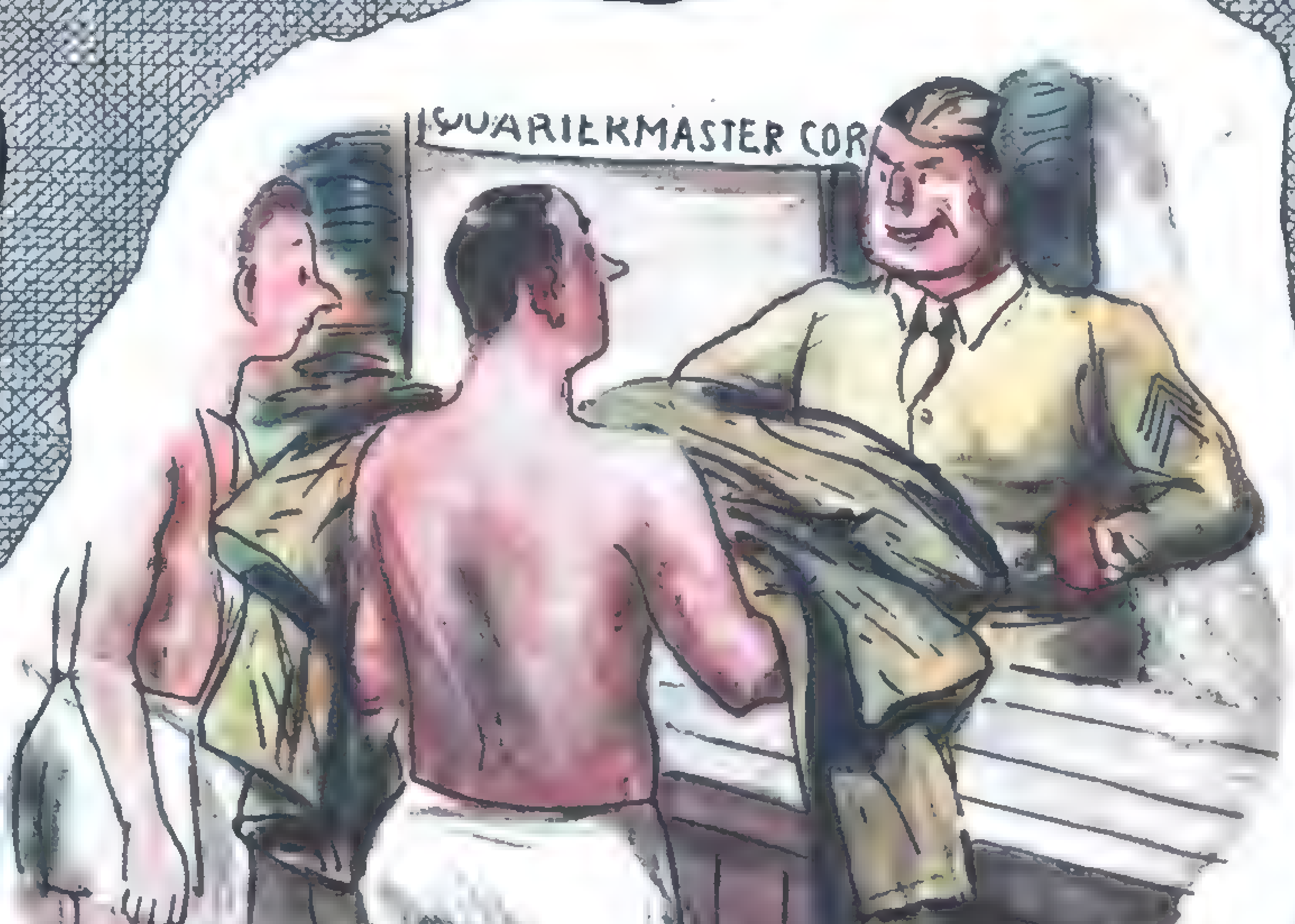
*"He wants us to come to his graduation—I suppose they get their waterwings or something"*



*"She's been chosen pin-up girl for the whole regiment"*



*"There must be some mistake—I've never seen this man before!"*

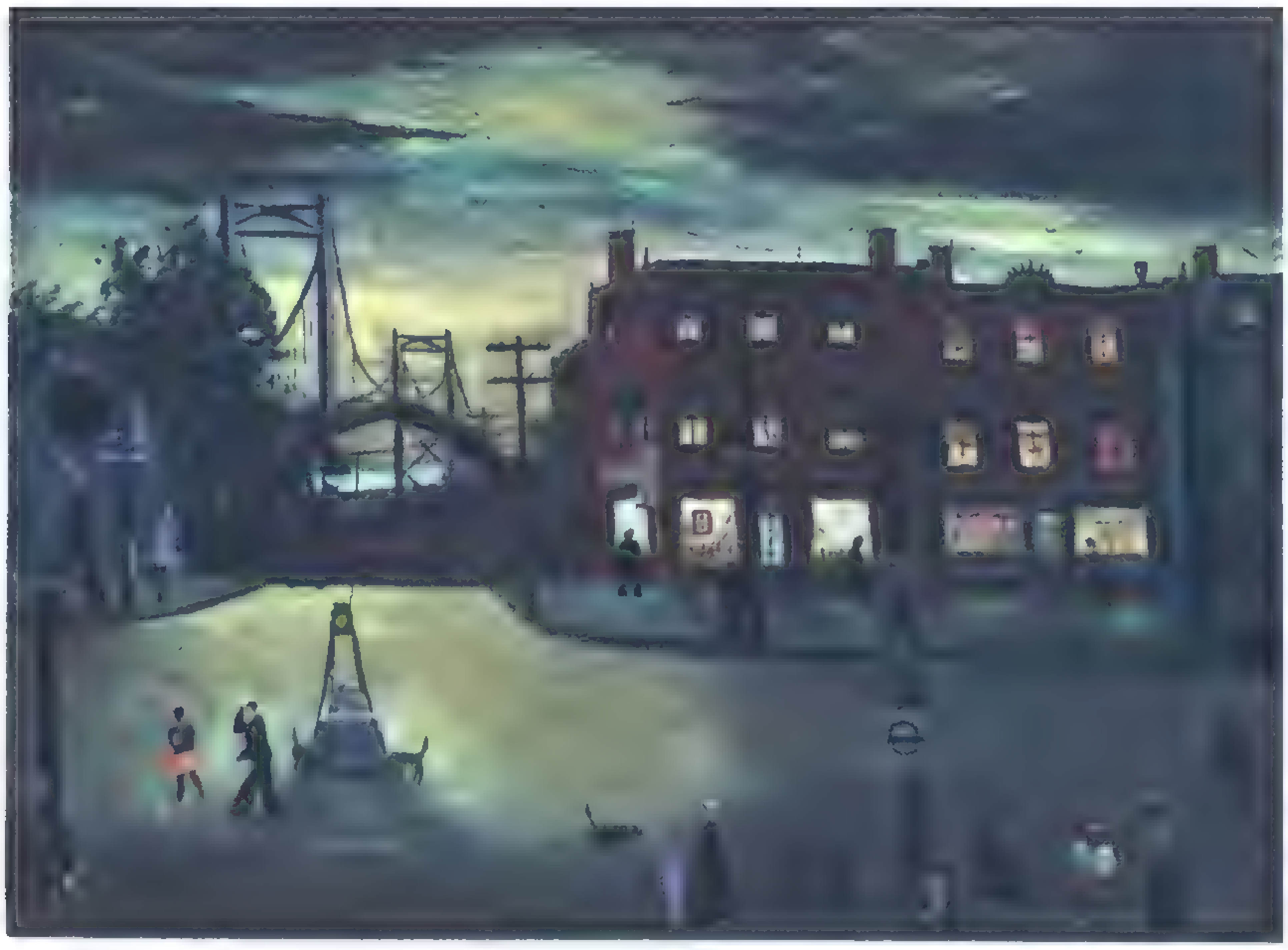


*"Now, how about a hat to go with that ensemble?"*

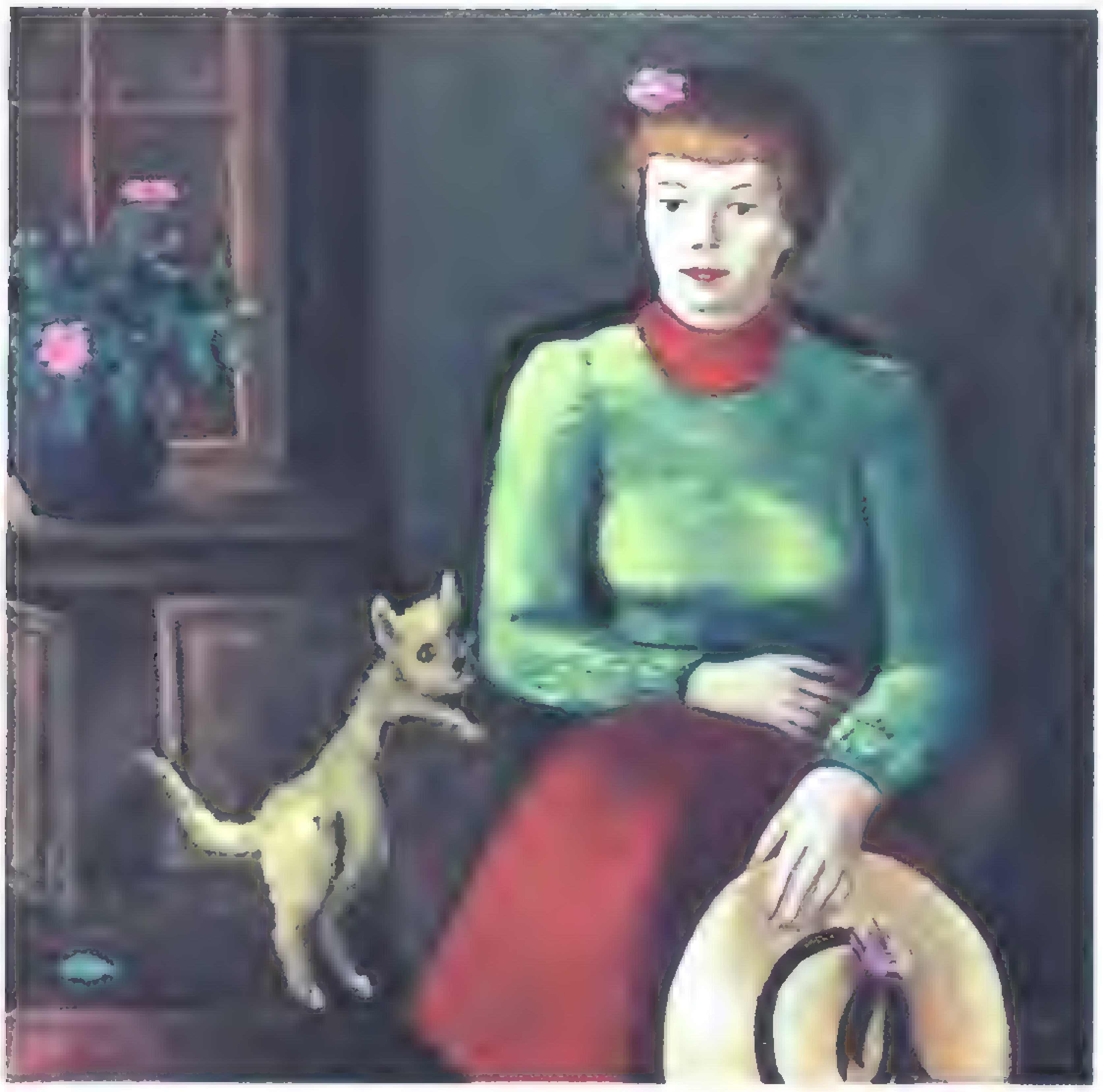
# A Selection of Four Paintings

*by*

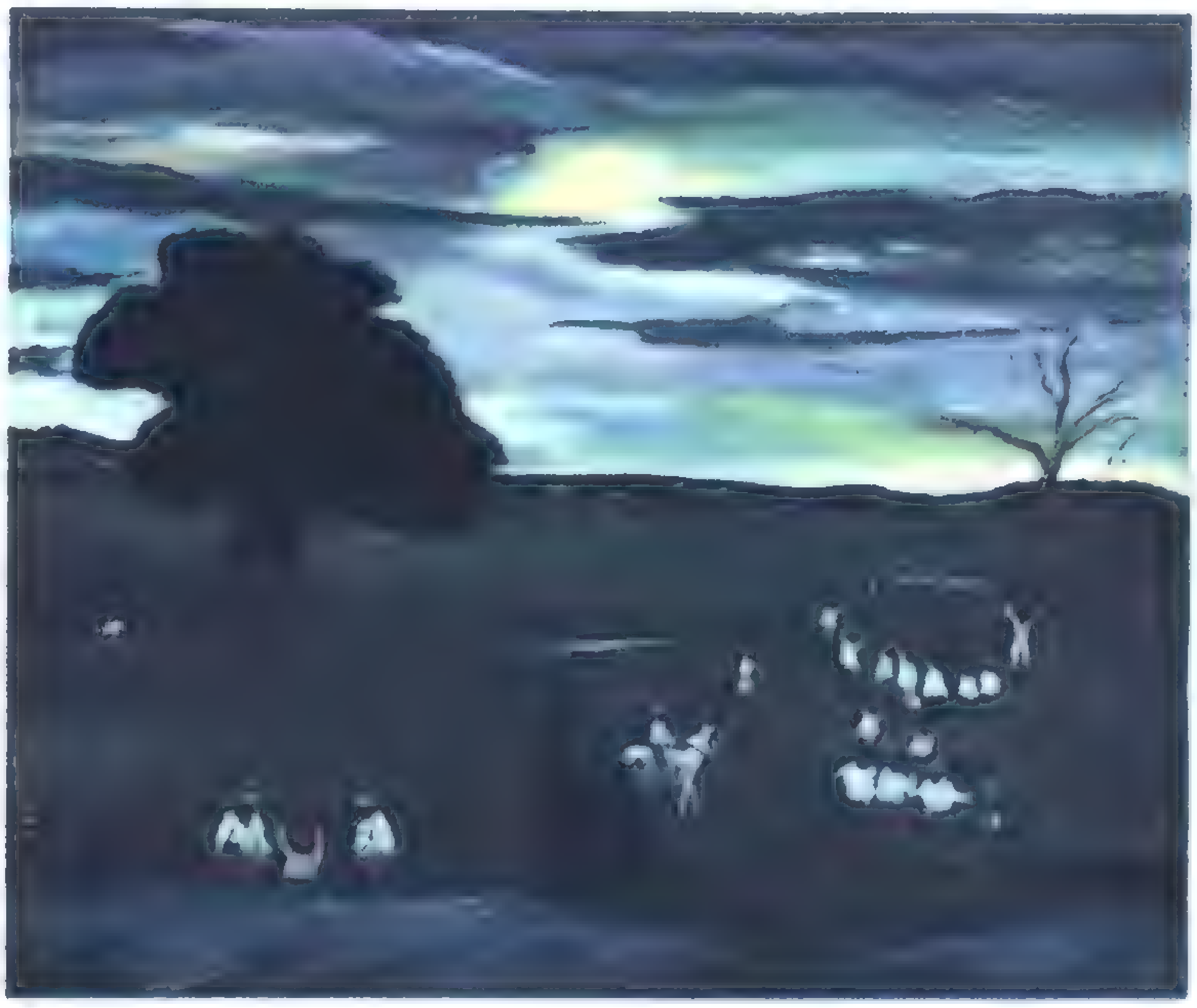
**REVINGTON ARTHUR**



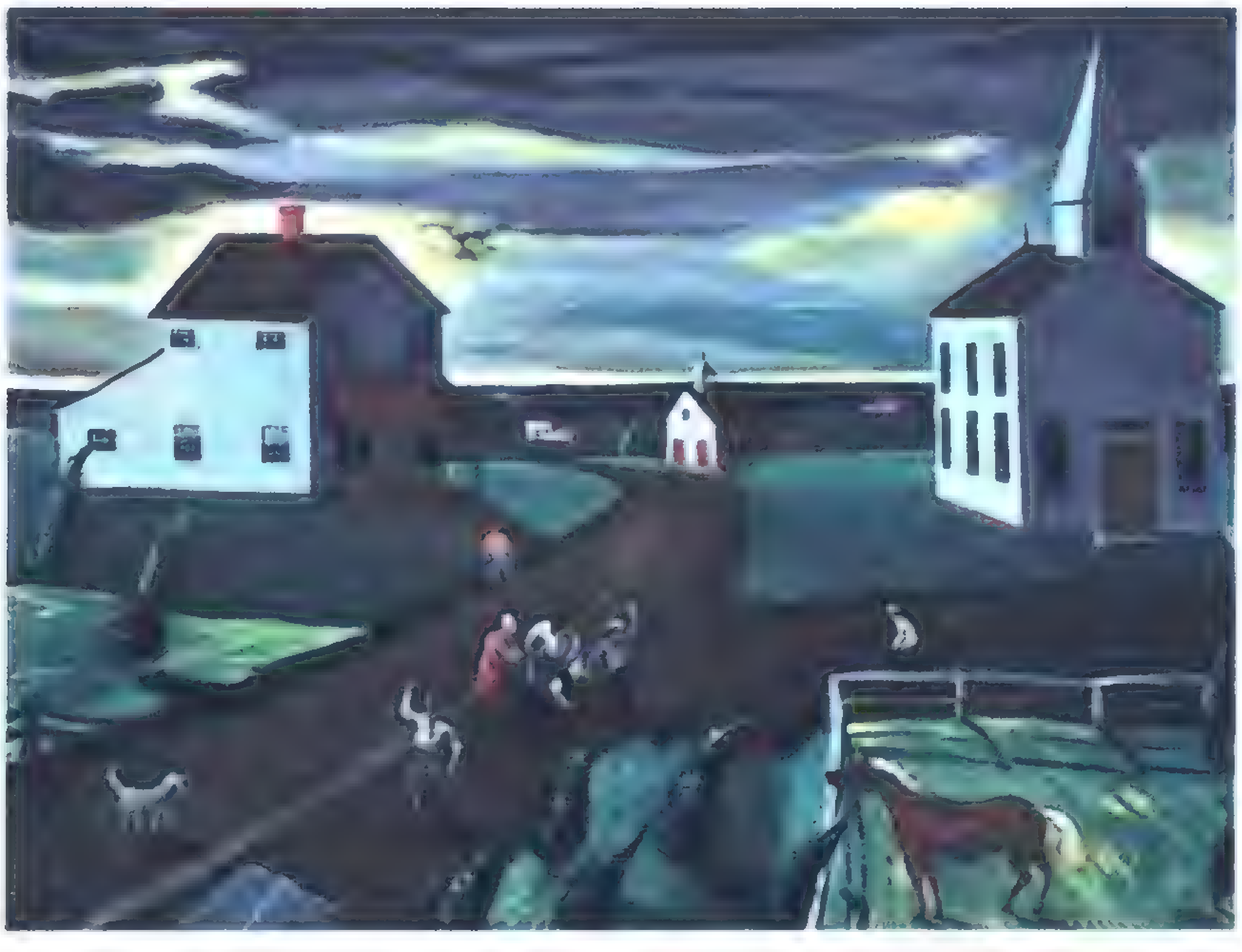
SMALL TOWN STUFF



SIMKA AND FRIEND



ALABAMA EVENING



ACCIDENT ON THE CAPE

*These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Babcock Galleries, New York City*

# High Register Colorist

## The artistic career of Revington Arthur, who is still too young to be definitely appraised, is divided into three phases

### by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Since 1914, and even before, the iron brooms of War, Revolution and Terror have been sweeping fragments of humanity from the Urals westward, toward Atlantic ports of embarkation and onto ships which have been bringing them to the New World. There have been many artists among these emigrants. In the lives of many of them the inner struggle to create a private world on canvas has been carried on among rapidly shifting scenery. Many of them never had roots to call their own and lived spiritually in a Hotel Universe.

There is no extrinsic romantic circumstance in the life of Revington Arthur. No mortal storm has whirled him up from one place and set him down in another; no shifting wind of fashion has set him by the ears to make him alter the style naturally arrived at and naturally developed. His life story is the unexciting chronicle of a man living today in the house in which he was born, working in the barn in which his pet horse had been stabled, tilling soil which his father before him had turned, walking country roads and greeting men who had been his schoolmates. He drives today on roads on which, as a boy, his old horse had carried him. He pulls carrots from the same patch of ground which he once helped to plant under his father's direction. He is a young man and yet, in his lifetime, he has seen the State of Connecticut change from a rural community whose chief manufacture used to be Hitchcock chairs, into one of the most industrialized units of the nation. And because he belongs to the little village in Connecticut which nestles against New York's eastern border, all the people round about know him, not as an exotic, creative talent, but simply as "that Arthur boy."

He possesses this country by a desire to understand it as well as by inheritance. Through the Whitneys, on his mother's side, he has been a citizen of this land since about 1630. A great, great grandfather was shot through the heart in the Revolutionary War in the Battle of Bennington. His father's people were farmers around New Canaan more than fifty years ago. Chester Arthur, one of our minor presidents, is supposed to have been a relative. The artist's father, an engineer, bought the present Arthur place fifty years ago, fifteen years before Revington saw the light of day. Since boyhood, Revington Arthur has traveled the roads of New England, and he knows the State of Connecticut and the eastern slopes of the hills of Vermont and the central section of Massachusetts no less well than he knows the little stretch of road that leads from his front porch to the station platform at Glenbrook. An aunt lives on Cape Cod, the setting for his painting *Accident on the Cape* (reproduced), and he has a circuit-riding uncle in Oklahoma. He knows also the South and Southwest, in which he has set some of his loveliest color harmonies.

The artists under whose influence Revington first came were Landseer and Romney whose prints are such typical decoration of old-fashioned homes today, and, truth to tell, his mother understands these girlhood favorites of hers much better than her son's work, which, she feels, is a little on the odd side. Revington's elder brother, George, now a very solid merchant of coal, led the way as an amateur painter and still paints a little. Revington attended the local school but was inclined to be indifferent to all subjects but French and English literature and spent much of his time in the school library, reading and dreaming. His most eager dreams were in color, for he recalls how desperately he wanted the color tubes in the Sears-Roebuck catalogue, and one Christmas morning is still memorable to him because he found the tree bedecked with tubes of color, wrapped in gay red ribbons.

The family hoped he would become a doctor, but raised no serious objection when he showed his determination to make what was a hobby for other boys into a life career. He was inspired in part by the color reproductions of famous paintings which were then appearing on the covers of such magazines as *The Literary Digest*. At eighteen he discovered Robert Henri's inspirational book, *The Art Spirit*, and shortly afterwards he was enrolled as a student at the Grand Central Art School, monitoring for two such diverse teachers as Wayman Adams and Arshile Gorky. The latter taught him to look at Cézanne, and at about this time he also discovered the water colors of John Marin and Charles Burchfield. He went up to Eastport, Maine, where he saw the original compositions of nature from which Marin had taken his brilliant stenographic notes. To perfect his handling of the water color medium he took a course with that technician, George P. Ennis, and exhibited his first works publicly at the New York and Philadelphia water-color societies, and even sold a few. Progress was not so fast, however, and it was not until 1931 that his first oil, *Eastport Harbor*, was shown at the Carnegie International of that year.

Almost thirteen years have passed since then, and our fledgling is still a young man; the time has not yet come to pin this butterfly to his final page in the history of American painting, but thus far his career may be divided into three phases. The first is marked by almost total lack of color, the second by a burst of high, raw, shrieking color, and the third, the present, by a beautiful orchestration of color which, though still high, possesses a harmonious relationship in its parts which makes it possible for the eye to rest upon his canvases with delight untinged with irritation. As a particular example I refer to *Alabama Evening*.

His most singular exhibition was the one entitled *Thirty-three American Families, 1931-38*, in which he stated the quintessence of eight years of travel, observation, research and satiric commentary on American types within their habitats. In this series of portraits he ranged from Boston's Back Bay to the plains of Oklahoma, and included in one large but somewhat inchoate canvas his friends and associates of the Silvermine Guild of Artists, among them being Paul Webb, creator of Esquire's hillbillies. He expressed his capacity for political fantasy in *Life Sentence*, within which was depicted the prisoner's family. Included within the framework of this exhibition are jugglers, farmers, urban folk, mountaineers, panhandlers, reliefers, poor whites, tenant farmers, Maine fishermen, Indianans. It was a quintessence of ten regional exhibitions in one struggling painter's medium of expression, and it was indeed an effort almost beyond the painter's abilities, but it indicated his range of interest, curiosity and observation.

Yesterday Revington Arthur bit off more than he could chew; today he digests as much as he bites into. His forte seems to be land-

Continued on page 162

Frank BEAVEN

*"I don't mind the pipe, but must you give him my favorite mixture?"*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

### A word on *Oscar of the Waldorf, In Bed We Cry, Long, Long Ago* and how to improve Anglo-American relations

### by BENNETT CERF

▪BOOKS▪

SIXTY years ago the population of Miami, Florida, was something under five hundred, including Seminole chiefs who took their siestas in the middle of what is now Biscayne Boulevard. Eighty miles or so to the North, a sprawling village, casually christened Palm Beach, consisted of a score of families whose combined worldly goods didn't equal the play on a single turn of the roulette wheel in Bradley's, the elite gaming house that graces the spot today. No roads connected the two hamlets; the mail was carried by husky young men who walked along the beach, keeping to the edge of the water where the sand was hardest, adjusting their gait to allow for the slope. The trip took three days. Sometimes the mail smelled a bit when it was delivered, because the carriers stowed a fish or two into the pouch for an afternoon snack. Nobody seemed to mind.

All of this provides engrossing background for a good novel, and Theodore Pratt has taken full advantage of it in *The Barefoot Mailman*, a book which hasn't received a tenth the attention it deserves.

The hero of *The Barefoot Mailman* is young Steven Pierton, lithe, decent, and painfully shy. On his first trip with the mail—I almost said solo flight—a "passenger" is entrusted to his care in the person of a wide-eyed boy named Adie. The first night along the beach, Adie spies a couple of bears prowling about, screams, and collapses in Steven's arms. Steven knows just enough about the female sex to realize that the shape pressing close to him is no boy at all, but a vibrant and beautiful girl of nineteen. "Holy mother of smoke," is his comment, and of course he falls promptly in love with her, although it takes another hundred and sixty pages to pry a proposal out of him. These pages are liberally sprinkled, however, with colorful incidents, and you will not mind the delay a bit. There is a trio of murderous beachcombers along the way, ancestors probably of some of the riffraff found there today. There is a smooth-tongued promoter, forerunner of the slickers who engineered the great Florida land boom of the twenties. There is a wreck of a schooner carrying a cargo of wine; the whole population gets drunk on the contents of the kegs that are washed ashore. There is a near hurricane, and a battle between a horde of alligators and a school of sharks that is the highlight of the book. Miami Beach is described as "a fetid swamp of tangled bush mangrove, thick with mosquitoes and sandflies. Little was left of the coconut plantation once established, only to fail when armies of huge rats destroyed the seedlings. Wild pigs crashed in the scrub, grunting and snorting . . ." Obviously, the wild pigs didn't know when they were sitting pretty. Think how they would have snorted fifty years later, when two-by-four pens were quoted at twenty-eight dollars a day—without mud, cornhusks, or running water!

*The Barefoot Mailman* has caught the fascination of a primitive community on the threshold of bonanza days—when Flagler's railroad was inching down from the North, when politicians were beginning to eye the potential pickings of lush Dade County, when publishers didn't dream of including a simple map to help the reader of historical novels. The publishers of *The Barefoot Mailman* have manfully lived up to this tradition. Calling Duell, Sloan, and Pearce! A little more publicity for a first-class story, gentlemen—and a map in the next edition!

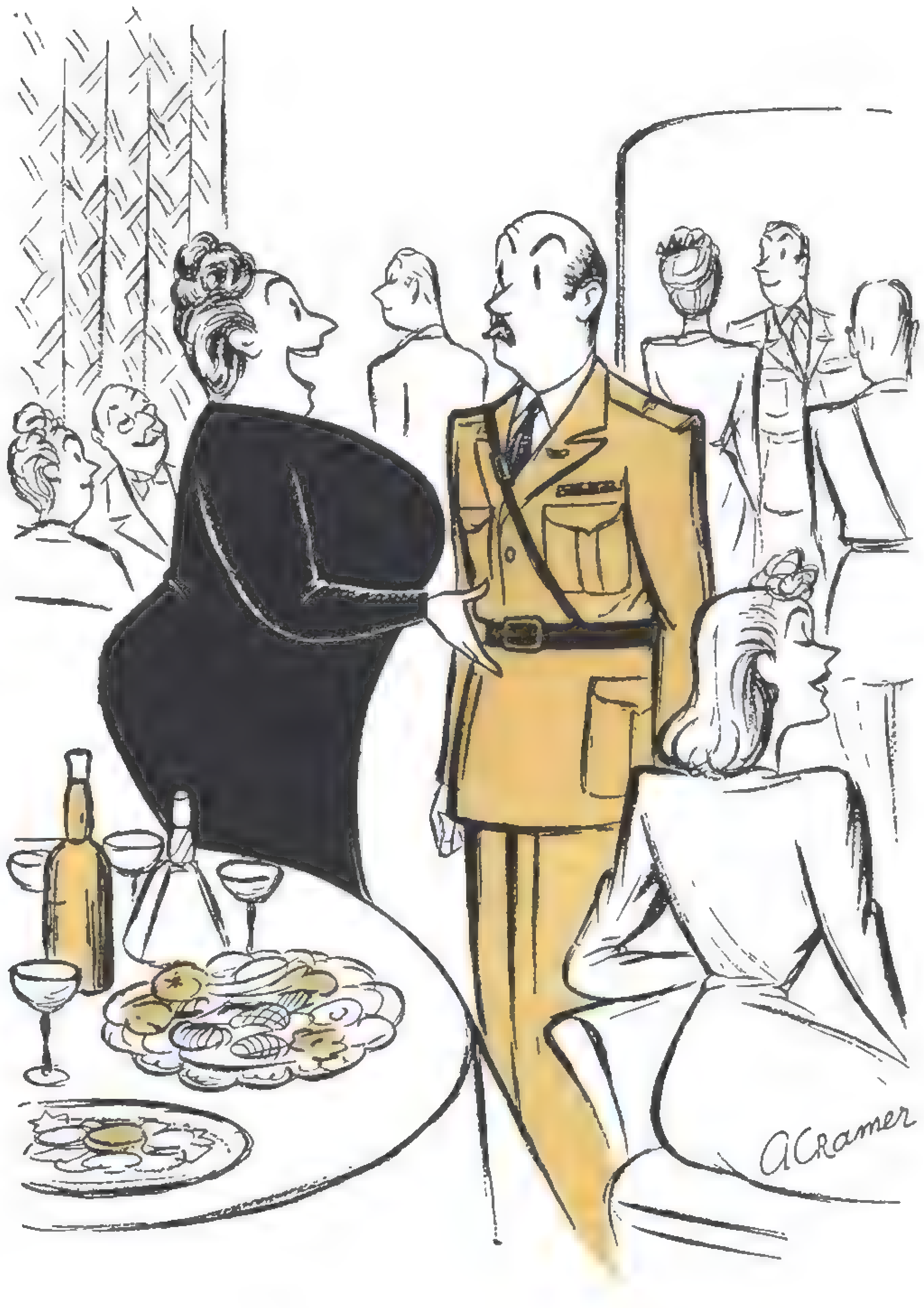
* * *

Just about the time that the first Miami homestead was being subdivided into building lots, an equally momentous change was occurring in New York City. On the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, William Waldorf Astor erected the most luxurious, lavishly furnished hotel the world had ever known. It threw open its doors for the first time on March 13, 1893. Its headwaiter was Oscar Tschirky—*Oscar of the Waldorf*. The hotel has long since moved uptown, but Oscar is still with it. Karl Schriftgiesser has just written his life story.

Thirty-fourth Street was still considered "uptown" in 1893. The Broadway Tabernacle had moved up to the spot now occupied by the McAlpin Hotel. Christ Church stood on the present site of Altman's. Where Gimbel's Store now stands was the Standard Theatre, one of the best in town. Nearby were Koster and Bial's Music Hall, and the Herald Square Theatre, where James A. Herne was playing in *Shore Acres*. A horsecar line ran across town on Thirty-fourth Street; Fifth Avenue was lined exclusively by the private homes of the best Knickerbocker families. The opening of the Waldorf (the Astoria half was not completed until 1897) marked the first step in the transformation to the Fifth Avenue we know today.

Oscar's life story is fascinating reading as long as the author sticks to the changing façade of Manhattan, and the historic functions for which the old Waldorf-Astoria provided a picturesque background. It grows wearisome when it catalogues the titled nonentities who visited the hotel from year to year and gives endless details of dull society dinners. Oscar himself is interesting more as a symbol of a vanished era than as a personality in his own right. The readers would welcome more photographs of New York in the '90's, less of a dead-pan Oscar himself escorting dubious celebrities through the Waldorf lobbies.

Highlights of the book: A nostalgic introduction by Frank Crowninshield. A vivid description of the original Peacock Alley. The story of the trout stream in the grill room—where young bucks seized rod and reel and actually fished for their dinner. (Attendants unhooked their catch and bore it off to a sizzling grill nearby; the bucks sometimes filled in the moments of waiting by pushing each other into the stream.) The tragic day in 1912 when the Waldorf served as headquarters for survivors of the *Titanic* disaster. The Victory Parade on March 25, 1919. The visit of Sergeant York, major domo-ed by a Tennessee Congressman named Cordell Hull. The doleful day when Prohibition became a law of the



*"Of course, Colonel, anyone can fly a plane —I build them"*

land. . . . There are some details, too, of the actual operation of a great metropolitan hotel, but readers who really are interested in such things are urged to turn to Sinclair Lewis' vastly underrated *Work of Art*, and that superb story of London's Savoy Hotel by Arnold Bennett, *Imperial Palace*.

* * *

London's Savoy Hotel is where dull British author-lecturers will stay when the war is over, instead of coming over here to prey on the Women's Clubs, if a friend of mine on an English journal has his way. He doesn't mean *all* lecturers, of course; just the ones who have the following easily recognizable characteristics:

1. A standard costume of striped pants, frock coat, and stiff wing collars that look as though they are choking the speaker, but unfortunately never do.
2. Acute boredom while everybody else on the program is speaking.
3. Reference to the American Revolution in such jocular manner as "a bit of a show in which you chaps gave us a jolly good hiding"—accompanied by an expression intended to denote unutterable good will and sportsmanship, but that succeeds only in suggesting Arthur Treacher in his standard Hollywood role of gentleman's gentleman who despises his employer, his employer's family, and his employer's friends.
4. Repeated use of English words like "lift," "tram," "petrol" and "alum*in*ium."

These are the babies who usually conclude by blaming any shortcomings in their speech on a snifter forced upon them by an over-hospitable host just before they ascended the podium: "I believe you Americans call it a cocktail." (The last time this gambit was pulled, the comely publicity gal chaperoning the author for three horrible days whispered into my ear, "Cocktail, my eye! One more Scotch-and-soda and the old goat would have fallen clean off the platform!")

My English friend suggests that we, in turn, restrain Mickey Rooney from portraying Eton schoolboys and let English ladies be English ladies on the screen. In short, both nations are to keep their hams across the sea.

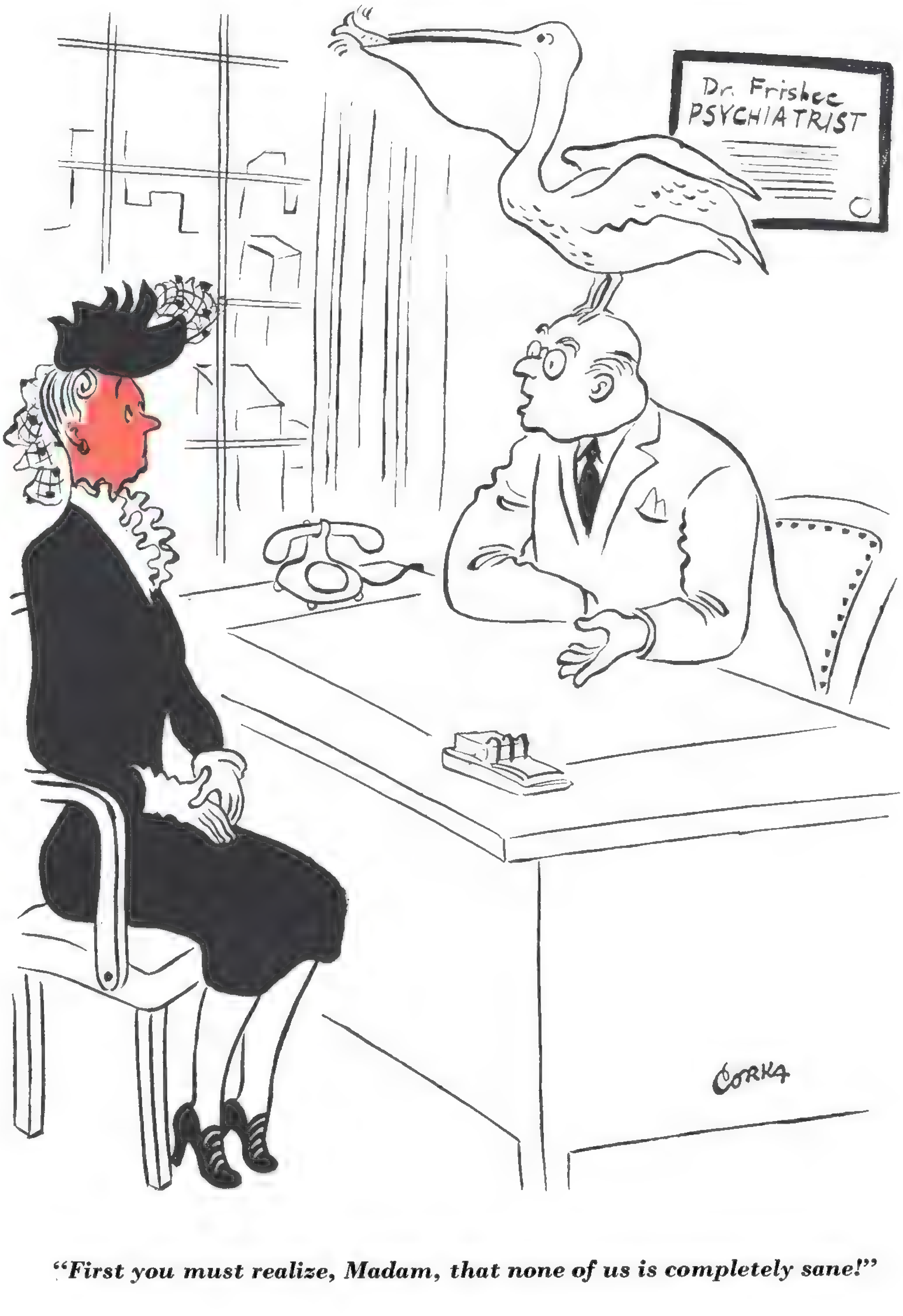
* * *

That Alexander Woollcott mellowed in his declining years is apparent by a comparison of the spluttering vindictiveness of many of his earlier pieces and the predominantly genial tone of his latter day output, just collected by Viking, and titled, for no apparent reason, *Long, Long Ago*. Woollcott, known variously as "the smartest of Alecs," "the New Jersey Nero who mistook his pinafore for a toga," and "just a great big dreamer with a fine sense of double-entry bookkeeping," never was quite the irascible tyrant he pretended to be. Such shenanigans were considered smart for a time among the group that he bullied and bell-wethered. Later he kept up the pretense largely because he felt he had to live up to the Hart-Kaufman portrait in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Secretly, he was making peace with the world, and even writing conciliatory notes to his long-time enemies.

*Long, Long Ago* is a treasure house of magazine pieces, radio scripts, program notes and anecdotes, some memorable, some inconsequential, all told with the zest of a master raconteur. A year ago Woollcott edited an anthology of prose and poetry for members of the Armed Forces, called *As You Were*. For sheer entertainment, the last collection of his own writing has it skinned a mile.

I have read the first two parts of Ilka Chase's novel, *In Bed We Cry*, very carefully, and skimmed through the rest, and feel that I have enough of the general notion to render an honest report. The book is obviously intended for the feminine trade, anyhow, and if you asked me why in heck I was reviewing it for Esquire, I'd be stymied. Miss Chase's autobiography, *Past Imperfect*, was such a triumph last year—I found it fresh and extremely amusing—that it was a cinch she wouldn't let it go at that. Ilka has a neat wit that she flogs too hard at times. She also has a neat bump of snobbish notions that takes the form of kidding a lot of things and people she obviously adores. *In Bed We Cry* is a sort of road-company ragout of her own autobiography and Clare Luce's, *The Women*, highly spiced, warmed adroitly, and designed for the luxury trade.

Because Ilka Chase knows the world she is writing about, because she has scented her dirty wash with the costliest perfume of the cosmetic house she describes, and because women adore this sort of thing, *In Bed We Cry* will probably have sold a hundred thousand copies or more by the time this article appears in print. Take it home to the missus if you must, but steer clear of it yourself, baby; it's not for you! ⌗



*"First you must realize, Madam, that none of us is completely sane!"*

# Goldbricking With Esquire

***Conducted by*** **BRUCE PATTERSON**

First Soldier: "Anybody see a necktie around here? I lost mine."

Second Soldier: "What color was it?"

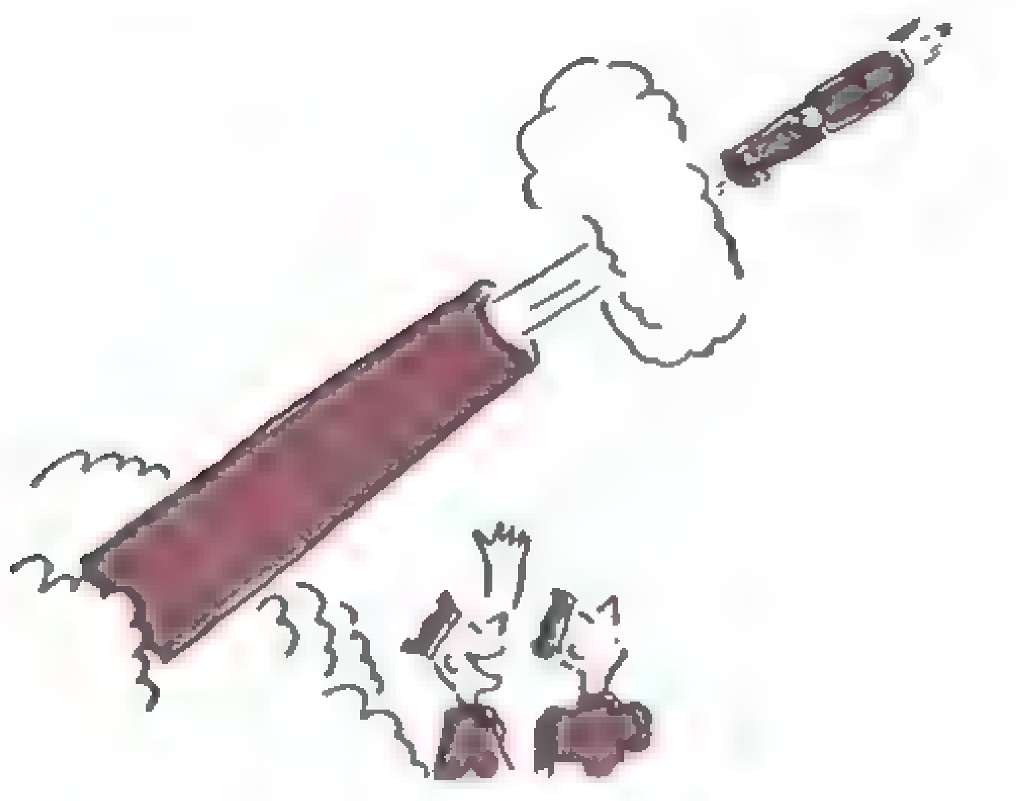
—*The Clipper*,
Homestead Army Air Field,
Air Transport Command,
Homestead, Fla.

A German mother was telling her young son that for the many blessings that life had given him he should thank God and thank Hitler.

After a moment of meditation the boy asked: "What should I do if Hitler dies?"

The mother answered: "Just thank God."

—*The Caribbean Breeze*,
Headquarters, 6th Air Force



***"There goes Joe trying to stretch a 3 day pass into a trip home"***

To his Negro company, a colored topkick spoke these dire words: "From now on, when ah blows this whistle ah wants to see a huge cloud of impenetrable dust come boiling outa dem tents. When dat dust clears away ah wants to find three rows of statues."

—Reprinted from the *Golden Gate Guardian* in *Sourdough Sentinel*,
A.P.O. 942

A young lieutenant assigned to a new job at an Air Forces School noticed that his secretary's telephone rang every morning about 11:45. She would answer, glance at the clock, announce the time and hang up. One day he asked her who it was that called.

"I don't know," the girl said, "I never thought to ask. They call and ask the time and I give it to them."

The officer told her to check. Next day the girl questioned the caller. "It's the base fire department. They want to know the time so they can blow the noon siren."

"Well, how do you know our clock is right?" he asked.

"I don't any more," she said. "I've always checked it against the noon siren."

—*Aromoreader*,
Camp Polk, La.

The one fellow who can't be criticized for picking a soft spot is a paratrooper.

—*Command Post*,
McClellan Field, Sacramento, Cal.

Pvt: "You've never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in a blackout?"

Girl: "No, it's because my name isn't Mary."

—*The Clipper*,
Homestead Army Air Field,
Homestead, Fla.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"Ma's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"Dear me, that's too bad."

"Yeah, she told me I could do it."

—*The Avenger*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

The chaplain was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telephone wires on the post, so he reported them to the executive officer. The exec ordered the men to make a report and here's what the lead man said: "Me and Spike were on this job and I was up the pole and accidently let the hot lead fall on Spike and it went down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful'."

—*Lee Traveler*,
Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia

G.I. LANGUAGE

Eager Beaver—The guy who volunteers when volunteers are called for.
Ear Ranger—A "yes" man.
Fat Friends—Barrage balloons.
File—Waste basket.
Fish Eyes—Tapioca.
Flying the Iron Beam—Pilot flying along a railroad.
Fried Egg—Insignia of United States Military Academy.
G 2—Inquisitiveness.
Gizmo—When you need a word for something in a hurry, and can't think of one it's "Gizmo."
Rabbit Food—Vegetable or salad.
Homing Device—A pass or furlough.
Honey Wagon—Garbage truck or barge.

—*The Sibert News*,
Camp Sibert, Ala.

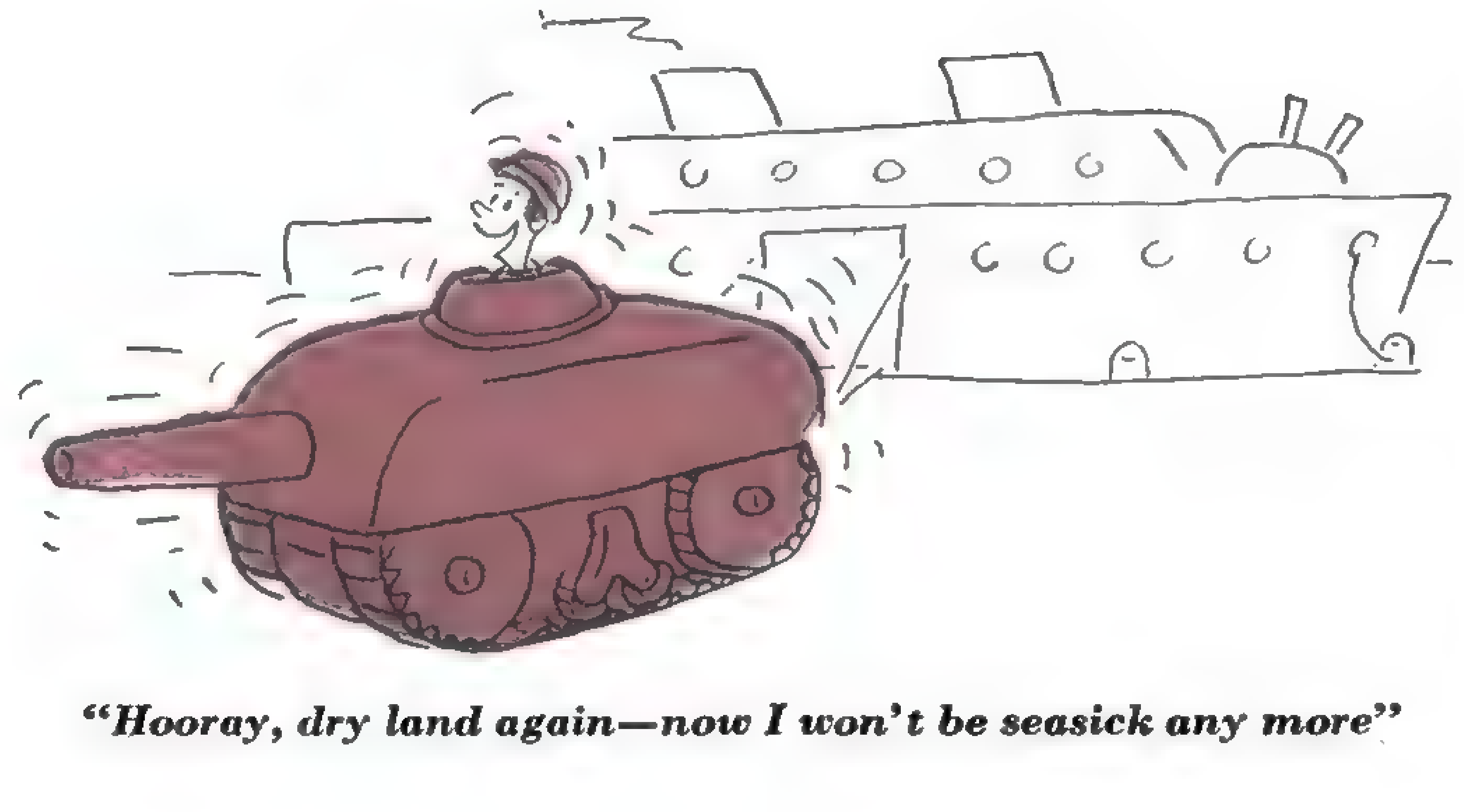
A grave digger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug the grave so deep he couldn't get out.

Came nightfall and the evening chill, his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable grave digger. "No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."

—*The Ship's Log*,
Receiving Station, Puget Sound
Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.



***"Hooray, dry land again—now I won't be seasick any more"***

Road repairing Indian style,
With hoes they do their patching,
Though mostly lean on tools the while
Scratching, scratching, scratching.

Squatting 'round charcoal blaze
Within small huts of thatching,
Enveloped in a smokey haze,
Mechanically scratching.

In dingy shops they mill and crowd
With tradesmen sharp wits matching,
Gesticulating, haggling loud
And scratching, scratching, scratching.

Siesta time they sprawl about
Fitful slumber snatching.
They cannot even sleep without
Scratching, scratching, scratching.

Dear President, I am with hope
This s.o.s. dispatching,
Lend Lease a billion cakes of soap
To stop this blank, blank scratching.

Necessity or maybe fad
I don't know but it's catching.
Ye Gods I'm slowly going mad
Scratching, scratching, scratching.

—C.B.I. *Roundup*,
Delhi, India

A man who couldn't read or write went into business. He signed checks with two X's. The business prospered and one day the cashier of the bank noticed a check with three X's signed to it. Not knowing whether to honor the check he called the man and said: “I have a check here signed with three X’s. It looks like your check, but I’m not sure.”

“Yes, it’s mine,” said the businessman, “you can honor it.”

“But tell me what’s the idea of the extra X?”

“Well,” said the businessman, “I’m doing real well now and my wife thought I should take a middle name.”

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

“All men fond of music, two paces forward,” commanded the sergeant.

When a half dozen privates had stepped out with visions of getting free concert tickets, the noncom added: “O.K., you six mugs—we’ve got a piano to move.”

—*The Range Finder*,
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

The lieutenant was inspecting the ranks when he stopped before one yardbird and remarked: “Soldier, you remind me of General Grant.”

“Really, Sir?” said Pvt. Zink.

“Yes—he didn’t shave either.”

—*a la MOAD*,
Brookley Field, Mobile, Ala.

“Waiter, do you call this meat pie?”

“Yes, sir.”

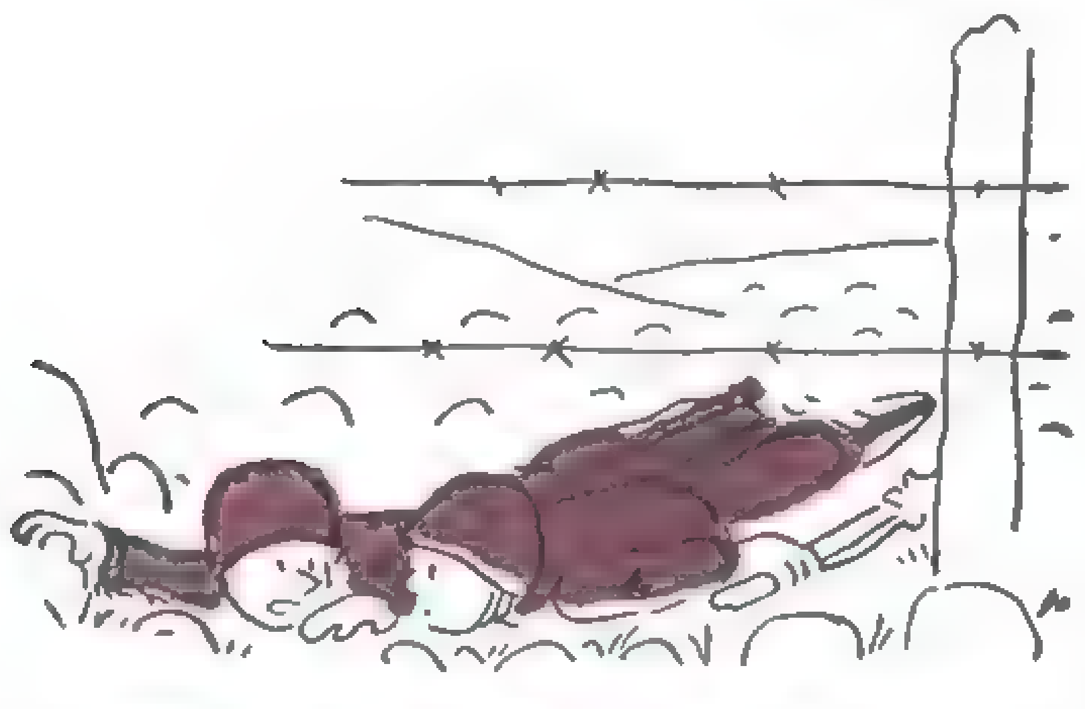
“There isn’t enough meat in it to flavor it.”

“It isn’t supposed to flavor it, sir—just christen it.”

—*The Aafsatonian*,
AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla.

Love is like an onion
You taste it with delight,
And when it’s gone you wonder
What ever made you bite.

U.S.C.G’s *Seabag*,
Key West, Fla.

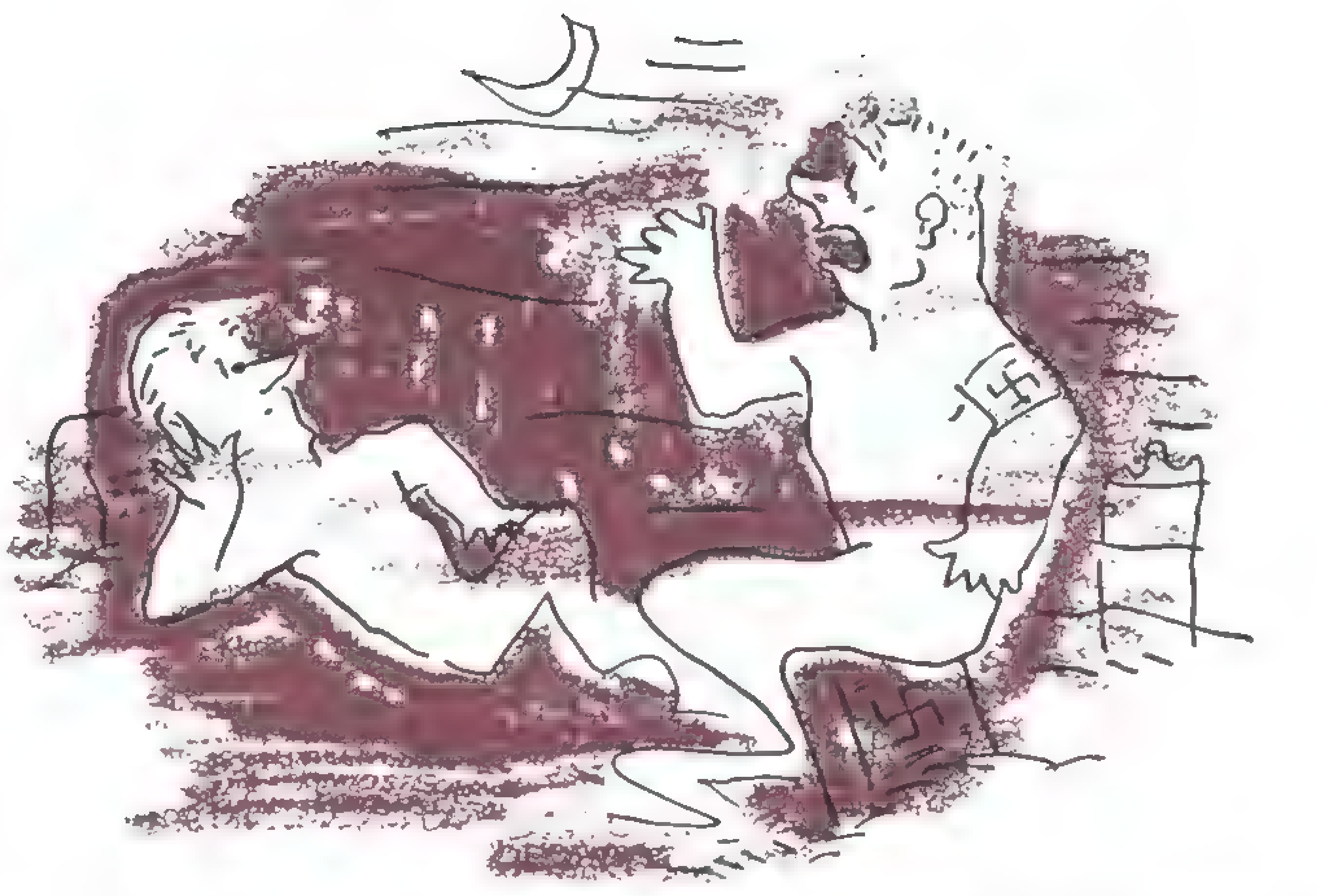


***“Napoleon wasn’t kidding when he said an Army travels on its stomach”***

The Nazi merchant skipper was explaining to a claims court just how he lost his ship. “We were torpedoed by a British submarine.”

“Just a minute,” interposed an SS man at the hearing, “There are no British submarines in the Baltic. You mean your ship struck a mine.”

“All right,” said the skipper meekly, “we struck a mine.”



***“Go get them,” said our dummkopf sergeant, “them American hillbillies can’t shoot”***

The court pressed the merchantman for more details.

“Well,” said the skipper, “the mine gave us 15 minutes to take to the lifeboats.”

—*Camp Wallace Trainer*,
Camp Wallace, Texas

DOGTAGS

D—is for your dingle, dangle, dingle.
O—is for my blood type, which you tell.
G—is for your gloomy, ghastly purpose.
T—is for tetanus shots (how swell).
A—is for the address of my mother.
G—is for your greenish, dirty hue.
Put them all together, they spell DOGTAG.
I hope I never have any use for you.

—Reprinted from *Cadence* in *The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

“Did you give your wife a lecture on economy?”

“Yes.”

“Any results?”

“Yes—I gave up smoking.”

—*Tower*,
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Army Eye Doc: “Can you see anything without your glasses?”

Recruit: “With no glasses, I can’t even hear.”

—*The Armodier*,
Camp Chaffee, Ft. Smith, Ark.

Last night I held a lovely hand
A hand so soft and neat,
I thought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring
Than the dear hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

—*Western Signal Corps Message*,
Camp Kohler, Calif.

“Tell me honestly,” she said, “have you kissed other girls?”

He hesitated, then spoke: “There’s no use lying—of course I have.”

“Then go ahead,” she said, “I just didn’t want you experimenting on me.”

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch*,
Camp Roberts, Calif.

Mark Twain once said that Puget Sound enjoyed the most beautiful winter weather all summer of any place he had ever visited.

—*The Ship’s Log*,
Receiving Station, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.

At a particularly dull academic meeting a fellow guest remarked sympathetically to Albert Einstein: “I’m afraid you are terribly bored, Professor Einstein.”

“No, no,” replied Einstein, pleasantly, “on occasions like this I retire to the back of my mind, and there I am happy.”

—*Sourdough Sentinel*,
A.P.O. 942

“Will the signature of Germany be necessary on the treaty of peace?”

“Certainly not. When did the corpse ever sign the coroner’s certificate?”

—*Bom Bay*,
Barksdale Field, La.

“Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?”

“I didn’t notice.”

—*Zombie*,
63rd AAFCPS (P) Douglas, Ga.

GI: “Darling, I love you.”

Sally: “Why, I only met you ten minutes ago.”

GI: “Yeah, I know, but I’m here on a six hour pass and I gotta work fast.”

—*Tac*,
Army Air Forces Tactical Center,
Orlando, Fla.

“Madam, please tell the court how your husband happened to go crazy.”

“Well, your honor, he was a rabbit farmer and he tried to take inventory.”

—*Camp Wallace Trainer*,
Camp Wallace, Texas

Due to the shortage of nurses there was an inexperienced girl on the job. The doctor came rushing into a patient’s room.

“Have you kept a chart on his progress?”

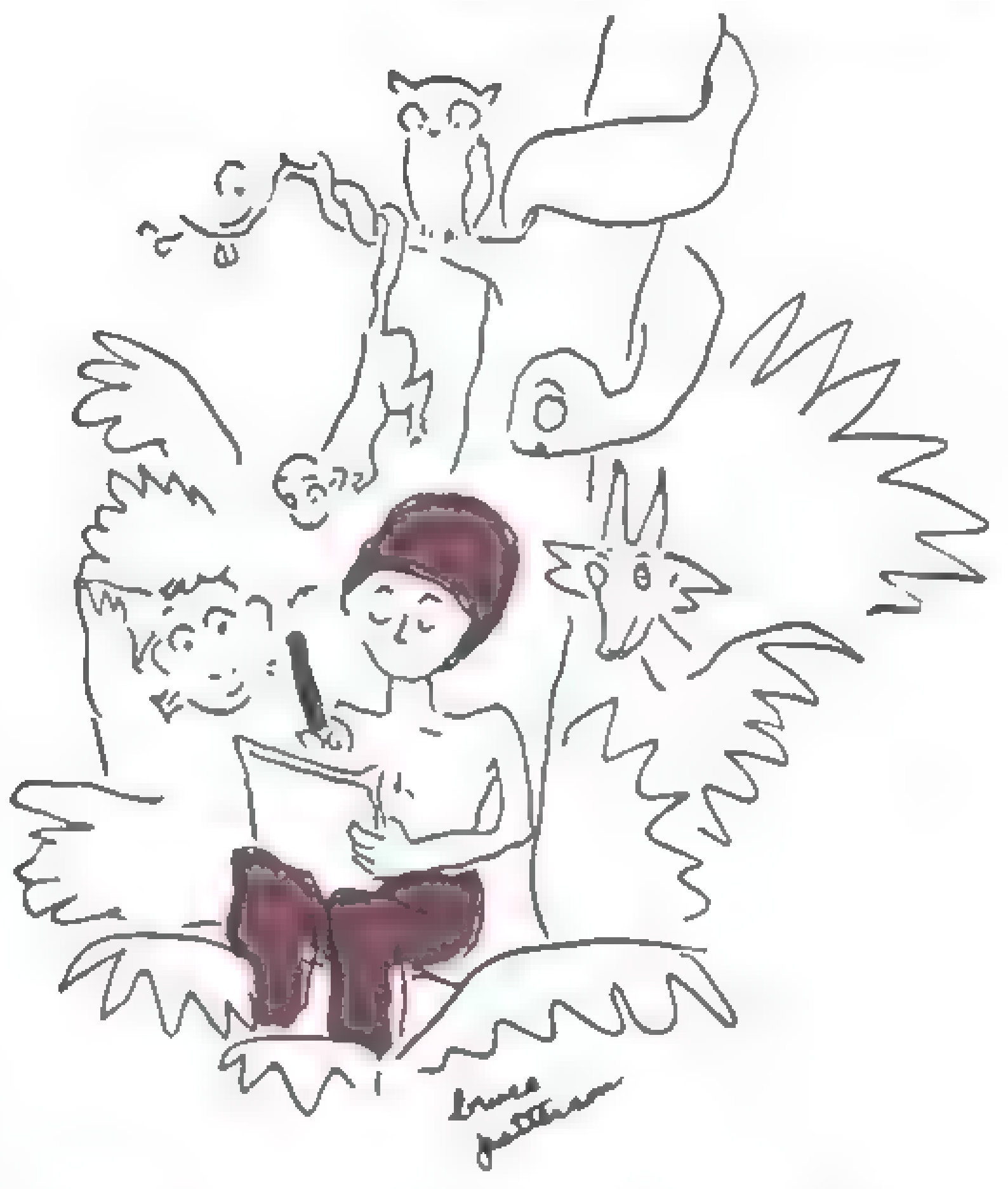
“No,” she replied with a blush, “but I can show you my diary.”

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

Sailor: “Going my way, babe?”

Girl: “My dear sir, I’ll have you know that a public street corner is no place to speak to a strange girl who lives at 215 Central Park, phone 34009.”

—*Banana Peelings*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Banana River, Fla.



***“Dear Ma; This is the first time today that I’ve been alone”***

She: “Goodness, George, this isn’t our baby. It’s the wrong carriage.”

He: “Shut up—this one has rubber tires.”

—*Camp Wallace Trainer*,
Camp Wallace, Texas

“I’m going to show you,” said the flying instructor in midair, “that I’ve got complete confidence in your flying ability.” He threw his stick out of the plane.

“And I’ve got complete confidence in you, Sir,” said the student pilot, and threw his stick out, too.

—*Mech’n’Meteor*,
AAFTC, Santa Monica, Calif.

Sailor: I want a ticket for Virginia.

Agent: What part?

Sailor: All of her, sir. That’s her by the suitcase.

—*Skyscrapers*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
New York, N.Y.

# Man the Kitchenette

## How to prepare *Petite Marmite, Potage Santé, Crême de Légumes,* Caraway Seed Soup and The Poor Knights of Windsor

### *by* ILES BRODY

EDIBLES

I had dinner the other night at one of New York's most fashionable restaurants with a great gentleman, man of the world and ex-Minister Plenipotentiary to several European countries. Baby turkeys roasted to a rich brown, suckling pigs with lemons in their baby faces, pheasants with their beautiful plumage cleverly put back on their cooked backs to create an illusion of life, were carried on huge silver platters to the patrons' tables. We looked at this wonderful pageant with appreciation, and then we agreed on our own menu—a plate of soup, a salad of lettuce, and a piece of cheese, with a demitasse to close this seemingly frugal meal.

But as we submerged our spoons in the heavenly liquid known as *petite marmite,* we were elated, and almost burst out with Lewis Carroll's famous lines:

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish? . . .
Beau—ootiful Soo—op!
Soo—oop of the e-e-evening . . .

A substantial soup, salad, cheese and bread makes a splendid meal even if you are ravenously hungry. But, of course, you should never allow yourself to get very hungry, because then you are apt to wolf your food and ruin your stomach. Lord Northcliffe, the founder of London's *Daily Mail,* was a great gourmet with sane ideas on eating. He would breakfast at six on tea and toast. At nine he would take a cup of soup and bit of cold meat or game, and from then on he would eat at three or four hour intervals, merely a morsel or two. Thus he frequently experienced the joy of eating; he was never very hungry when sitting down to a meal, and never heavy when getting up from it.

Peacetime Germans had seven meals daily, that is to say the more prosperous ones. Breakfast at eight, second breakfast (*gabel frühstück*) at eleven, a heavy lunch at one with beer and wine, coffee and cakes at three, tea and sandwiches (*jause*) at five, heavy dinner with beer and wines at eight, and supper before going to bed. In Hungary we used to say: "The Germans don't really eat much—except during the seven periods of the day when they take their meals." Serious observers have advanced the theory that the heavy eating pre-conditioned the German people for wars.

On the other hand, if you starve, you can't think of much else but food. Northcliffe was aware of the dangers of these extremes, and by eating wisely, small portions and often, he kept his brain alert for great accomplishments, and at the same time maintained perfect digestion. And he always started his dinner with soup, beautiful soup. . . .

So the discussion, as you have guessed, is going to be on soup, or *potage*—elegant French circles began using the more refined word *potage* instead of *soupe* in the seventeenth century. Incidentally, as regards soup, Beethoven said: Only the pure in heart can make a perfect soup." And coming from one of the greatest composers who ever lived, I must say I never heard anything sillier in my life! The dirtiest-hearted fellow I ever knew gave me the best soups. He was the owner and chef of a tiny bistro in the Montparnasse section of Paris. His food was fabulous, and very cheap. One night when I had just finished my *potage santé* at his place, there was a great commotion, and I saw the *patron* run after a thin, meek little man who was just slipping through the door. *"Appelez les flics!"* cried the *patron, "Agent! Agent!* He ate my soup and didn't pay *l'addition!* Crook! *Escroc!"*

It all happened in a minute, and as a "flic" was passing by just then, the poor fellow was given into custody before the other diners could intervene. I am not trying to make anti-French propaganda, but I must say that people in general are much kinder and tolerant in the United States than in Europe. Not long ago I ate a plate of soup at the counter of a chain restaurant in New York's Forties, and after finishing it I proceeded to bite into a hard-boiled egg sandwich. Suddenly I remembered that I didn't have a penny on me. You ought to have seen me putting down that sandwich! In my bewilderment even the bite already in my mouth started to roll out of it. In a trembling tone I informed the girl behind the counter that I had no money. She looked at me first with a trace of astonishment mixed with disbelief: then she gave me a quick smile. "That's all right. You'll pay some other time. But eat your sandwich, you must be hungry."

I left it. I felt like a thief caught red-handed with all those people sitting on the stools and throwing me incredulous, pitying glances. I slipped out of the place shamefacedly, and hurried into Brentano's book shop opposite. It wasn't difficult to obtain a loan of a dollar from Mr. Gonne, head of the rare book department, with whom I have had many dealings. I ran back to pay that kind girl, and felt wonderful after the vindication.

*"Did you read that Mrs. Roosevelt had a terrible day?"*

It's also high time that I ran back to *petite marmite,* a substantial soup and a meal in itself. The beauty of it is, you can use cheap, low-point cuts of beef, like a combination of plate and shins, and meat from a neck of a chicken; and if you want to make it extra good, slice also a chicken leg or two. But in case you wish to cook a downright irresistible variety, sacrifice a whole life for the tureen, and put in an entire fowl. Here is the recipe:

For six, cut up a pound and a half of beef into six portions and together with the chicken pieces parboil for ten minutes, and then rinse in cold water. Put the meat in an earthenware casserole if you own one, or in any other kind of deep cooking vessel; cover with water, season with salt, and bring to a boil. Turn the flame down and skim the surface carefully, and allow the soup to simmer for two hours over a low flame. Parboil two carrots, two leeks, one turnip, two small onions, a stalk or two of celery, and add them to the marmite. Cook for another two hours over the same low flame, and skim now and then. Finally turn off the flame—but keep the soup hot—and take off all the fat that comes to the surface. Season to taste. Serve with croutons and grated Swiss cheese. If you have marrow bones, put them in cold water, bring the water to a boil, and add the bones to the marmite.

There is a well-known anecdote about this soup. Arnold Bennett, the late novelist, once spied two flies in his marmite. He solemnly stopped eating, and calling over the restaurateur, asked him to be kind enough to serve the flies the next time on a separate dish. "How do you know how many I prefer to take in my marmite?" he said, "I may want only one, and then again I may want three."

The quickest soup on record is semolina soup, although you can also use hominy grits in its preparation. Here is the recipe:

Brown a tablespoonful of semolina per person in a little lard or butter, stirring the concoction all the while with a spatula. Pour a measuring cup of water per person over it, and season to taste. Cook for five or six minutes, and serve. You may cook a few vegetables in a different vessel, adding them to the semolina soup.

According to my friend, Joseph Knoepffler, famous head chef at the Passy Restaurant in New York, the most healthful soup on record is caraway seed soup. This is the way to make it:

Brown a tablespoonful of flour in a little lard or butter, stirring it constantly so it won't burn. Add a teaspoonful of caraway seeds (for four helpings). When the seeds begin to crackle — in about a minute — pour four waterglassfuls of cold water over them. Cook for ten-fifteen minutes, salt and pepper, strain, and serve with croutons.

Of course, I would much rather eat Mr. Knoepffler's lobster bisque or *crême de légumes* soup, both out of this world, but I merely wanted to jot down the caraway soup recipe as it is said to have great invigorating powers, and in Europe is often given to invalids. Below you'll find the recipe for *crême de légumes;* it doesn't come from the Passy, however. It was given to me by Marie, the marvelous French cook I wrote about in December. She also gave me the recipe for *potage santé* for she knows how much I love it. I pass on both of her great creations to you.

### Crême de Légume (For four)

Take two tomatoes (canned, if you like), three leeks, one large onion, two large potatoes, two carrots, a quarter of a measuring cup of split peas, a few leaves of cabbage, a little celery, one small turnip, a few string beans, a half teaspoonful of thyme, a very small bayleaf, and any bones you might have handy—turkey, chicken, beef, lamb, ham, etc. If you have no bone, a tablespoonful of fat or butter will do, or even left-over gravy, except for lamb or mutton gravy. After washing everything thoroughly, put the ingredients in a casserole; the vegetables have to be diced. Add two quarts of water, warm or cold. Allow it to simmer for two hours. When it has cooked, strain through a very fine sieve. Correct the seasoning and serve. You may add a little milk at the time of final seasoning.

### Potage Santé (For four)

Melt one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter or fat in a casserole, and add a chopped onion. Cook for five minutes. Add a palmful of sorrel, and cook for another five minutes. Throw in two large potatoes diced small, salt, pour in five cups of hot water, and cook for forty-five minutes. When cooked, strain. Take the yolks of two eggs, mix well with a small amount of milk or cream, add to this a little of the soup, mix well again, and add it to the soup. Correct seasoning and serve with fried croutons.

None of these soups require a stock, but I'll also give you the easy secret of a quick, most uncomplicated stock. Ask your butcher to give you some veal bones, knuckles preferably. He won't even charge you for them if you are a regular customer. Cook the veal bones for an hour or an hour and a half, strain, season, and add the desired ingredients—peas, rice, dried mushrooms, etc. You'll have an excellent soup, I assure you. But if you are tired of purely Occidental soups, here is one of fine Chinese watercress:

Wash and cut into two inch lengths one bunch of watercress. Chop one half pound pork. Cook the pork until tender, in enough water to make a soup, then add the watercress and cook for ten minutes. Add two tablespoons Chinese sauce, salt and pepper, and green onion sprouts.

I wish I could tell you more about soups of which there are around a thousand, but my space is short. However, since I like to make your menu complete, I'll give you a very good recipe for your salad, a Thousand Island dressing:

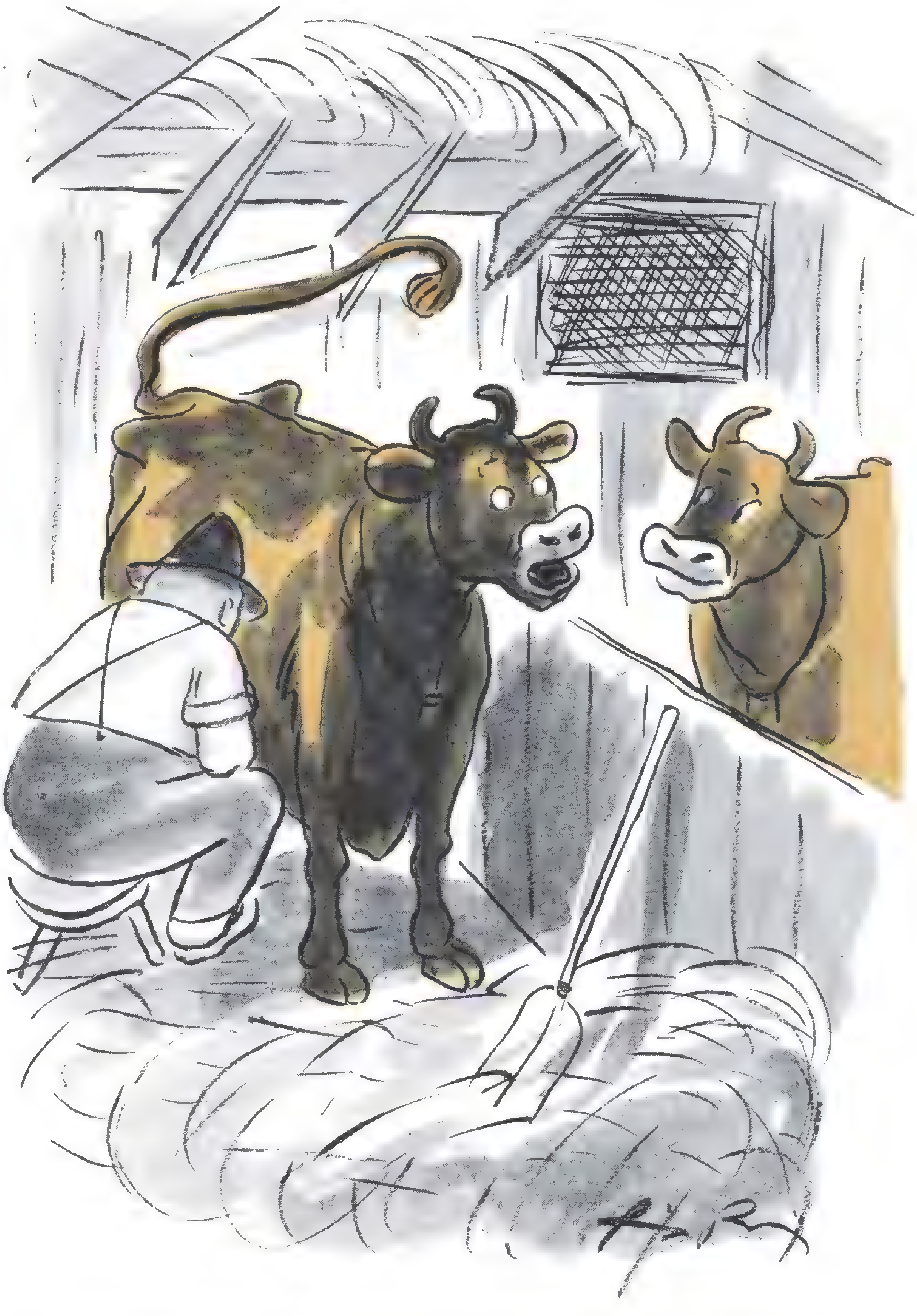
Mix together very well two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, one cup of mayonnaise, a half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, the same amount of chopped chives and the same amount of chopped pimentos.

And if you are still hungry, because you can't get to the dinner table seven *little* times a day like Lord Northcliffe, and have a sweet tooth and are not satisfied with cheese, here is a curious old English recipe for a very good and simple dessert, based on bread. It's worthwhile remembering if only on account of its beautiful name:

### The Poor Knights of Windsor

Cut some slices of bread about half an inch thick; soak the slices for a while in white wine and sugar. Cast two or three yolks of eggs. Take the bread out of the wine and dip it in the egg yolks. Heat a little butter in a pan; put in the bread and fry brown. Place the bread slices on a dish and sprinkle cinnamon and sugar over them. Drink a glass or two of white wine with it.

As you do, I hope you'll toast the Poor Knights, or at least me, for giving you the recipe. #



*"I haven't noticed any shortage of hands on this farm, have you?"*

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

## While paying no money, your reviewer takes *Outrageous Fortune* and *Innocent Voyage* as his choice of current drama

### by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

THE theatre is like that spinning contraption in the Steeplechase and other pleasure parks. You pay your money, sit down with a lot of people, wait a few minutes for things to start, and then anything can happen. Sometimes, if your luck is good, you are whirled onto the lap of something just about as beautiful as you'd hope to find this side of Heaven or Ziegfeld. Sometimes, if you are not so lucky, you'll find yourself tangled up with a Bronx débutante or one of the lesser belles of Harlem. And sometimes and more often it will be your embarrassing misfortune to be tumbled off on your post office. It's all in the game, and even at its most discomfiting it's good fun, if your corpus can stand the wear and tear.

Here are some of the consequences of a recent spin.

Rose Franken's *Outrageous Fortune*, one of the best new plays of the season, marks a striking advance over her two previous contributions to the theatre. A serious drama with humorous overtones, it is a surprising job from one whose forte, as indicated by both *Another Language* and *Claudia*, might have been considered to be light comedy. Surprising because so few of our popular comedy writers, even Maugham, have been particularly successful when they have attempted profounder stuff. Tackling enough different problems to serve half a dozen plays—they range from racial and religious prejudice to homosexuality and from the psychology of married love to psychotherapy and metaphysics—the playwright sometimes finds herself in the position of a ping-pong player on a windy tennis court and has difficulty in controlling her balls. But when the game is over one has the sense of a fine effort, of a thematic contest adroitly played, and of a definite contribution to the mental gayety of the season.

What thread of story there is concerns the introduction into an alien and misfit household of a liberal-minded and charming woman of the world and of the manner in which she helps to reconcile and comfort the bewildered residents. If, however, you think that Miss Franken has thus simply gone in once again for the old *Servant in the House—Passing of the Third Floor Back* hokum you are mistaken. The superficial resemblance is there, but it is only superficial. For strung upon that thread are not merely the tinsel conversion baubles of such Christmas-tree drama as Jerome and Kennedy wrote but some cynically intelligent and glittering probings of the human psyche. A genuinely creditable effort, for all its occasional confusions and lapses. And admirably acted by a company headed by the still fascinating Elsie Ferguson.

*Artists and Models*, a revue produced by Mr. Lou Walters, a night club operator, on the other hand landed your spinner flat on his unrefined word. What is more, it landed him there just about three-quarters of an hour after it got under way. After being whirled successively against one of those old "Parade of Models" numbers, the chorus dressed up as minstrels with a song called *Way up North in Dixieland*, a blues singer who shouted a tearful ballad into an amplifier and cracked his right eardrum, three men who thereupon yelled a hypothetically humorous ditty into the same amplifier and busted his left eardrum, the sketch about the tropical island with the Marine making passes at the Virgin Princess, the blues singer again bawling another beery ballad into the amplifier and giving him a brain concussion, and a frenzied ballet in which everyone apparently imagined himself to be George Abbott directing the chariot race in *Ben Hur*, your spinner got up, rubbed his wounds and, though there was another act still to go, hied himself out of the gate, smart fellow. (The show soon closed and lost a mint.)

*What's Up*, another musical, projected your twirler smack up against the book dealing with the boys who accidentally find themselves quartered in a girls' boarding school. He has now been smacked up against that one in one form or another so often that the bruise threatens to be permanent. Aside from an attractive songstress named Mary Roche and a cute trick named Pat Marshall, the whirligig hardly made him dizzy with happiness. If Jimmy Savo is your idea of a beloved dish, you might conceivably have enjoyed the ride a bit more than he did.

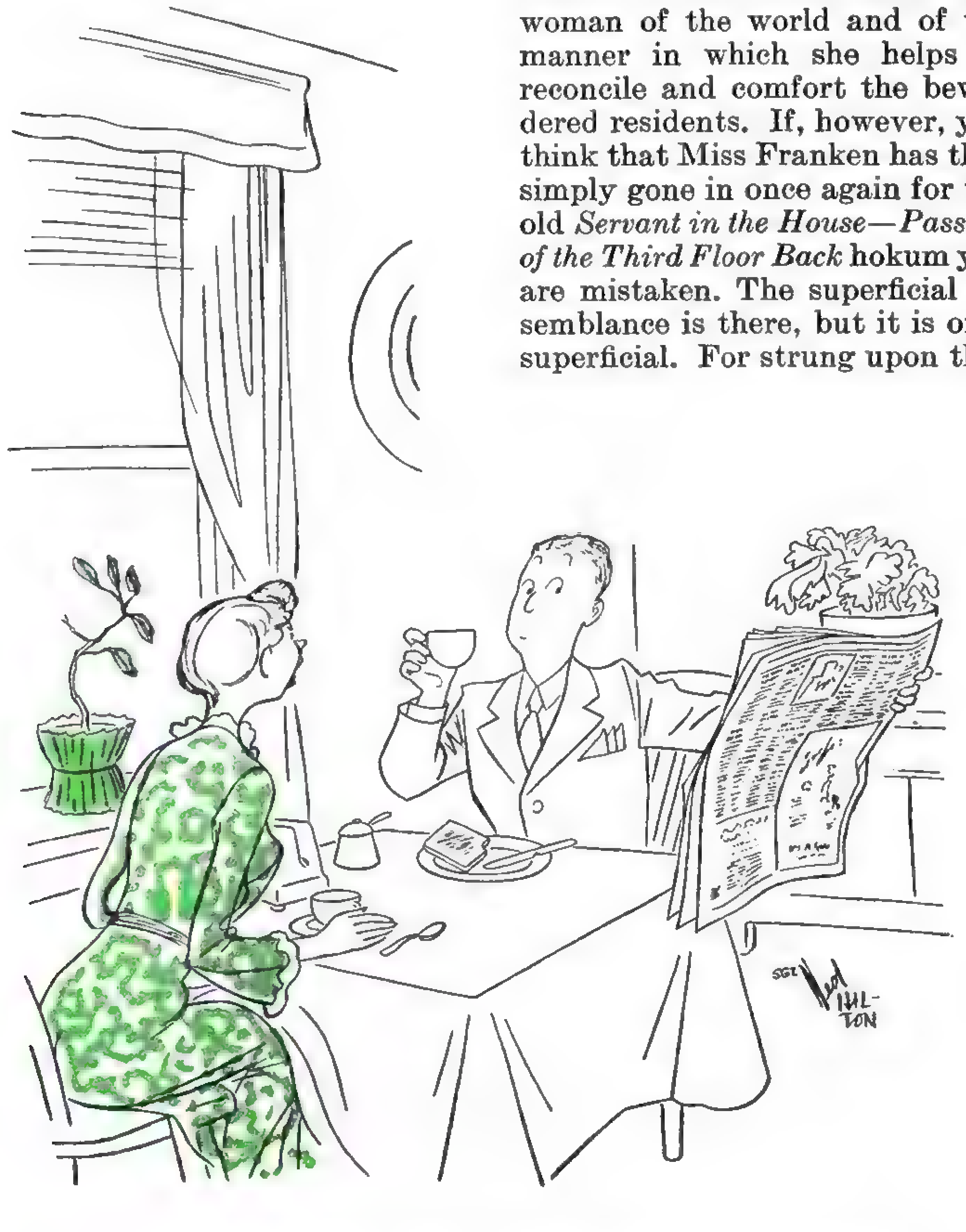
Things weren't so bad, however, when it came to *The Innocent Voyage*, which Paul Osborn culled from Richard Hughes' meritorious novel, *A High Wind in Jamaica*. In fact, the ride was O. K., even though a fan of the novel might correctly deplore some of Osborn's variations and a reduction of Hughes' cold penetration into the child psyche to what frequently is mere Fauntleroy whimsy. By putting the novel out of mind and accepting the play on its independent own, however, considerable pleasure was available.

The story you probably recall. A pirate craft in the last century finds itself burdened with a group of youngsters who have been removed from a plundered clipper. The theoretically innocent kids drive the pirates to distraction and before the voyage is over the poor buccaneers are ready not only for strait jackets but for the hangman's noose.

In the Theatre Guild presentation the child actors and actresses hired for the roles were unfortunately of the species who suggest stage mothers in rapt attendance in the wings and who often induce in the spectator thoughts of some powerful poison. It was a pity, since all kinds of the youngsters who have made such plays as *Love's Old Sweet Song*, etc., a delight were available and since the artificial brand on tap put up a hard fight against the imagination. The adult players, however, notably Oscar Homolka and Herbert Berghof, were first-rate and the spin on the whole, albeit here and there critically uncomfortable, was, as noted, worth the effort. It was a relief to get away for a change from the welter of plays minus the slightest touch of fancy and to be thrown into the company of one that had some grace and flight and some humor that wasn't derived from vaudeville, the radio and comic strips.

For example, like that of *Lady, Behave!*, by one Golden, which turkey dumped out your wibblewabbler after less than half an hour. With *Victory Belles* it took its place as the season's worst. Dealing with a bogus psychoanalyst, its rich jocosities took such forms as, "Well, I must be off."—"I'm sure you must be!"; "Will the doctor relieve me?"—"Yes (*indicating purse*), of everything you've got!"; and "She has in the neighborhood of a million dollars"—"That's a nice neighborhood!" If you hope to learn any slightest further news about the gobbler from me, you are doomed to disappointment.

The revival of the sixteen-year-old Rodgers-Hart-Fields show, *A*



*"Oh, go ahead and read it the old way—you look so silly doing that!"*

Continued on page 111

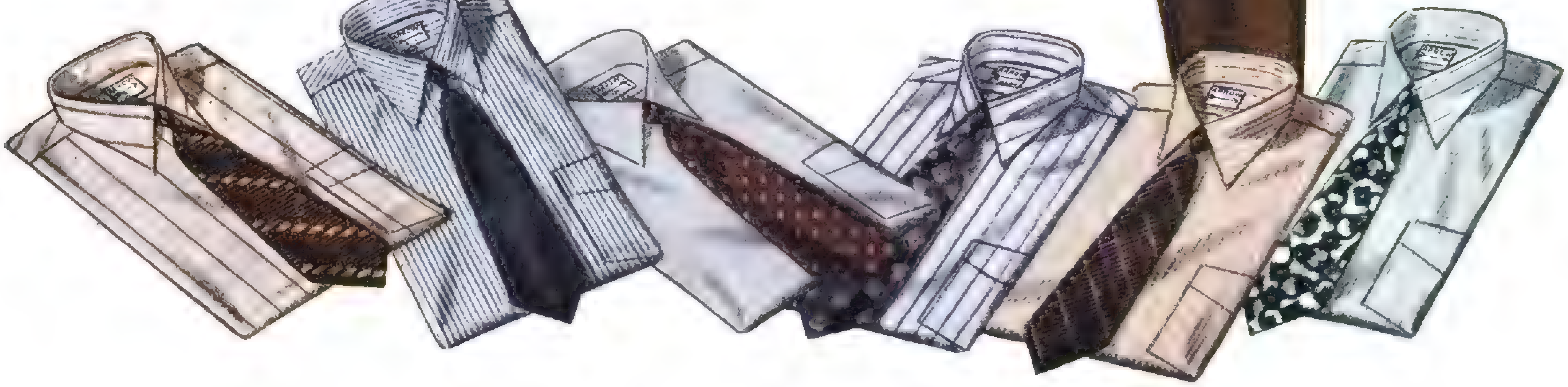
# Fancy Talk...

**If you need new shirts,** be sure to see Arrow's Spring group of fancies—stripes, solid colors, and white-on-whites.

With those perfect-fitting Arrow collars and the Mitoga figure cut, they look very handsome. *And*—

They *also* give long, long service. They have *pretested* fabrics, anchored buttons, and the "Sanforized" label—which means less than 1% shrinkage.

Because of the war, your dealer may be out of certain styles, but if you're patient he usually can get them for you. Shirts, $2.24, up. Harmonizing Arrow Ties (wrinkle-resistant), $1 and $1.50. Harmonizing Arrow Handkerchiefs (big, man-sized), 35¢, up.



# PLAIN TALK...

**Don't buy Arrow Shirts**—or any *other* civilian goods—unless you need them urgently.

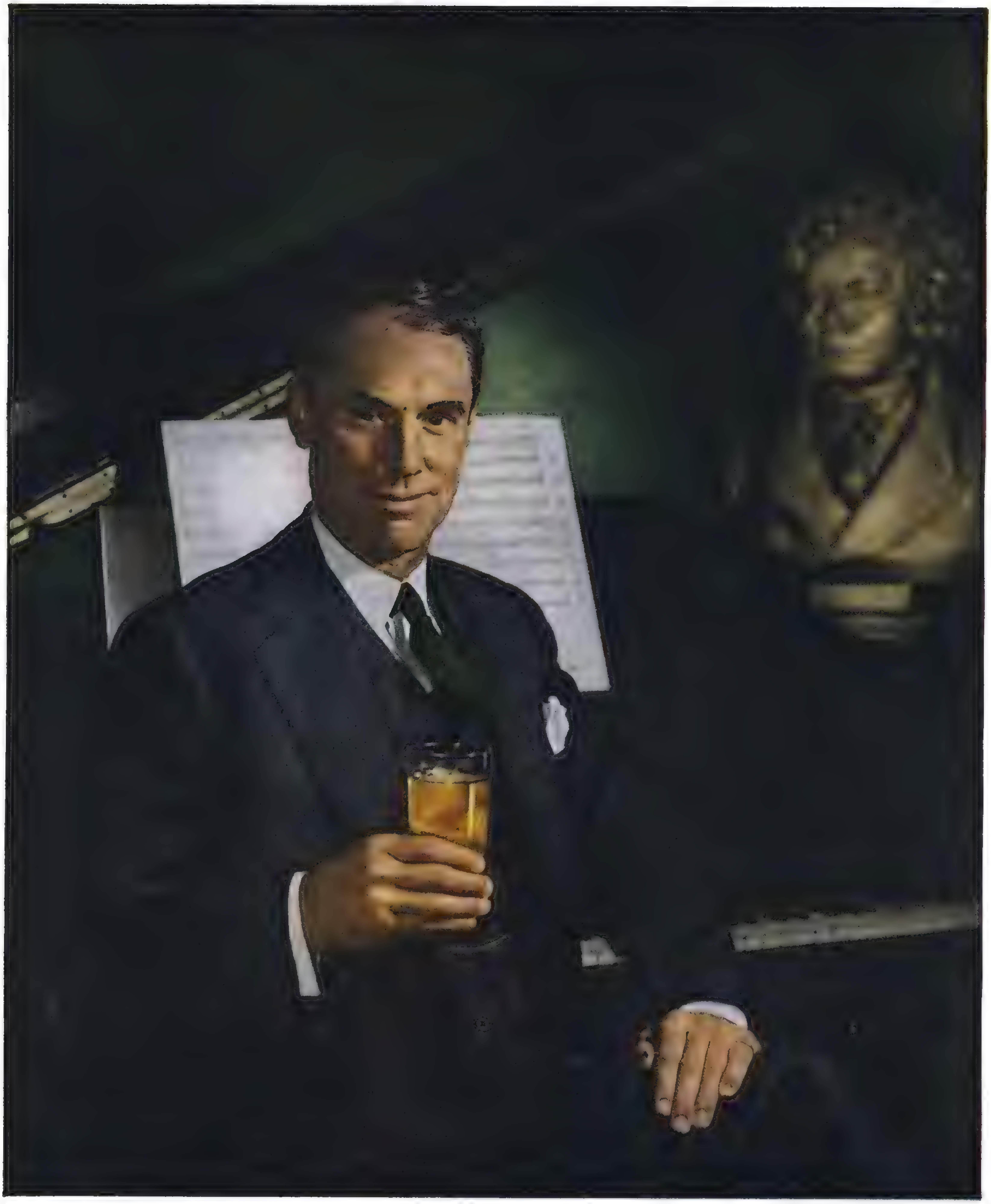
This way, you'll help Uncle Sam save materials and manpower, and have more dough for War Bonds.

The trick is to make shirts and everything else last as long as possible. Just follow these 8 tips, and your shirts will last *much* longer:

1. Turn collars *up* before laundering. This reduces laundry abrasion on the collars' top edge.
2. Turn frayed collars. This takes skill, but gives lots of extra wear.
3. When sleeves are too long, cuffs fray quickly. Take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.
4. If the cuffs *do* fray, clip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and sew it back up.
5. Don't overstarch or overbleach shirts. *No* starch on non-wilt collars, *no* bleaching on colored shirts.
6. Soak badly soiled shirts overnight. Give 'em 3 hot rinses, and be sure your iron's not too hot.
7. Shirts that shrink are hopeless. Buy "Sanforized" shirts—they won't shrink even 1%. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")
8. Before discarding worn-out shirts, clip off the buttons. And the fabric can often be used for aprons, etc. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

## ARROW SHIRTS

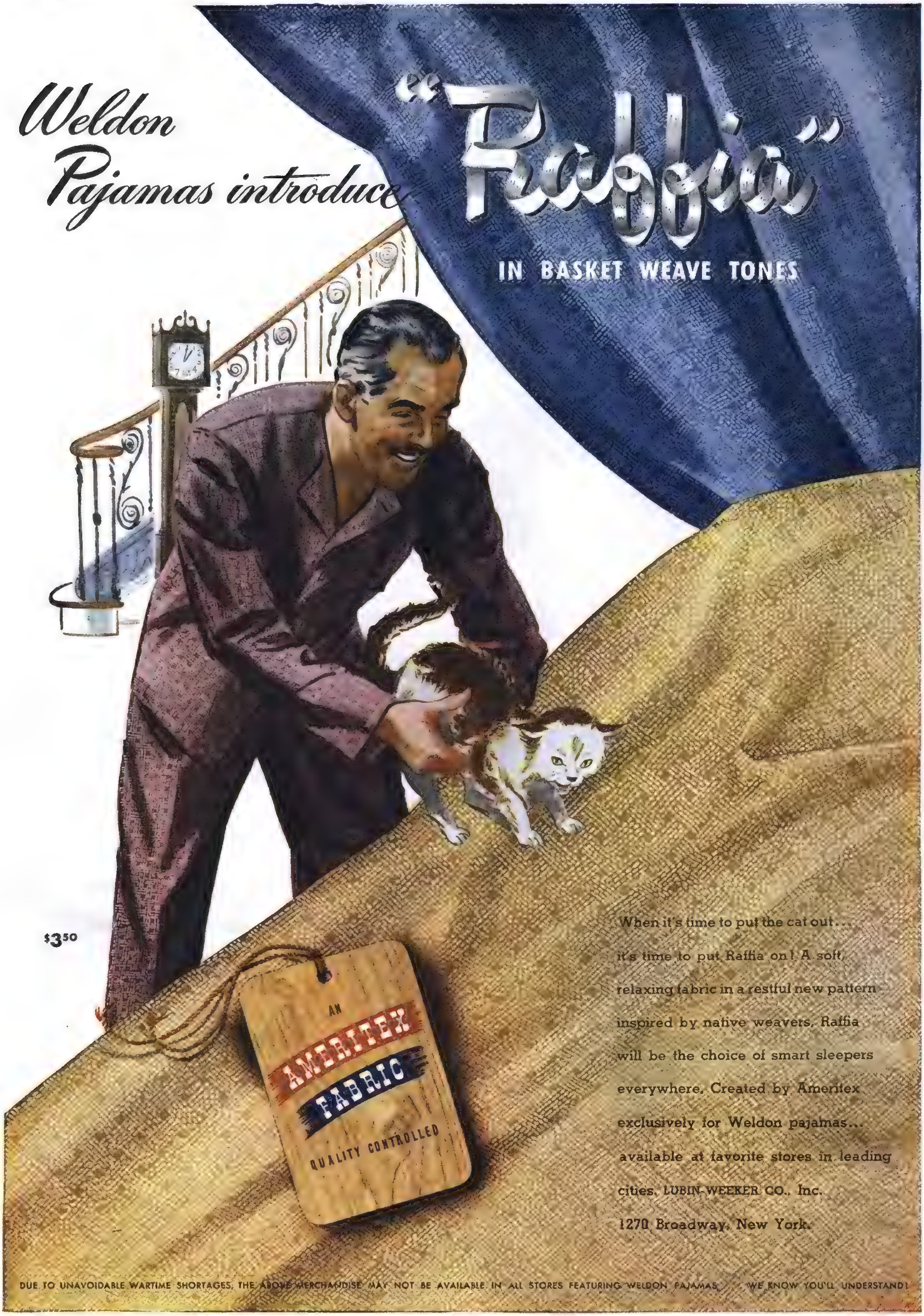
*TIES • UNDERWEAR • HANDKERCHIEFS*



## For Men of Accomplishment...LORD CALVERT

Each bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery...for so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* is this "Custom" Blended whiskey, that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is intended especially for those who can afford the finest.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



# *Weldon Pajamas introduce "Raffia"*

IN BASKET WEAVE TONES

$3.50

When it's time to put the cat out... it's time to put Raffia on! A soft, relaxing fabric in a restful new pattern inspired by native weavers. Raffia will be the choice of smart sleepers everywhere. Created by Ameritex exclusively for Weldon pajamas... available at favorite stores in leading cities. LUBIN-WEEKER CO., Inc.
1270 Broadway, New York.

DUE TO UNAVOIDABLE WARTIME SHORTAGES, THE ABOVE MERCHANDISE MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE IN ALL STORES FEATURING WELDON PAJAMAS... WE KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!

## From early American general store to

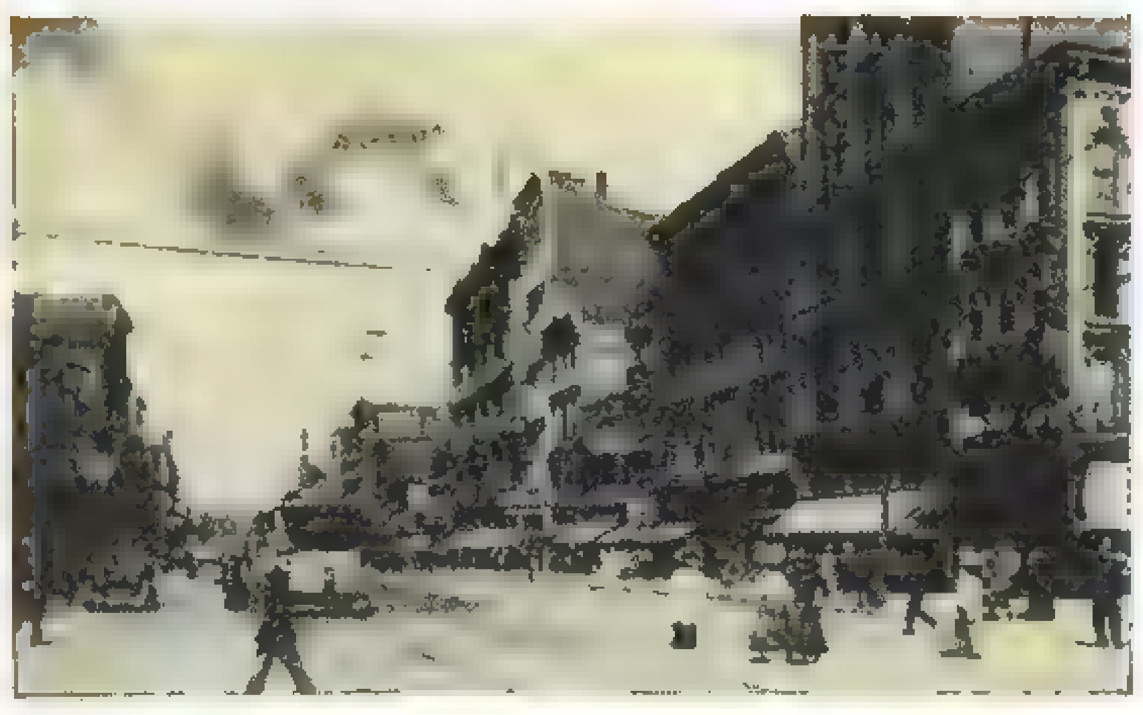
# Glamorous Fashion Shop

## A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

N Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS BARCLAY & CO LIMITED
PEORIA - ILLINOIS

ALLIGATOR BAG—A KORET ORIGINAL

**1860** **While wives** selected yard goods up front, husbands sat around the old pot-bellied stove in the rear of the general store and exchanged news of the day. It was news 84 years ago that there was a great whiskey name in Canada . . . the name Corby's.



**1910** **Stores featured** cash baskets shooting along overhead wires and elevators creeping fitfully up and down wrought-iron cages. Women's puff sleeves and button shoes were the rage. In this era, Corby's had been a respected whiskey name for 52 years.

**1944** **Shopping can be thrilling** as beautifully decorated shops display the products of American styling and ingenuity under wartime conditions. Corby's, too, in the fourth great war of its 86-year history, carries on as a respected whiskey name.

**PRODUCED IN U. S. A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

**Shopping** for whiskey these days can be interesting. When your regular brand is out, it may be your chance to buy a "sample" pint of Corby's, the light, sociable blend. Our distilleries are on war work, but there is enough Corby's to enable you to "sample" this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name from time to time. *And an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*

Back the attack—
BUY WAR BONDS

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ilinois

# The Sporting Scene

## Fairway future looks glum, what with rubber shortage and players' failure to turn in old golf balls

*by* **HERB GRAFFIS**
**SPORTS**

NOBODY's telling you a scare story just to remind you of the horrors of war when they say that the prevailing prospects for golf in 1944 are very dismal. In view of the acute and emphatic agonies of wartime, the present picture of operations at about 800,000,000 dollars' worth of golf properties being drastically curtailed this year possibly falls into the category of things about which no one gives a damn except the 2,250,000 golfers.

Golf is caught in one of the tightest shortages restricting American wartime sports, simply because golfers won't turn in an adequate per cent of used balls for reconditioning. There is no rubber, hence no new golf balls. Stocks of pre-war new balls are virtually exhausted.

Wishful thinking that golf ball manufacturing genius would produce a ball of synthetic material has been blasted. Innumerable substitutes have been tested and countless experimental balls have been produced. The best of the results have been tried out by many professional and rank amateur golfers only to learn that the synthetic balls convert golf into something like putting the shot.

Real rubber golf ball thread, when wound on a ball, is stretched to approximately 10 times its inert length. Synthetic rubber thread stays where it's stretched instead of snapping back in true rubber style. When the cover is molded on golf balls, the heat of around 260 degrees F. doesn't injure the qualities of vegetable rubber but it does turn the synthetics into a mass that, when cooled, would make a good dwarf croquet ball, but nothing to be used in the pastime that leadeth the weary war worker into green pastures.

What has made the golf ball situation gloomy was the wholly unexpected amount of civilian and war training camp golf ball use in 1943. Despite transportation restrictions, much more golf was played in 1943 than in 1942. The only explanation golf authorities have been able to advance is that the players instinctively recognized that getting out into the fresh air and walking on the grass was desperately needed balance for the high pressure, mechanistic work of wartime. Then, too, there was the amazing unforeseen popularity of golf practice ranges at Army and Navy stations.

Estimates of the number of new golfers making their debuts at the servicemen's establishments go as high as 250,000.

While this expansion took place there was an almost 50 per cent reduction in the number of balls turned in for reconditioning, against the volume of 1942. Why this was, nobody can explain except to offer the hunch that the golfer is not in the habit of inconveniencing himself. Manufacturers estimate a loss of more than 10 per cent of thread on balls turned in. Consequently, even with all balls being turned in, golf eventually would disappear unless a new supply of golf ball raw material became available.

The crisis is not one that money can solve. Players and pros have whined that they don't get enough money for their used balls. The manufacturers assert that they lose money on the reconditioning job and have the additional severe headache of trying to get labor to do the work. There you have the wartime picture of a sport in danger of being killed by its players' apathy.

Tennis is more fortunate than golf in being able to get balls of synthetic material. Tennis balls are inflated with gas and the synthetic material holds gas even better than natural rubber. Furthermore, heat treatment isn't intense in the manufacture of tennis balls. The wartime tennis ball is only a few inches short of the pre-war ball in the bounce test and, according to observation of the majority of players, retains its life longer.

The racquet situation isn't so good. Racquet manufacturing companies are in locations where war production plants require almost all of the available labor. What's left for racquet making at the wages the racquet makers can afford to pay explains why the

Continued on page 100

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette

Her morning bath . . . her MARLBORO Cigarette . . . two luxuries she can still conscientiously enjoy. MARLBORO* . . . so much more pleasure . . . smartness . . . distinction . . . for mere *pennies* more!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENT'S LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Don't Talk

ABOUT WAR INFORMATION

It is your duty to safeguard information of value to the enemy. In your own interest, safeguard your American right of "Freedom of Choice". Ask for what you want by brand name. Trade marks are a double protection. They enable you to reject as well as to select. When you say "I want Paris—and not a substitute," you exercise your right to choose what you use. Protect this privilege. Trust the trade marks which have stood the test of time.

● Paris Belt illustrated: No. MB462, Genuine pigskin, hand braided in Mexico, $1.50. Other Paris Belts $1 to $5.

BY THE MAKERS OF PARIS GARTERS AND "FREE-SWING" SUSPENDERS, A. STEIN & COMPANY . . . CHICAGO . . . NEW YORK . . . LOS ANGELES

PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

## The Sporting Scene

*Continued from page 99*

racquet manufacturing companies figure they will be lucky if in 1944 they have one third the output of 1941.

Racquet gut is up against a manufacturing conversion problem. The surgical suture supply now is in fairly good status and sheep gut is available for racquets. But changing manufacturing processes back from supplying the needs of operating rooms to caring for the requirements of tennis, squash, badminton and racquet courts, involves trouble.

Baseball also is in a wartime manufacturing jam. Ash for baseball and softball bats has increased tremendously in price and is hard to get.

There's now only one maker of baseball yarn. He's in a small town and has a wage ceiling situation, so his workers are leaving.

There's a leather shortage, too. Horsehide for baseballs used to come from France and Belgium as the husks of horses that were raised for meat. Hide from horses raised for eating was free from blemishes whereas hide from the working horse consists mainly of the battered casings of nags that labored themselves to death.

How the animal and bird life of other countries figures in American sport is further disclosed by a survey of the badminton equipment situation. Badminton has been booming. Good birds for badminton are approximately as rare as the auk.

Badminton bird feathers used to come from Czechoslovakia, France, Belgium and Holland as a by-product of *pâté de foie gras*. Geese were kept so they couldn't move around and fed grub that gave them liver complaint. They were not allowed to listen to the radio to learn what would cure them. Although the main purpose of this regimen was to develop those *pâté de foie gras* livers it was discovered that the neck feathers of these geese made perfect feathers for badminton birds. These feathers retained oil content which could not be introduced and retained by artificial methods. The imported geese feathers didn't crack easily and gave true flight to badminton birds.

Now badminton bird feathers usually are duck feathers, mottled and of a standard that wouldn't have passed for an average price line a few years ago.

Except for Army and Navy use, very few footballs, basketballs, volley balls, punching bags and boxing gloves are being made. Leather shortage and labor shortage are the reasons. Bladders for the air-inflated playing equipment are quite satisfactory, but cotton goods for lining the bags is hard to get because of the mills working on output of higher priorities.

Golf bags also are practically out of manufacturing programs because of leather shortage and inability to get labor.

Golf club manufacturers have been given ninety-day permits to make up golf clubs from such inventories of heads, shafts, sole plates and faces as they possess, without taking labor from war plants. The latter regulation is a formality, as club manufacturers are of no mind to interfere with the war effort. Besides, and not as a matter of patriotism and ethics, golf club manufacturers are located in areas of intense production of war materials and couldn't possibly compete on a wage basis.

The club-making situation was messed up by the order that froze raw materials in stock in June, 1942. Aluminum sole plates, for instance, were turned back after having been made ready for use in clubs. The plates now probably are in junk piles representing a fat roll of taxpayers' money. Stocks of unused parts for golf clubs in one plant alone represent a frozen investment of approximately a half million dollars which the manufacturer would like to have financing the nation's war effort.

As far as rubber-soled shoes for basketball and tennis are concerned, they've been out, except for stocks on dealers' shelves, for some time. Hope is entertained that much experimenting with synthetic soles will result successfully. Football, baseball and track shoes will be available this year. The synthetic cleat solved the football shoe supply problem. Steel for baseball and golf shoe spikes is frozen.

Manufacturers now are working on synthetic rubber home plates and pitchers' slabs, one of the problems being how to make this black material take a white pigment that will stay with it.

Rejected fiber, intended for making spare gasoline tanks dropped off planes in long flights, has provided material needed for football shoulder pads and baseball shin-and-knee guards.

In making athletic supporters the manufacturers are getting by through employing the same substitutes that are used in devices to remold the female fuselage.

And, above all things, what's made the athletic goods supply situation one that demands the enlightened co-operation of the sportsman and sportswoman is the gigantic job of war production now being done at plants previously devoted to the manufacture of playthings.

Shells, cartridges, cartridge clips, bayonets, gas masks, gun stocks, parachute bundles, aviators' kits, tank helmets, cartridge belts, gun covers, parachute hardware, propellers, walkie-talkie antennae, camouflage nets and many other essentials of a victorious war now are being produced by the sporting goods makers. They have applied their game equipping savvy to making what's needed for *the* Game. They know that unless we win, other American games won't be played. ⧺

singing in the rain . . .
singing in the sun . . .

smart as a topcoat...

RAINFAIR
storm coats
showerproof
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

and ready for rain!

A certain number of these great Rainfairs* are still available for civilian use. If you need one *now* . . . buy it! If you *already* own one, our *new free booklet* will give you detailed instructions on how to make it last. Write for it . . . *today!*

**Grafton** (at right, above) . . . **$11.50** Balmacaan-type coat of top-quality *showerproofed* gabardine. Choice of light olive, taupe, and fawn.

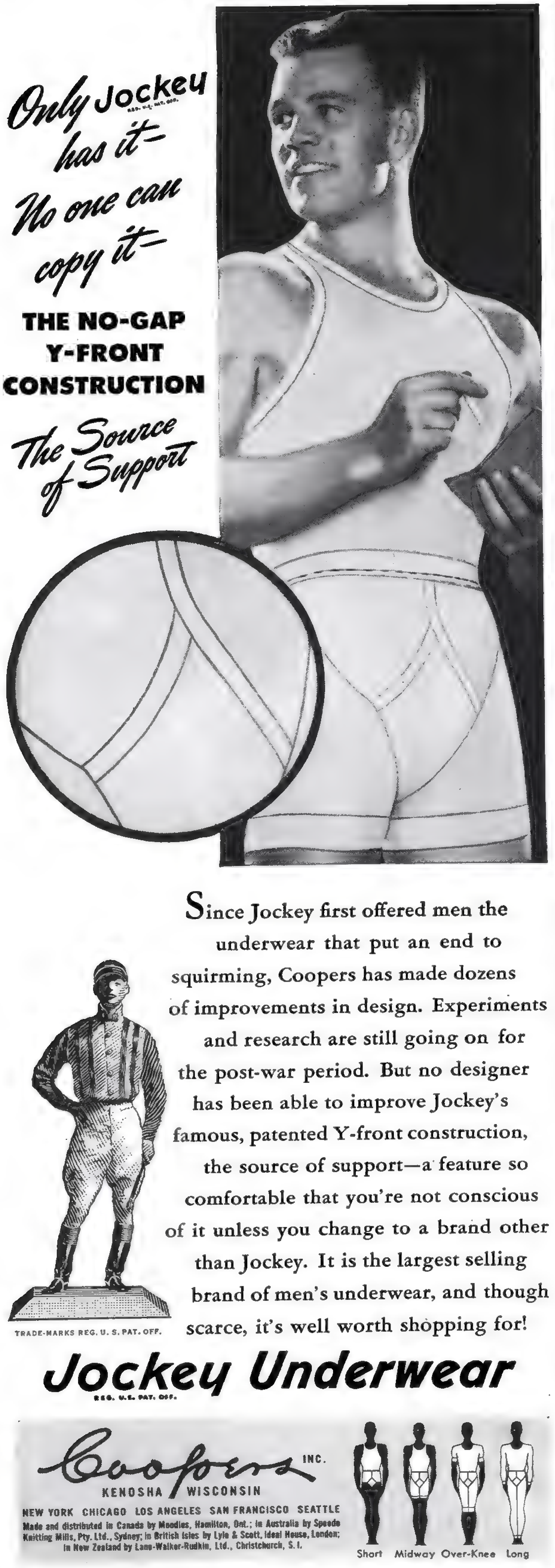
**Tackle Twill Commando** (at left, above) . . . **$21.00** Officer's type *showerproofed* coat made from the famous long-wearing Tackle Twill.* In tan.

**RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin** *(formerly Chicago Rubber Clothing Company)*
*Also manufacturers of Rainfair* Vulcanized Work-Wear, Coated Fabrics for Industry, and Smartair* Sportswear.*

*Watch for Rainfair's V-Seald* and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear.*

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies. *Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

Buy war bonds first



Only Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. has it—
No one can copy it—

THE NO-GAP
Y-FRONT
CONSTRUCTION

The Source of Support

Since Jockey first offered men the underwear that put an end to squirming, Coopers has made dozens of improvements in design. Experiments and research are still going on for the post-war period. But no designer has been able to improve Jockey's famous, patented Y-front construction, the source of support—a feature so comfortable that you're not conscious of it unless you change to a brand other than Jockey. It is the largest selling brand of men's underwear, and though scarce, it's well worth shopping for!

TRADE-MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.

Short Midway Over-Knee Long

# Ye Old Ski Trooper

### Hannes Schneider of Arlberg, now at Cranmore Mountain, is the father of American skiing

by **EDWIN M. RUMILL**

SPORTS

Bruce Patterson

*"Aaaah, for the good old days when we used to get tender missionaries"*

Clean firm snow lay on the Eastern Slope of New Hampshire's White Mountains as greying yet eager-eyed Hannes Schneider sat smoking by the fireplace, talking about his beloved skiing. Sitting beside him was his pretty daughter, Herta.

"After the war," began the great Austrian whose famous St. Anton am Arlberg ski school was plundered by the Nazis several years ago, "I think there will be—what you say—a big boom in skiing. It was just after the first World War that skiing got a firm foothold in the old country. Equipment became cheaper, and the public was sold a lot of equipment cast aside by our ski troopers, of which I was one. It will be the same after this war."

Only those close to Hannes Schneider know the silent role he is playing in this war in which he is too old to shoulder a gun. Sixteen of the twenty-one teachers in the Eastern Slopes Ski School at Jackson and North Conway are now in the ski troops. Hannes personally trained every one of these boys who are now instructing or fighting with Uncle Sam's Army. In addition, his son Herbert is with the ski troopers at Camp Hale, Colorado. Herta is doing her part in the local hospital.

"Of course, skiing actually is a minor part in the life of a ski trooper," Hannes explained, getting up and walking over to the mantle to fill his pipe. "Mountaineering is the important thing. That means ledge climbing and ice climbing. Skis are merely a means of transportation in the Army. It isn't necessary to be an expert on skis. In the last war I had to learn everything a trooper should know in just three weeks. Not an hour more. Remember, there are no nice open slopes and ski tows for you when you are fighting a war."

"Skiing is like eating peanuts," remarked Herta Schneider, looking up from her knitting. "You get into it and you cannot let it alone. The further along you go, the better you like it."

"Yes," said Hannes. "People first come to our school for week ends, but soon they stay a whole week."

Would Schneider, after the war, like to return to St. Anton and the school which grew from two teachers and eight pupils in 1907 to 40 instructors and 1,000 guests a day until the Nazis interfered?

"That I cannot say," answered Hannes, slowly, with a shrug. "Probably not. I like it here very much. Here I am building and they are very good to me."

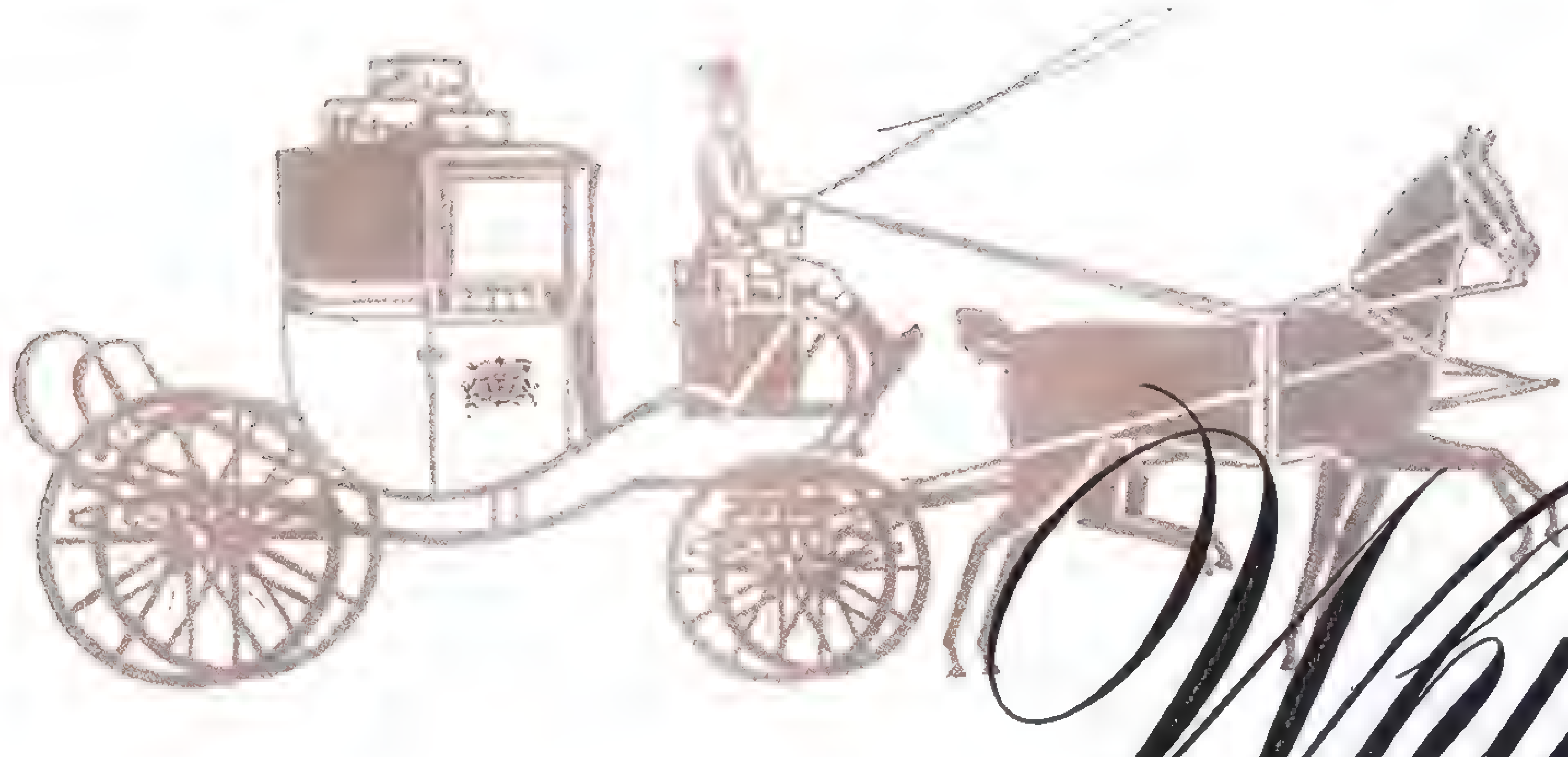
For a couple of minutes the man who has done the most to plant the ski seed throughout the eastern United States let his fine, brown eyes drink in the flames. The New York banker, Harvey D. Gibson, and his associates, among them Carroll Reed, the enthusiastic young North Conway merchant, lifted Hannes Schneider out of Nazi hands in 1939 and brought him to his present home, because they wanted the best in the ski world.

A smile formed on the thinning, tanned face of the Ski Maestro. "I shall never forget my first experience here," he said. "They took me first to a small slope at the other end of town. I had to laugh to myself; it was so tiny compared with the slopes of my old home. But then Mr. Gibson—on February 11, 1939—took me to what is now Cranmore Mountain.

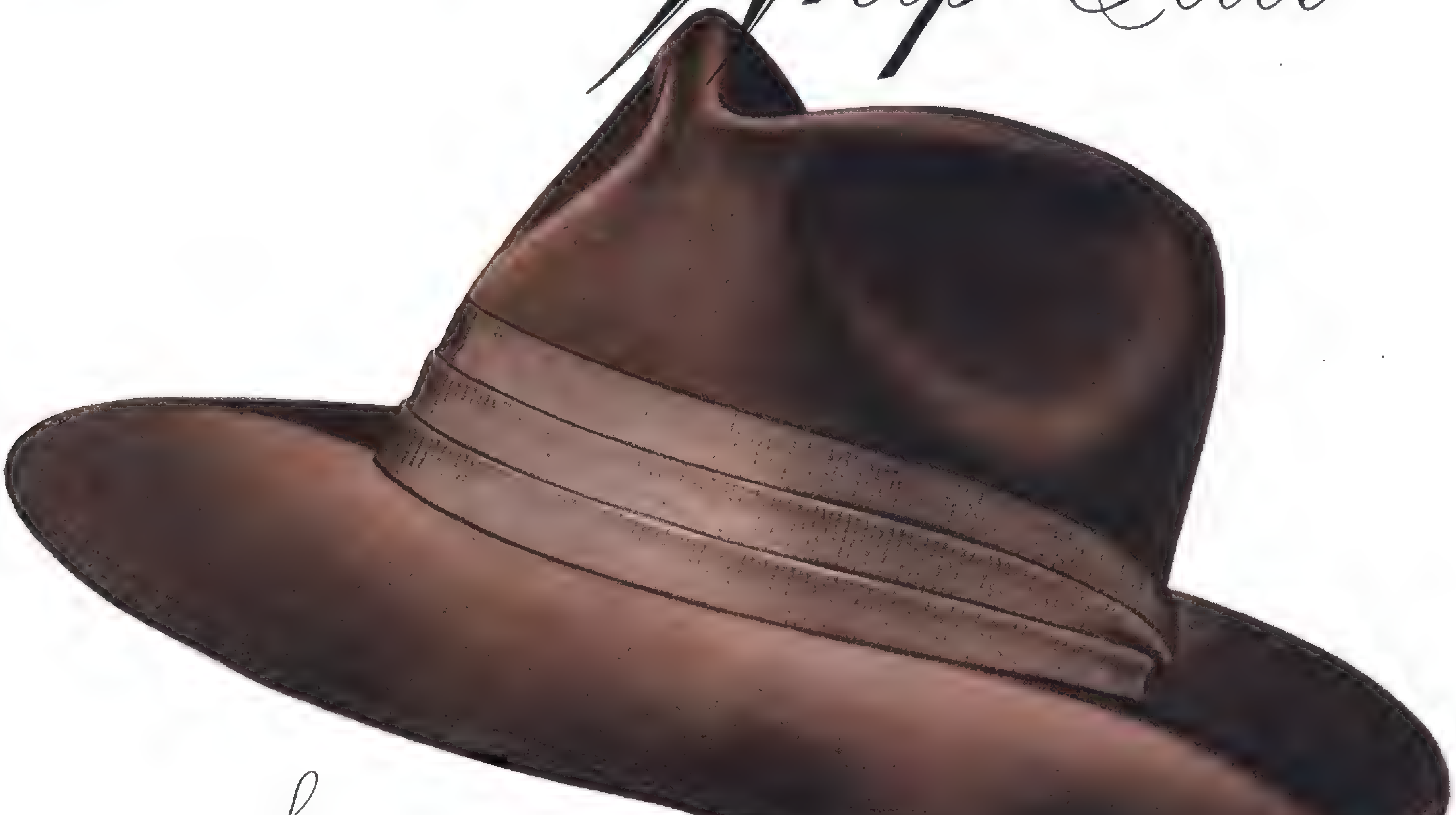
"'Hannes,' he said, 'whatever you want here, you shall have. This is not a business with me; it is a sport. I want to do something for North Conway.' He spent 200,000 dollars clearing the slope and building the skimobile." All summer Hannes works on the Cranmore Mountain slopes.

"I wish the East had more higher, open slopes," he said wistfully. "But, of course, we have other advantages. We are not so far from big cities. The average person can reach us quickly."

Reaching Hannes Schneider from any distance is indeed an advantage. ⫲



# Whip Club



In this new Dobbs is all the elegant casualness that the name Whip Club implies. Here is a hat that "belongs"...with a well-bred air that scoffs at stuffiness. A very superior hat in any kind of company, made of superior quality felt by superior Dobbs craftsmen. The Whip Club is $10 and $12.50. The Gay Prince, a worthy companion, in suede finish with saddle stitching, is $12.50.

*Other fine Dobbs Hats • $6.50 to $40 • Available at fine stores*

# DOBBS *Hats*

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS • RETAIL STORE: PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET

EXPANSO Belt
of imported
Sheepskin

FULL INCH STRETCH
CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS

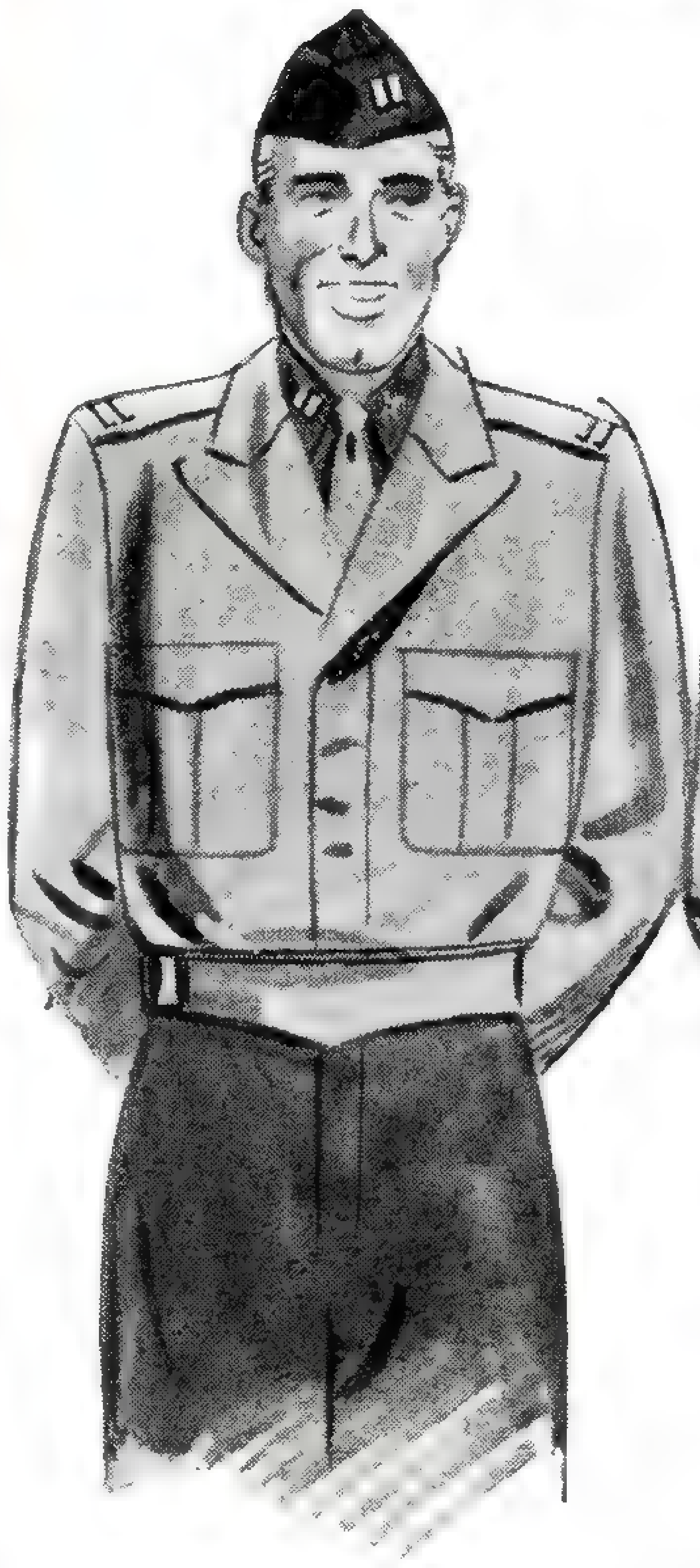
It's an EXPANSO!* It is made of imported sheepskin . . . double thickness of large heavy New Zealand leather fused together for double strength. For still greater wearing quality, each skin receives a special oil treatment after tanning. And each belt possesses *super comfort* via the exclusive EXPANSO feature. Works like magic . . . allows your beltline up to an inch expansion as you breathe. Case-hardened buckle of genuine nickel finish. In antique tan. A wonderful belt for only $1.50.

KNOTHE BROTHERS CO., Inc.
24 West 40th Street New York 18, New York
SUSPENDERS • PAJAMAS • BELTS
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 357542

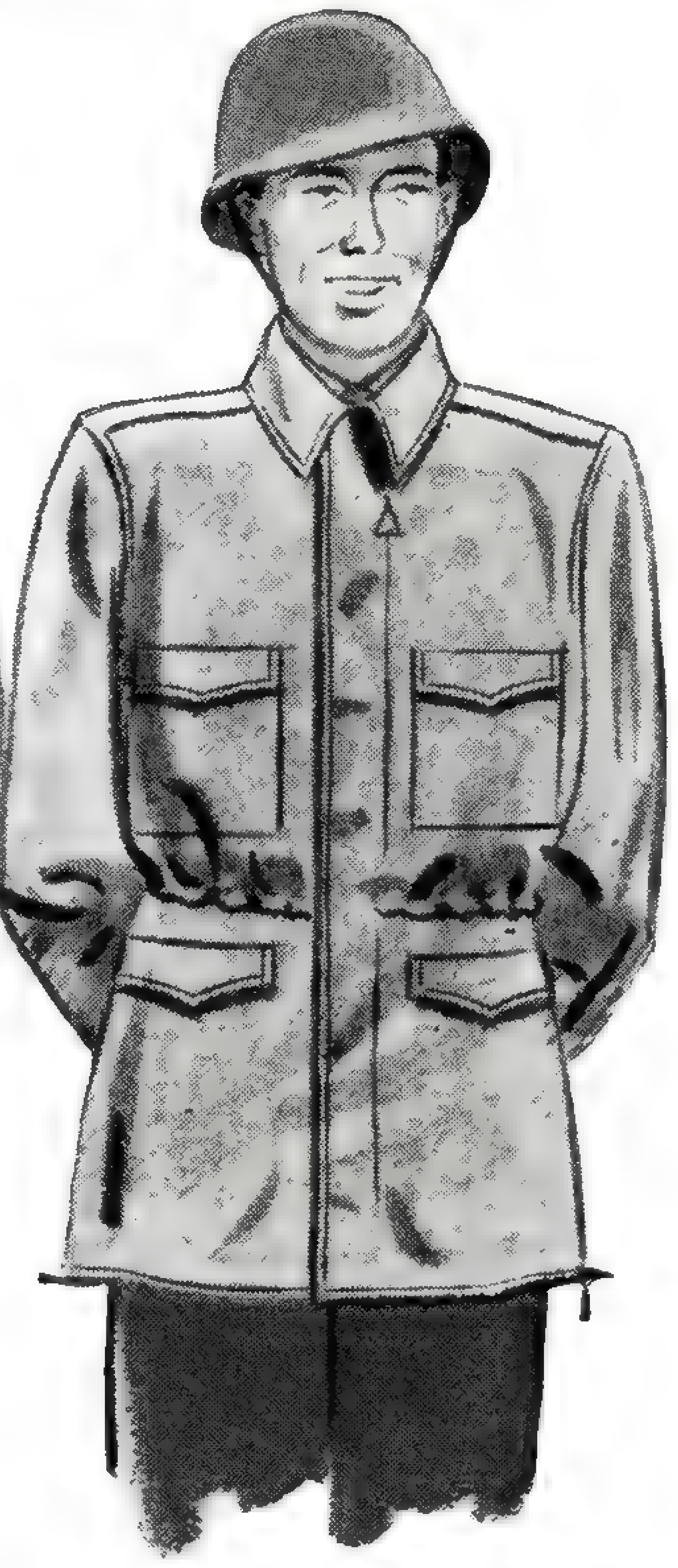
# After Uniforms, What?

## Army field and battle jackets may be adaptable for leisure and sportswear in peacetime

*by* **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •



*Battle jacket worn by members of the AAF in England is finished with a close-fitting waistband.*



*New Army field jacket of processed cotton has large chest pockets for K rations and draw cord at waist.*

The millions of men in the Armed Forces who have lived in all sorts of climates from the frigid Arctic to the hot and humid Equator, with incidental soarings into the stratosphere, will undoubtedly come out of the war with new dress customs that will permanently affect civilian fashions.

The Quartermaster Corps is doing a magnificent job of developing many different kinds of uniforms and gear for manifold purposes and conditions. Innumerable scientific and field tests are made before the special garments have brass-hat approval. American manufacturers execute the orders according to high standards so that the American fighter is rated as the best clothed in the world.

A case in point is the new Army field jacket, made of processed cotton fabric without a lining. The old field jacket had a cotton shell with a wool lining. The new theory is that protection is best afforded by layers of different garments. It is estimated that roughly two-thirds of the comfort or warmth of a garment depend on resistance against wind, rain or snow and one-third on thermal qualities. The processed cotton of this field jacket insures adequate protection against the elements. Extra layers of woolen garments underneath can be varied to meet conditions. The details of the new field jacket are worthy of note. Two high chest pockets are large enough to hold K rations. A cord at the waist may be drawn closely to keep out the wind, and incidentally give it good lines. Roomy lower pockets hold miscellaneous articles.

A jacket along these lines might well be adapted for civilian wear in leisure hours. Plentiful pocket space appeals to almost every man. It might result in the creation of a combination shirt jacket.

Many of the members of the AAF slip on a short jacket for wear to the mess hall after their return flights from European objectives. This "battle" jacket, not regulation as yet, incorporates some of the features of the regulation Army blouse in the lapels, shoulders and sleeves but is short and finished with a waistband that buckles at the side. When worn it looks like a blouse similar to that of the English battle dress. At present this is made of elastique material, the same as that used for regulation uniforms. After the war such a jacket could be adapted in many other fabrics such as gabardines, cottons, or rayons for a leisure jacket. And it could combine very satisfactorily with a pair of gabardine, rayon or tropical slacks. ⧺

# You owe it to your Uncle Sam!

*He needs manpower—every available person. A hearing deficiency may keep you out of the armed forces . . . but you can do your fighting on the home front . . . in war materiel plants. A good hearing aid enables you to go all out in the war effort. The movement is growing. In our plant today are workers wearing hearing aids and contributing as competently as if their hearing were normal.*

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL THERAPY

## You owe it to your friends!

They want to enjoy your company as much as you do theirs. Your hearing aid means as much to them as it does to you.

## Are you really doing your part?

That question only *you* can answer. *Think.*

## *Report on a Revolution*

Zenith recently started a revolution—to reduce the *cost of hearing.* After years of research and preparation, the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now offered to the public.

The price—$40—(about one-quarter that of other good vacuum tube instruments). Complete—ready to wear—with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries—liberally guaranteed.

Inquiries from everywhere have flooded the mails—telephone calls—telegrams.

A sales volume—unheard-of in this field—is gaining daily momentum—and is a demand created by self-evident merit of the instrument itself. Today our problem becomes one of production and distribution—to as quickly as possible make the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid available in all localities.

We are doing our best to furnish additional manpower for Uncle Sam's production forces. And—in the doing—we are experiencing that rare satisfaction born of directly contributing to the welfare of individuals.

THE ZENITH HEARING AID WILL BE AVAILABLE THROUGH REPUTABLE OPTICAL ESTABLISHMENTS FRANCHISED BY ZENITH. (NO HOME CALLS OR SOLICITATIONS)
*Write us for address of outlet nearest to you.*

*The New Zenith* RADIONIC
**HEARING AID**

***Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy.***

**Zenith has built the best that modern knowledge and *radionic* engineering make possible into this $40.00 hearing aid. It has no other models . . . *one* model . . . *one* price . . . *one* quality.**

**$40.00** READY TO WEAR

Complete—with Radionic Tubes—Crystal Microphone and Batteries
. . . *Liberal Guarantee*

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

TO PHYSICIANS:
A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

---

*Write for Free Descriptive Booklet*
ADDRESS DEPT. E-3, HEARING AID DIVISION
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

No smarter investment for a "RAINY DAY"!

For Freedom's Sake
WAR BONDS

Keep "rainy days" away for good, with War Bonds—America's finest investment! For those damp, chill days at hand, guard health and clothes in your smart, dependable Alligator—truly "the best buy in rainwear"! Impeccably tailored, specially processed by Alligator; made to see you through, for years to come! Handsome, long-wearing, highest quality in every detail. If you are not yet a proud Alligator owner, see your dealer, as limited stocks *are* available. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

# Esquire on the Record

## BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

As you know, few new records are being made, and the supply of old ones is not being replenished; the causes are the two different wars we're busy about. The recording companies vs. Petrillo and all of us vs. the Axis. I don't know which war will end first.

Decca has made a separate peace (on the first front only) and is recording new music. Other new records are a few imports and a few made long ago, now released.

### *Best Sellers*

As to best sellers, one is such a runaway that it takes a place all by itself.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Oklahoma!* (Decca—With the Original Cast) | Six records, the songs you already know, the less familiar, beautiful *Out of My Dreams*, and even the character-comedy stuff, like *Pore Jud is Daid*. All of *Oklahoma!* that you can get without the plot (which is a good one) and the ballet (which is superb). As for this album, it's the first and it has the authentic cast, even if these are not great voices. *Oklahoma!* has become legendary in six months, so voices don't matter. |

### *Quick Ones*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Run On* and *Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer* (Okeh—Golden Gate Quartet) | Recommended for *Run On*—because this quartet has a special way with spirituals. |
| *Musical Orchids* (Victor—Dinah Shore) | From *My Man* to *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* and *Somebody Loves Me* (sung for the melody, which is a good idea). There are other Shores in the Basin Street collection, see below. |
| *Conga with Cugat* and *Rumba with Cugat* (Columbia) | Individual records also occur. *Bim Bam Bum* (with an English-speaking title on the other side, *Thanks for the Dream*, but I don't like it) and *Babalu* and *Bambarito*. The Sr. is good on records, too. |
| *Hot Piano* (Victor—Hines, Waller, Ellington, and Jelly-Roll Morton) | Morton is the shadowy background figure of *Hot Piano*, but in this selection Waller is top man for me. Morton's record was made in 1929—and technique has moved on. (All the records are dated for historical interest.) |
| *Chicago Jazz Classics* (Brunswick—Benny Goodman)<br>*The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* (Columbia—Benny Goodman) | Dated classics, too, with Glenn Miller and Bud Freeman among others. Goodman was nineteen when some of these were made. The *Shirt Tail Stomp* (according to Irving Kolodin's notes) was a burlesque of a "union band" trying to play hot—but it outsold the true hots. The single Columbia, just released, doesn't identify a good pianist who takes over between very fancy clarinet work. |
| *Lower Basin Street* (Victor—Dinah Shore, Paul Carol, Henry Levine, etc.) | These records include commentaries, as on the air; and such tricky stuff as Laval's ten woodwinds doing *Lady of the Evening*. The return of the spoken announcement will bear watching. |
| *Moanin' Low* (Victor—Lena Horne) | Miss Horne is a kind of apparition in the movies—you cannot say what makes her so fascinating. Her voice isn't as baffling. I suspect she can sing other things better than the torch songs of this collection. |

### *Steady Goers*

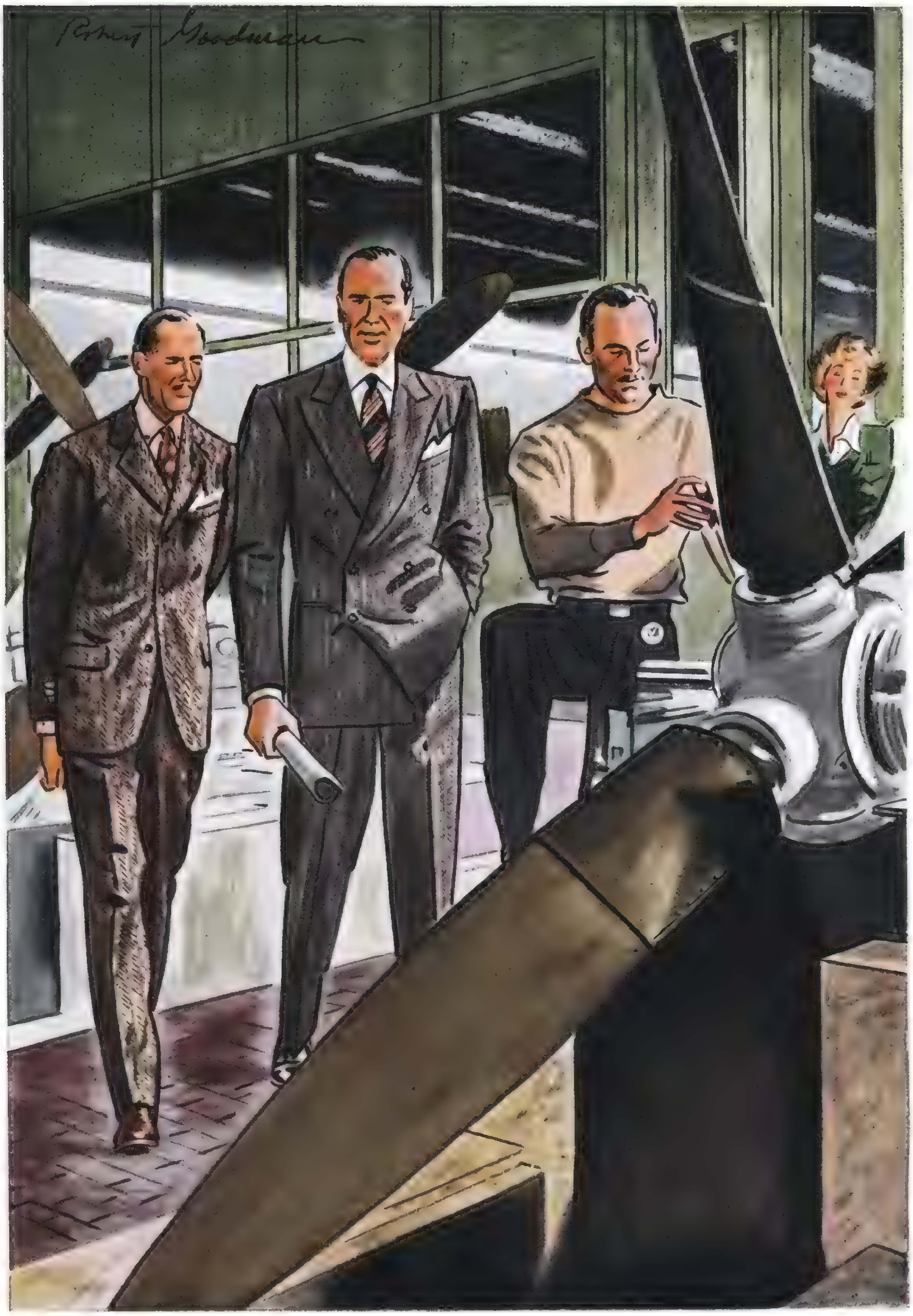
| | |
|---|---|
| *Ah, Mon Fils* and *Divinités Du Styx* (Columbia—Risë Stevens) | Miss Stevens is a mezzo-soprano; she has recently sung parts of *Carmen* in the movies and recorded the *Habanera*. These arias are in the "grand style" which we seldom listen to—so it is good that a fine and popular singer has made them. |
| *Metropolitan Revival* (Victor—Caruso and others) | The "and others" are among the greatest singers of Caruso's time—Scotti, Tetrazzini, Sembrich and, for a surprise, Geraldine Farrar whose voice in the *Bohème* quartet is enchanting. To the forgetful ear all the music sounds alike—there's always the great high note for Caruso to take (and he takes it!) and the usual Italian operatic flubdub. But it's great stuff nonetheless—and the singers are not only powerful—they are in love with singing. |

America's favorites for true hospitality
Frothy Top
Old Melody
Sloe Gin
M.S.Walker, Inc.
DON Cossack BRAND
VODKA
SWANEE PRIDE
LIQUEUR
MADE BY M. S. WALKER, INC.
ALLEN'S BRANDY
ALLEN'S
GINGER FLAVORED BRANDY
PREPARED BY M.S.WALKER, INC.
BOSTON MASS.
MEDFORD RUM
THE SIP THAT MADE A NATION
OLD MEDFORD BRAND RUM
FAMOUS SINCE 1735
M. S. WALKER, INC., Boston Mass.
IMPORTED
Kensington
IMPORTED
Distilled Dry
GIN
IMPORTED
M.S.WALKER
RON MARNO
GOLD
RON MARNO
RM
Imported
CUBAN RUM
A PRODUCT OF CUBA
IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY M. S. Walker, Inc.
I'm Particularly Proud
of this Quality Family
M.S.Walker

**M. S. WALKER, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.**

OLD MELODY Sloe Gin, 70 proof; DON COSSACK Vodka, 100 proof, 100% imported cane products; SWANEE PRIDE Liqueur, 100 proof; ALLEN'S Ginger Flavored Brandy, 100 proof: OLD MEDFORD Brand RUM, 86 proof; KENSINGTON Gin, 85 proof, A product of Cuba, distilled from 100% cane products, neutral spirits; RON MARNO Cuban RUM, 89 proof, a product of Cuba.

*Makers, also, of famous Old Melody Liqueurs*



# the wind that sweeps Germany

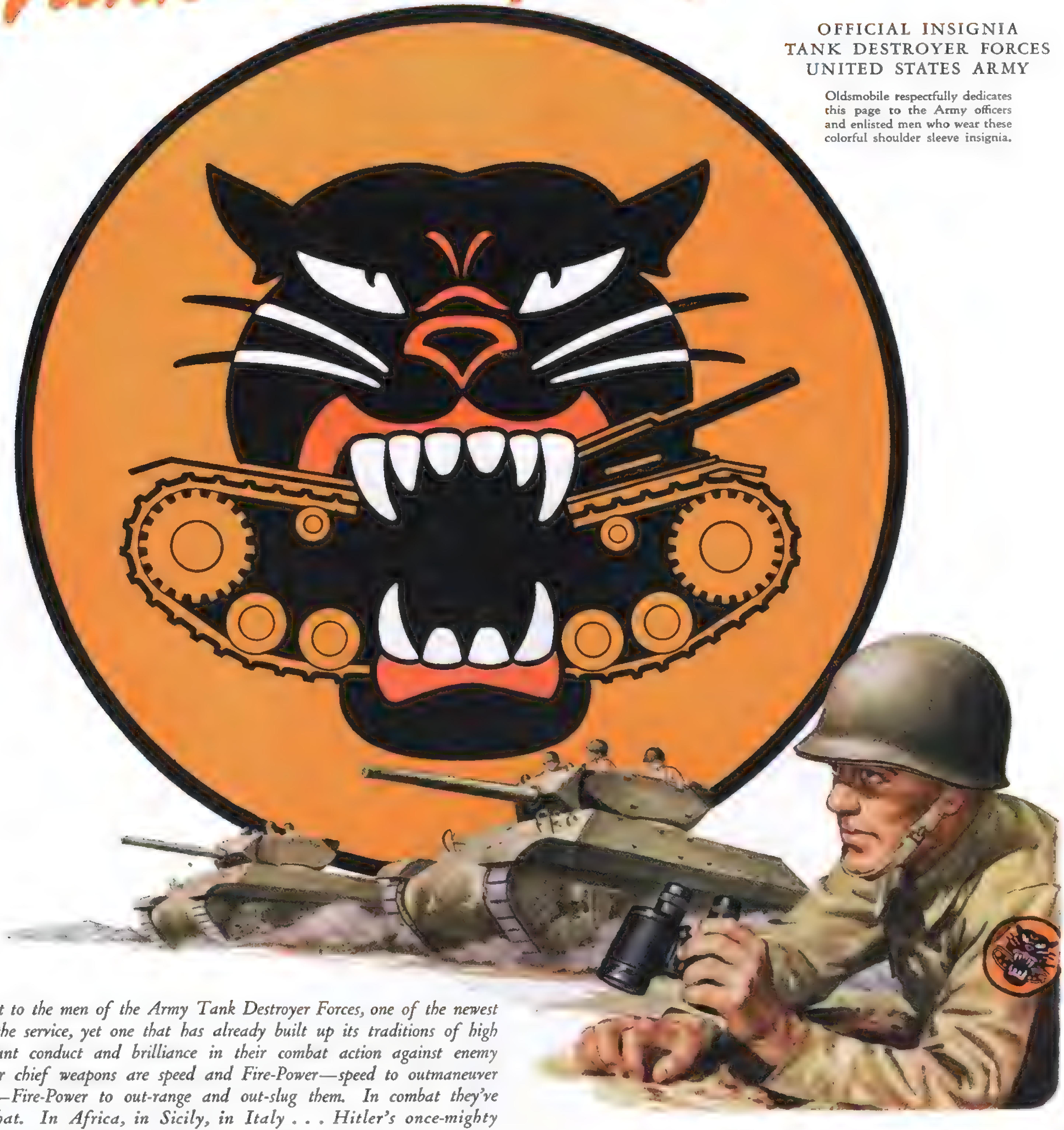
Looking like huge fans, these propellers are symbols of the mighty tornado that is sweeping away the last vestiges of fascism. And perhaps a propeller factory is as good a place as any to get a glimpse of what makes Jerry run. For the propeller, in a sense, is the prime mover of the war effort of the United Nations. This scene shows the final balance section of the plant. . . . Not all executives wear a three-button jacket with the two top buttons fastened; but most of the ones who are fashion-wise do. So don't be bashful about following the lead of the man at the left. Nor would you go far astray, either, if you emulated his herringbone tweed suit, button-down collar shirt, printed wool tie and dark brown shoes. In contrast with this rough-textured get-up is the smooth outfit consisting of diagonal screen worsted suit, blue broadcloth shirt, repp rayon tie and black shoes.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)*

# Tank-Eating Tiger!

OFFICIAL INSIGNIA
TANK DESTROYER FORCES
UNITED STATES ARMY

Oldsmobile respectfully dedicates this page to the Army officers and enlisted men who wear these colorful shoulder sleeve insignia.



*Here's a toast to the men of the Army Tank Destroyer Forces, one of the newest branches of the service, yet one that has already built up its traditions of high courage, gallant conduct and brilliance in their combat action against enemy armor. Their chief weapons are speed and Fire-Power—speed to outmaneuver enemy tanks—Fire-Power to out-range and out-slug them. In combat they've done just that. In Africa, in Sicily, in Italy . . . Hitler's once-mighty Panzers have learned to respect—and to fear—America's Tank Destroyer Forces!*

## FIRE-POWER *is Our Business!*

"Seek!—Strike!—Destroy!" is the official motto of the Tank Destroyer Forces of the United States Army. And it's our wartime job at Oldsmobile to help produce the Fire-Power it takes to carry out that mission. In full co-operation with Army Ordnance, Oldsmobile is building both cannon and shell for the Tank Destroyers—long-barreled, high-velocity cannon which can knock out any tank that's built—plus the high-explosive and armor-piercing shell these deadly guns fire. Oldsmobile also builds automatic aerial cannon for fighter planes, cannon and shell for tanks, and large caliber shell for the artillery and Navy.

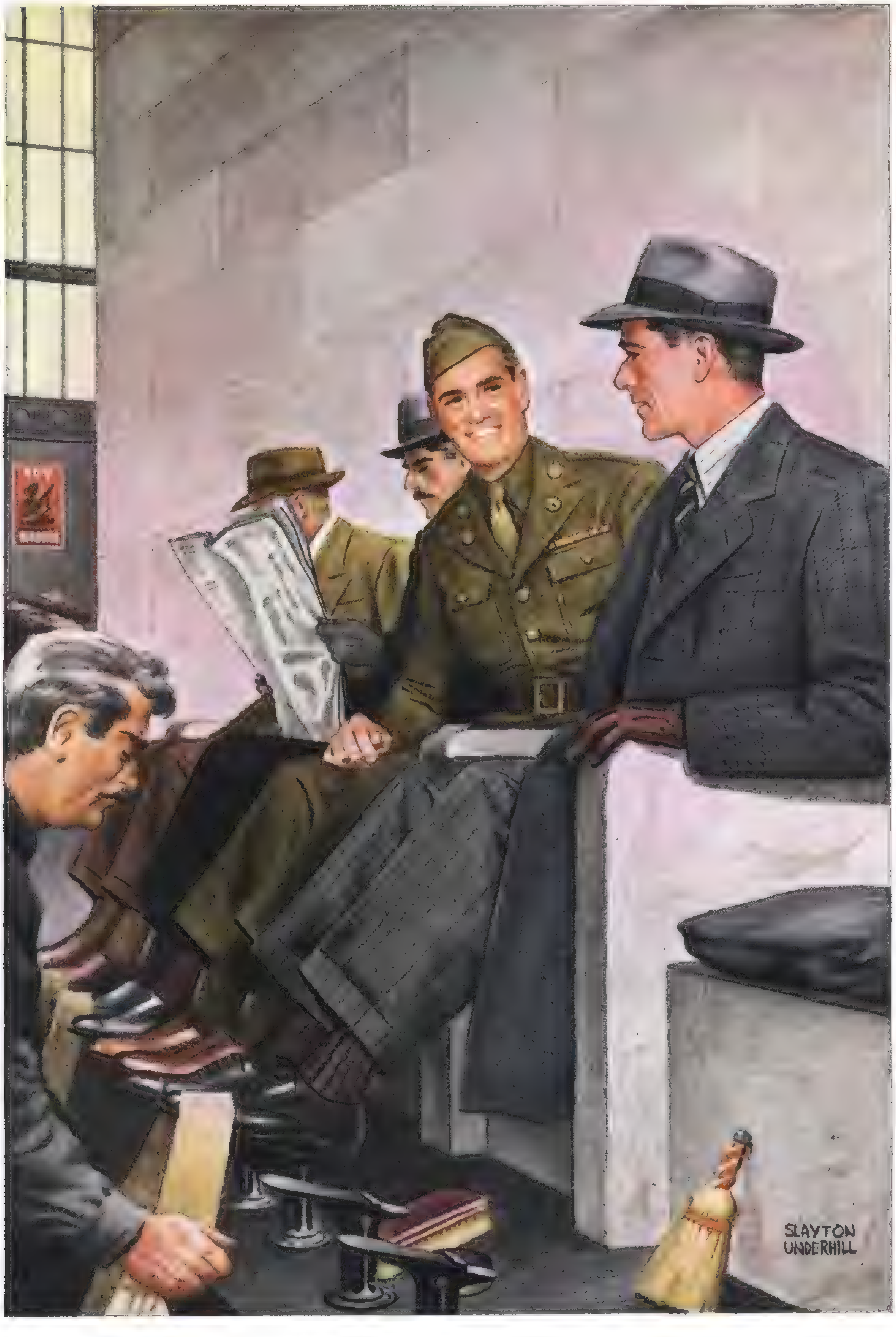
## BACK UP THE BOYS
## WHO WEAR THESE INSIGNIA

You can help provide the Fire-Power our Tank Destroyer Forces need—by buying War Bonds and Stamps. Buy an extra War Bond now. And keep on buying them, until the last Axis tank has been destroyed!

**BUY WAR BONDS!**

# OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

*KEEP 'EM FIRING*



# the polish corridor

This drawing is a reasonable facsimile of the shoe shine stand in one of the corridors of Grand Central Station; here many a traveler pauses to shake New York's dust from his feet before shuffling off to points west. It's nice to see a soldier boy putting his best foot forward here. When you figure out how many times he's been obliged to shine his shoes with his own spit and polish, you'll agree he's entitled to a treat. Not much of a break perhaps, but that's one thing about the Army—it makes you grateful for small favors. . . . The pensive civilian is wearing a blue diagonal tweed overcoat with dark maroon overplaid; it's in a single breasted fly-front model with notched lapel. His shirt is a blue and white striped broadcloth and the blue and gold striped repp tie is one of the Campaign Color group. The sharkskin worsted suit is in a familiar but pleasing pattern.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)*

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 94

*Connecticut Yankee*, is billed as a new, up-to-date version. If simply dressing up the civilians of the original book in military uniforms, sticking in a few allusions to contemporary events, calling a pair of dance numbers "Ye Lunchtime Follies" and "The Camelot Samba," and adding a song or two constitute a new, up-to-date version of the old exhibit, my idea of what constitutes a new, up-to-date version of any old show needs a severe overhauling. The Mark Twain derived book about the man of today thrown back into the past is by now so theatrically stale, the only way to modernize it would be to junk it and to substitute the one about the man of today thrown ahead into the future, which would, alas, be just as bad. Moreover, when I am asked to amuse myself for two long hours with such anachronistic linguistic japes as "thou louse" and "thee and thy nerve!" I fear that I must decline the invitation.

When the spin tossed me into the presence of Vivienne Segal singing *To Keep My Love Alive*, in which she recounted how she got rid, by murder and mayhem, of the male bores, including husbands, in her life by way of accomplishing what the title of the ditty implied, I got a little fun out of things. And I also had a highly pleasurable few minutes every time I was whirled before a dancing cute one who calls herself Vera-Ellen. Vera-Ellen is a whole lot of all right. In fact, Vera-Ellen can put her shoes up on my desk any time she feels like it. She is pretty, gay, talented, amusing and, without her, the show would have found this particular man of the present in the past attendance tense after its first act. I have only one thing against Vera-Ellen. It may not be so bad for her to be just Vera-Ellen while young, but when she gets to be forty it's going to sound foolish, just as it did in the cases of girls of other days who called themselves La Petite Adelaide and the like. It would be wise for the delightful darling to tack her last name on before wrinkles come, even if it happens to be Mulrooney, Dinkelspiel or Goldfarb.

On his ride at *Winged Victory*, the show written by Moss Hart for the U. S. Army Air Forces and acted by members of its personnel, George-Jean's emotional conduct was somewhat uncouth. While almost everybody else taking the swivel with him was as obediently patriotic as the occasion demanded and yelled and cheered as if in the presence of George Washington, Abe Lincoln, Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw in military uniforms, he couldn't help feeling that his own patriotism couldn't reduce his critical sense to the point of accepting a well-intentioned but feeble show for the masterpiece the others allowed themselves to think it was.

What Mr. Hart with the highest and finest intentions in the world has done is to write merely a juvenile paraphrase of Maxwell Anderson's *The Eve of St. Mark*, substituting flyers for foot soldiers, and making matters worse by injecting into the whole an unmistakable For Dear Old Siwash flavor. Tracing the careers of several young men of the air forces from their induction and training period to their entrance into combat in the South Pacific, his exhibit closely parallels the fundamentals of the Anderson play, but the skillful simplicity that marked the latter is absent. In its place we have that kind of arch writing and observation that hopes for an impressive simplicity but achieves only a transparent naïveté, like a middle-aged, sophisticated woman in a baby collar.

Several scenes, presented literally and without benefit of much extrinsic writing, are effective as, for example, the boys taking their examinations and the spectacle of their graduation into pilots and bombardiers. But most of the others are so crowded with sentimental hokum, vaudeville gags or the theatrical brand of self-sacrifice and nobility, that they sometimes prove a little embarrassing to anyone whose patriotism is of a deeper kind than that which has need of a tear-drenched red, white and blue handkerchief or a brass band to stimulate it.

Irving Berlin's *This Is the Army* was the grand show it was because it didn't feel it necessary to identify patriotism with sob-sister gulpings and because its humor sprang from something more natural than adapted vaudeville wheezes about kissing the sergeant, Betty Grable's legs, and Brooklyn. *Winged Victory* is the weak show it is because it unwittingly theatricalizes its materials into what amounts to a grease-paint spectacle. Its sentiment is out of scores of past Broadway plays; its nobility is stagestruck; its heroism is pretty close to the old oh-it's-only-a-scratch melodramatic stuff; its youthful spirits take on the form of miscellaneous handshakings and backslappings; and its tragic moments have the air of a Grade B movie. Irving Berlin turned a stage into the U.S. Army. Moss Hart has turned the U.S. Air Forces into a stage.

Two more whirls in conclusion. As originally written, William Saroyan's comedy of Hollywood, *Get Away, Old Man*, was saucy entertainment of considerable quality, but the changes he and George Abbott, his producer, made in that original script went a long way toward wrecking it. The production was a botch. Dodie Smith's *Lovers and Friends* is routine sentimental comedy with nothing to redeem the ride but the presence of Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey and several other talented players, who are to be criticized for not having taken a walk in Central Park instead. ⵌ

*Style 4537*
Ranger Last
Leather Sole
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush

*Ankle Fashioned Oxfords For the Well Dressed Man*

ACTION TAILORED!

New shoe attractiveness can be bought at almost any price. But the real test of a shoe is in good looks that *last* through months of miles of action. It was toward this goal that Nunn-Bush developed Ankle-Fashioning — a comfort coddling, style prolonging feature involving many extra operations.

*Most Styles $10 to $13.50*

*Style 4322*
Brewster Last
Leather Sole
• Custom Heel

*See your Local Nunn-Bush Dealer*
NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE

# Prep Bastion of Basketball

## Shorty Eveland changes Paris, Illinois, from broom corn center to cage capital

by **MARK COX**

THERE was a time when the only claim to fame of Paris, Illinois, was its title as broom corn center of the nation. Then stubby little Ernest Eveland came to town. Now when the Rotary Club meets on Tuesday noon, the members open the program with a toast: "To Paris, High School Basketball Capital of the World!"

Shorty Eveland didn't migrate to Paris. He was drafted for the job after compiling a winning percentage of .840 in seven years at Waterman, a hamlet of 400 in northern Illinois. Instrumental in obtaining him was the president of the school board, Rodney Bell, the No. 1 basketball fan of Illinois.

That very first season, eight years ago, Eveland took his team into the state tournament at the University of Illinois, the goal of 1,000 Illinois high school teams, all except 16 of which are eliminated in regional tourneys. He missed achieving the coveted goal the following year, despite a season's record of 28 victories against only 4 defeats, but he's never failed since. Paris has been a member of the select 16 for the last six years, topping it off with the title last March, after previously finishing second twice and third once in the eight-year reign. In state tournament play the Tigers have won 14 and lost 5. In all of their games under Eveland they have won 250 and lost 33 for a percentage of .894.

A rather morose little man socially, but a tireless worker, nervous and fidgety, Eveland has his own ideas about how to get results in basketball. He allows none of his cagers to play football, and while the football squad at his school comprised 22, more than 70 were trying for the basketball team. Selfishness is not his motive; it's just that he wants his boys to report for cross country in the fall where they can develop their legs and wind. Eveland learned of the benefits of cross country in his undergraduate days at Bradley Tech. in Peoria where he captained the harriers and held the school 2-mile record.

Members of Eveland's squad come to school early every morning and toss 100 free throws before going to classes. There's a basket apiece for the players in the swell new $250,000 gym, and a chart in the dressing room is evidence of the rise in accuracy. Paris teams seldom miss at the free throw line, and Eveland holds that this practice is equally reflective in the boys' shooting eye from out in the court.

Although no undefeated team ever won an Illinois title, the 1941-42 Paris quintet came as close as possible. After compiling a victory string of 39 straight, the Tigers lost their only game in the final minute of the title combat. They apparently had the game won with six minutes left to play, but Dwight Eddleman of Centralia tossed two free throws to tie the count, and then slipped in a final basket to give his team a 37-35 victory.

When the Paris contingent trudged into its dressing room, Eveland closed the door. "Practice begins right now for next year!" he said. The next winter they started out with 18 straight before traveling across the state to meet Moline. They lost that one, but came on then to win the title.

All of the champs are now in the service, but a new group carries on.

The local leaders in creating this new bastion of basketball never tire of telling of that championship club.

There was towheaded Dick Foley, whom the critical Eveland terms the perfect guard—valedictorian of his class and the most scholarly of a team of straight A students. Then there was lean Max Norman, who took his cross country work so seriously he became one of the state's leading milers. And cadaverous Del Glover, a driving, scrambling sort of a player, and chubby little Gordon Taylor, who wasn't even sure of his starting job from one game to another, but led the team in scoring when the chips were down in the state tourney. Leader of the group was gangling, raw-boned Dave Humerickhouse, top scorer for the team and the only player ever to perform on four Illinois sectional champs. He was preceded by an elder brother, Slim.

Dave floundered around with the scrubs early in his freshman year despite his six feet in height. Eveland was still shopping about for his perfect combination at midseason when one afternoon Dave cornered him in his office and announced earnestly: "Maw and me have decided it's time to put me on the first team!"

Eveland didn't laugh. He does not think in humorous terms in basketball. It happened that Maw and Dave were right! ⋕

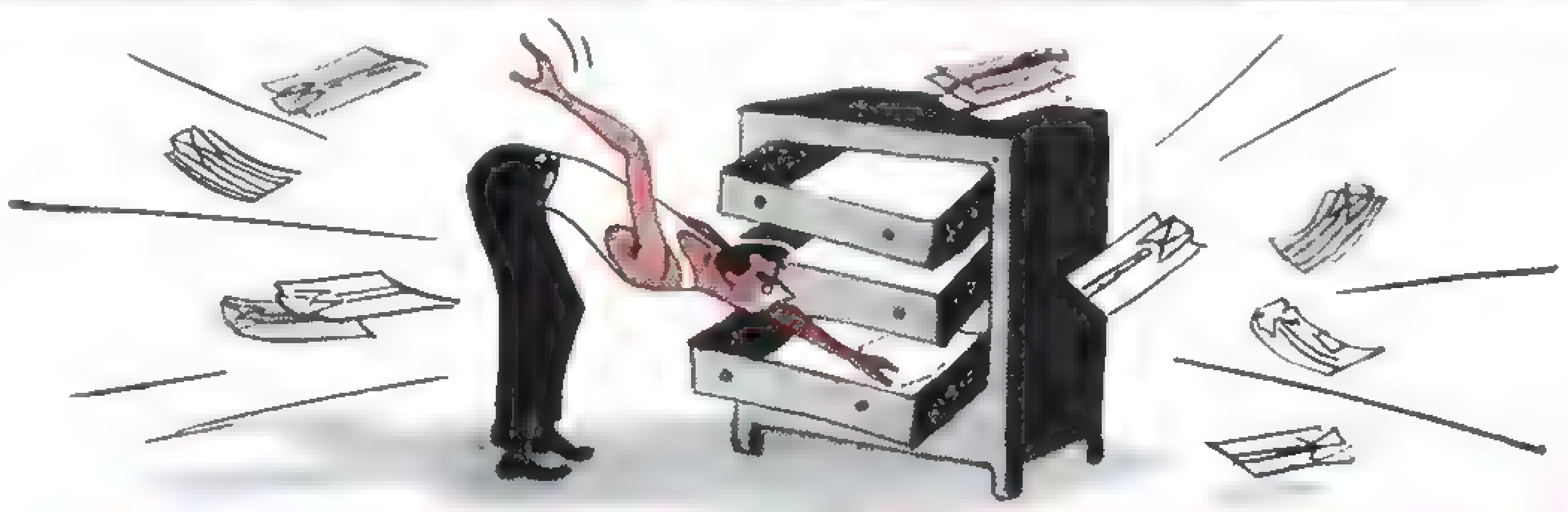
IMPORTED DISTILLED DRY
Graves Gin
FAMOUS SINCE 1849

SHIP CHANDLER
IMPORTED
GRAVES
Imported
DISTILLED DRY
GIN
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY
C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO.
Established 1849
BOSTON, MASS.
SINCE 1849

CROWN TAVERN, head of Clark's Wharf; rendezvous for privateersmen in 1745. Graves Gin, famous for fine quality since 1849.

C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

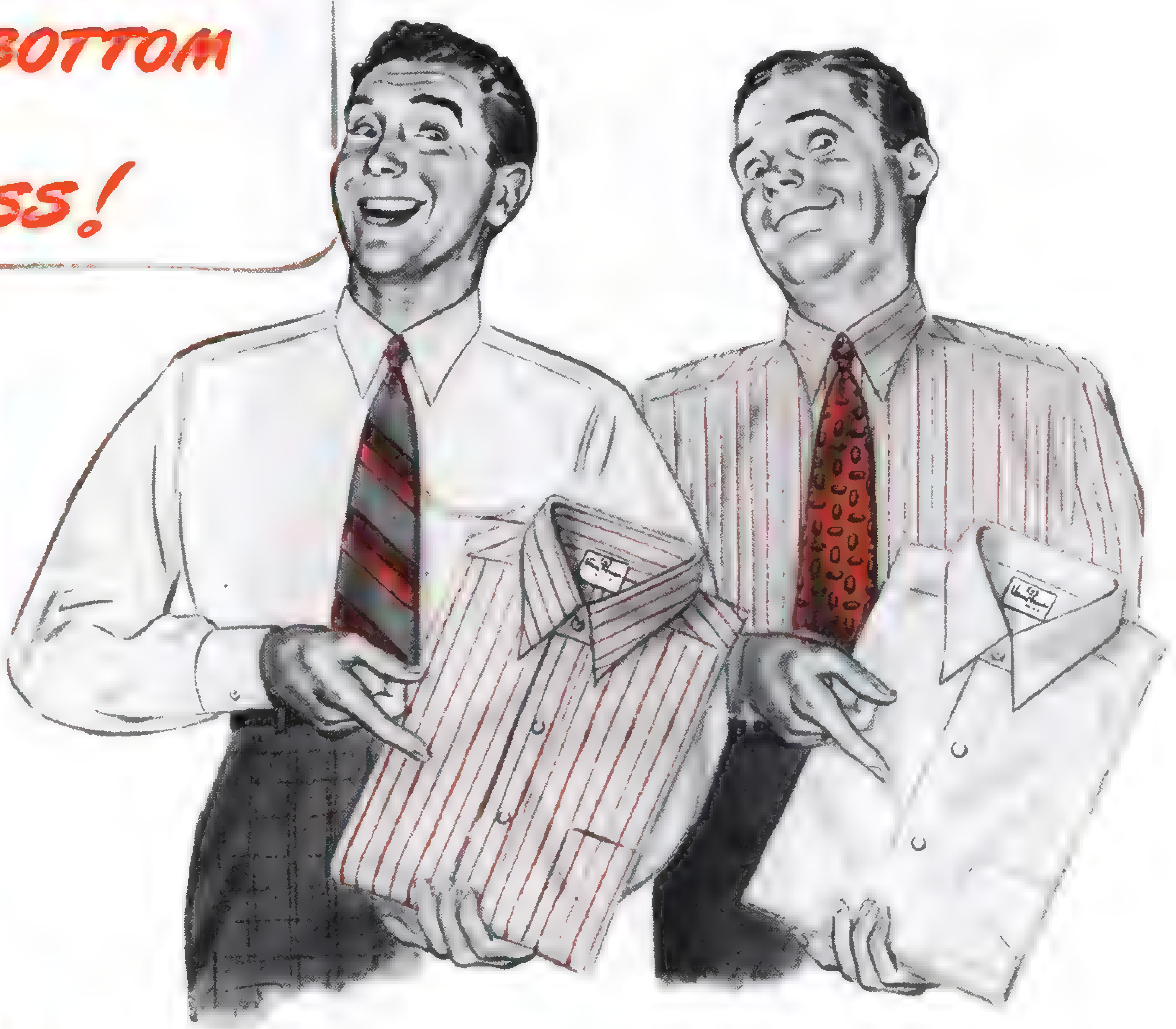
100% CANE PRODUCTS NEUTRAL SPIRITS 85 PROOF
A PRODUCT OF CUBA



# LET'S GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS SHIRT BUSINESS!

## What makes a shirt good?

**New Van Heusens for Spring** have (a) lots of new patterns and colors; (b) smart good looks and style; (c) figure-fit, action-cut, other custom details. Also (d) they're Sanforized and laundry-tested . . . (e) they cost only $2.25 and up. These, you must agree, are good shirts. But that isn't all!

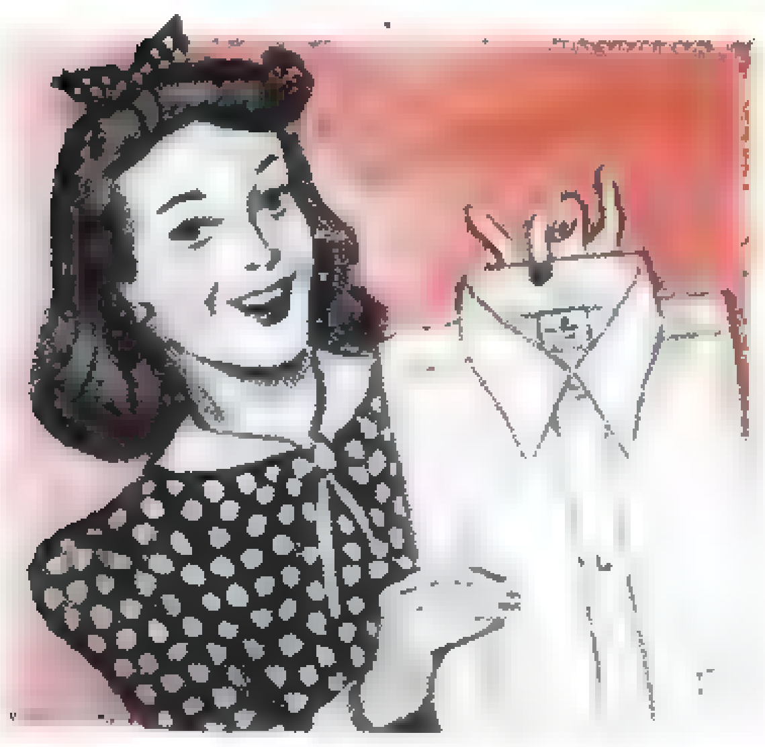


**Van Heusen Shirts,** wide variety of whites, patterns and colors, **$2.25** and up

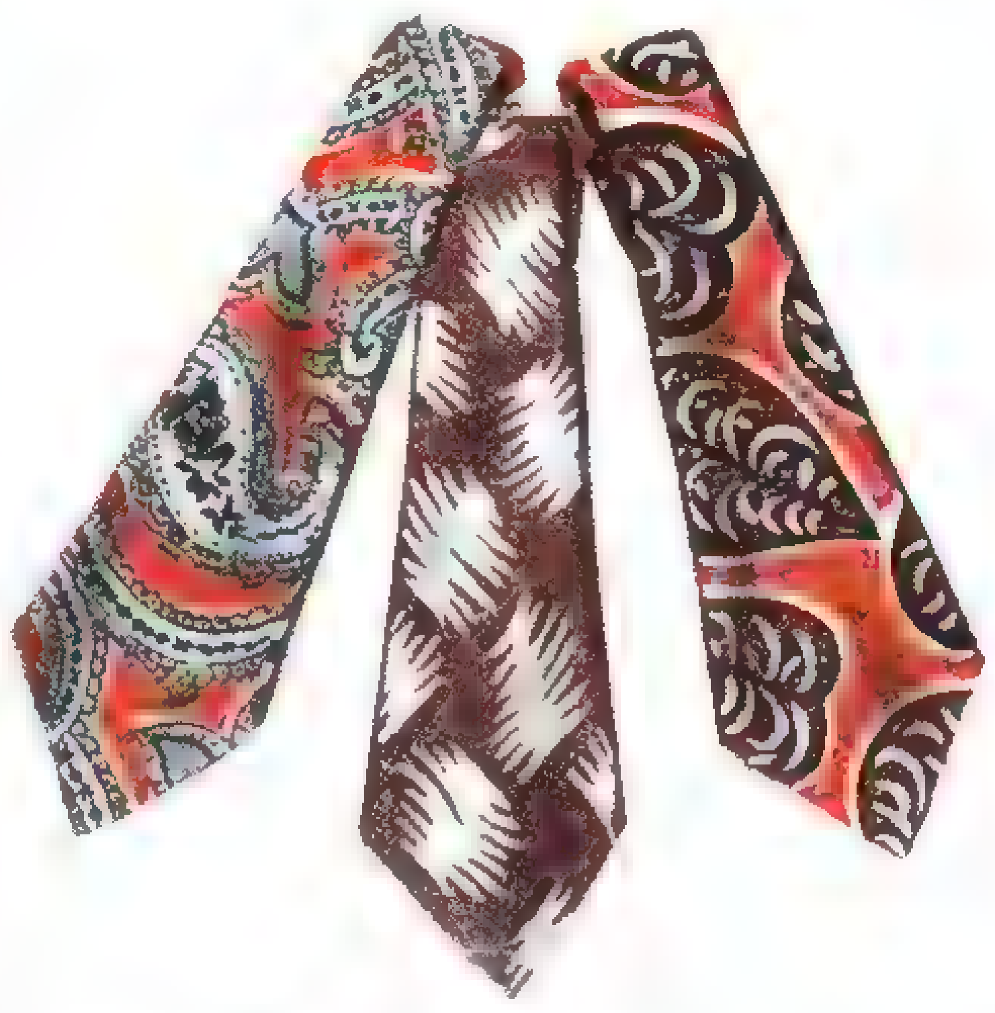
## What makes a shirt better?

**1. A Van Heusen collar attached!** There's no other collar like the one on a Van Heusen white shirt. Day-long neatness and smart style are woven right into it, because—

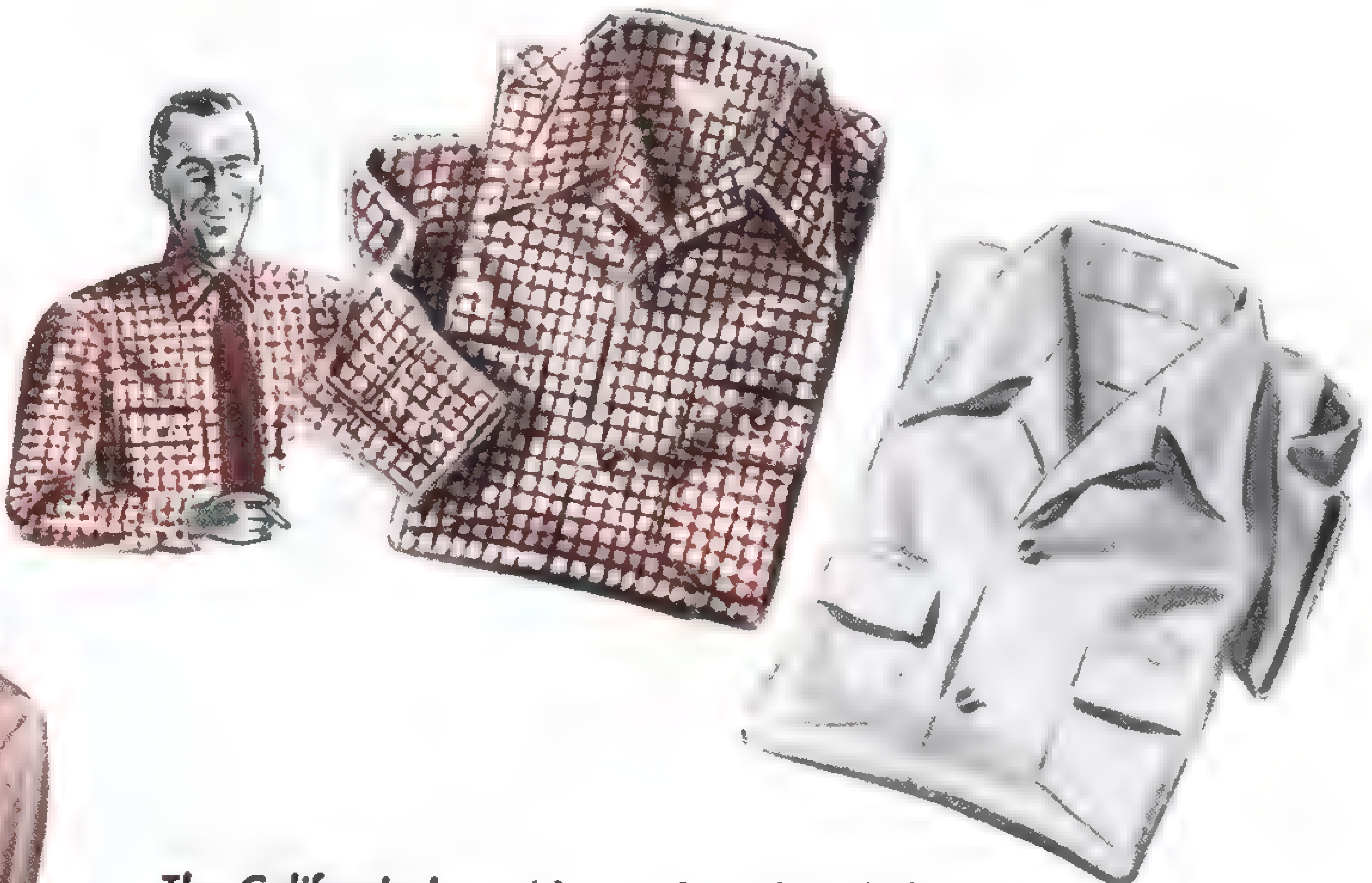
**2. It's the one shirt collar woven**—not just sewed but WOVEN to fit the human neck. Needs no starch to *look* starched, yet *can't* wilt, *can't* wrinkle. Stays neat *longer.*

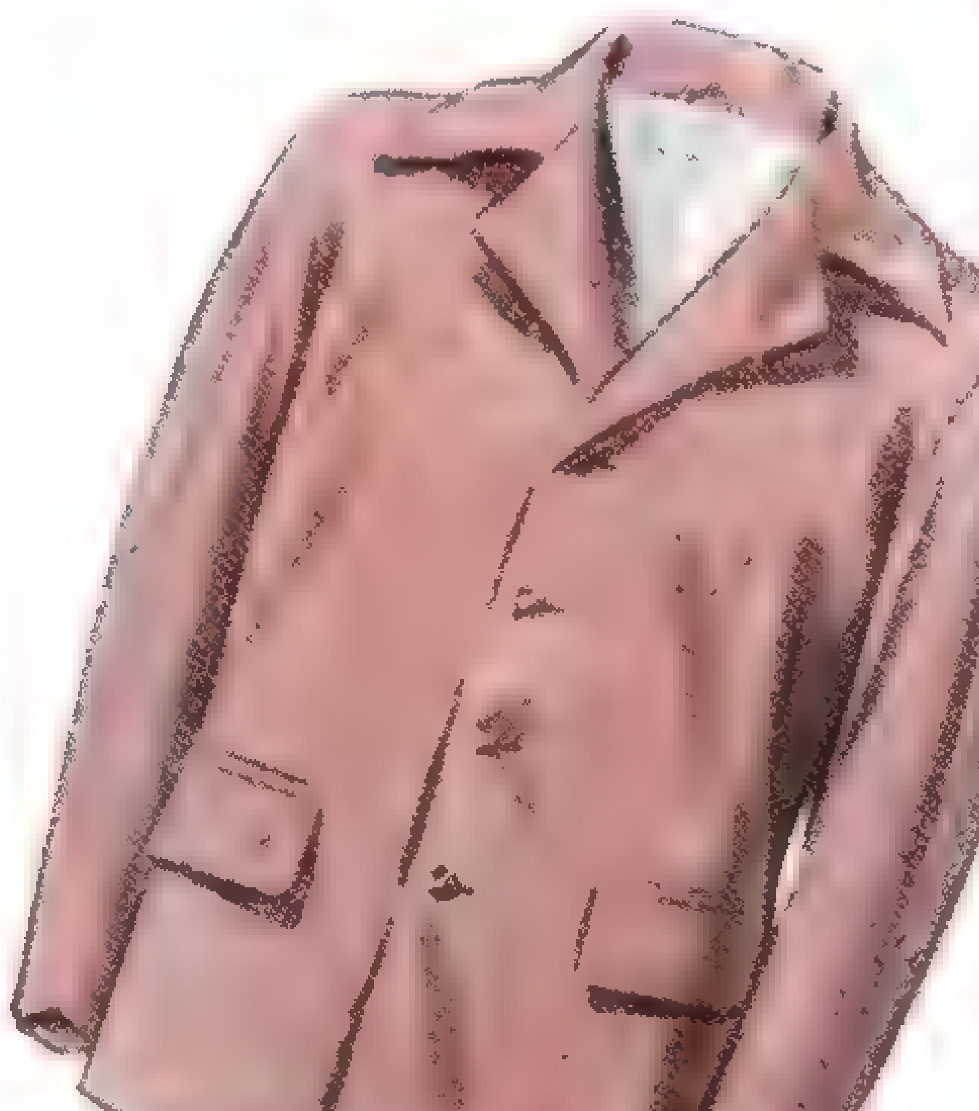


**3. Even the foldline's woven in**—can't be ironed wrong. Always makes a smooth, well-fitting curve around your neck with no wandering crease, no lining to buckle.



**Van Heusen Ties** harmonized to new Van Heusen Shirts in pattern *and* color, **$1** and **$1.50**





***The California Lono*** (shown above in red check pattern) has a special "collar story," too. Its exclusive 2-way collar makes it a *regular* shirt when worn with a tie, a *real sport shirt* when worn with collar open. It is one of many Van Heusen Sport Shirt models in new Spring fabrics, colors and patterns—including plaids. The handsome Leisurecoat (left) is all wool, and comes in many patterns and colors.

*Give your neck a break!*

# Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Your personal Whiskey...
...because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!
OVER 100 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

## The Best Team Seldom Wins

*Continued from page 76*

Hawks, who failed to finish in first place in any of the fourteen seasons, have won the cup on two occasions.

Form, which is slapped around like an impudent brat in the cup finals, absorbed a terrific licking in 1929-30. Boston, which has produced some of the greatest teams in the period under review, lost only five games and tied one that year in a forty-four-game schedule. Paced by the famous Dynamite Line of Dit Clapper, Dutch Gainor and Cooney Weiland, the Bruins subdued their opposition with alacrity during the season, the Dynamiters setting an all-time scoring record of 183 points.

Montreal Canadiens, who lost sixteen games and tied five, compared with Boston's five and one record, defeated the Bruins in two straight games in the final series.

In 1932-33 the farcical aspects of the play-offs also were clearly manifested. Boston and Detroit tied for the lead in the American section with 58 points apiece, four more than the Toronto Maple Leafs, which headed the Canadian group. Neither Boston nor Detroit were in the final series. Leafs and Rangers tangled and the New Yorkers won. By that time the finals had been put on a three-out-of-five basis, not to improve the set-up, but to extract more money from the pockets of the cash customers.

Bruins were the victims of another startling upset in the 1937-38 season. After finishing the campaign with 67 points, ten ahead of their nearest opponents, they were ousted in the first cup round in three straight games by Toronto. Chicago Black Hawks—a dismal band of mediocre puck chasers who gained only 37 points in the season—eventually won the cup against the Leafs in the finals.

Originally, when Lord Stanley lived in Canada's Government House, the play-offs were a geographical necessity. As the cup was supposed to be symbolic of the best team in Canada, the winners of eastern and western leagues had to play off. When professionalism came, the pros expropriated the cup on the grounds that they played better hockey than the amateurs and thus they were entitled to tangible recognition, and the East-West games were maintained.

Later the West declined as a factor in hockey, the National League, composed only of Eastern teams, had its inception and American cities were allowed to affiliate.

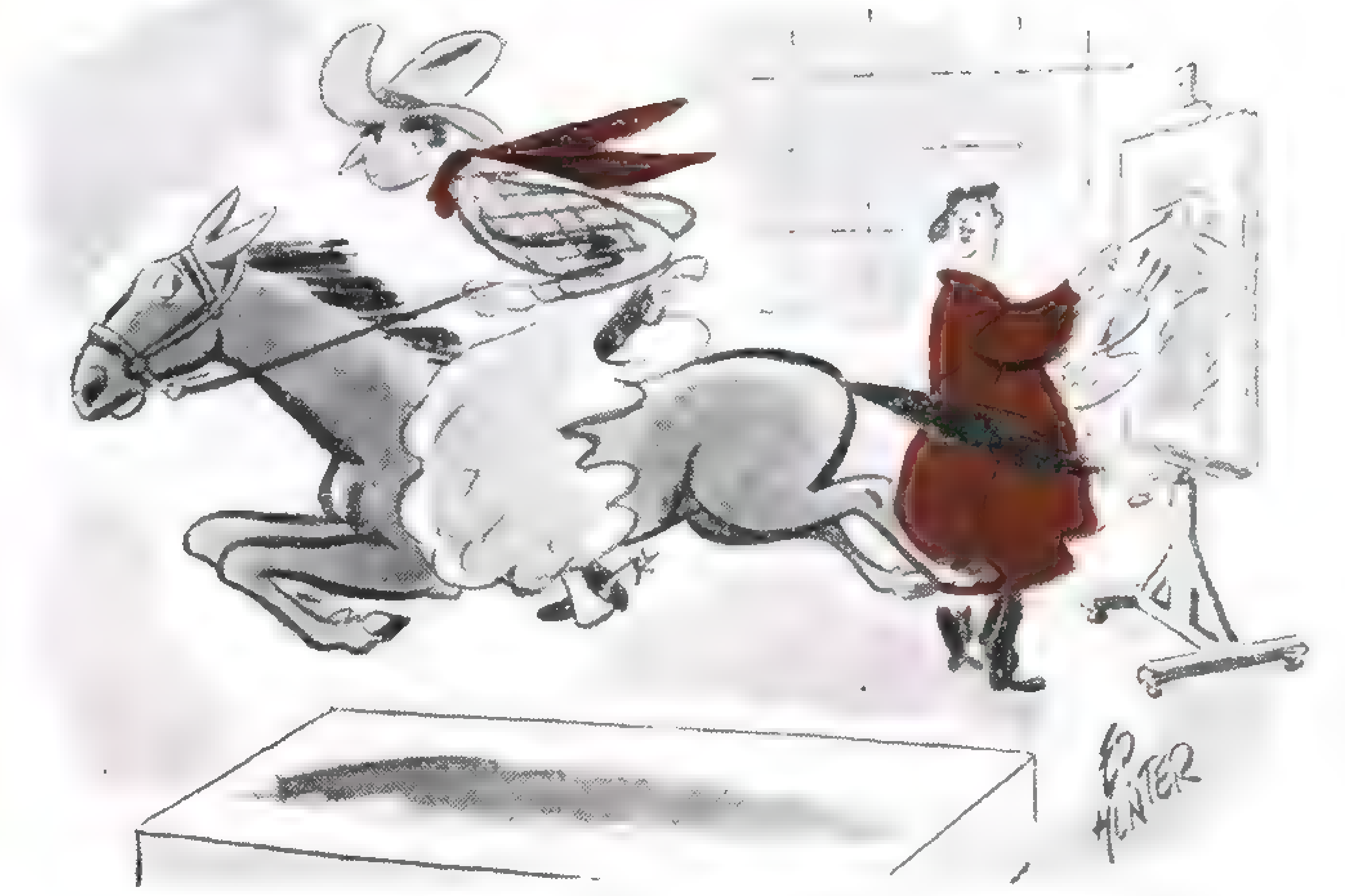
Baseball has little to learn from hockey, simply because hockey has little to offer in a constructive sense. However, the minor ball leagues have learned one thing. They recognize that the play-offs have a certain monetary value—and what professional sports operator is going to eschew extra gates?

So Frank Shaughnessy, President of the International League of Professional Baseball Clubs, whose permanent home is in Montreal and who had had an opportunity to watch the crowds flocking to post-season hockey play-off games, introduced the play-offs to baseball ten years ago. Actually, its introduction reflected the woes of the depression when the minor league operators needed an extra dollar or two to erase little red symbols on their ledgers.

Practically without exception, the minor leagues adopted the Shaughnessy System, as they termed it, and sure enough hockey history has been repeated on the diamond.

It is unusual for pennant winners to capture the post-season series, and the fans are becoming rebellious. In the American Association there is already talk among the directors of abolishing the play-offs.

If this constructive measure materializes the trend of public apathy may eventually embrace hockey and the National League will be forced to declare a champion worthy of the name. ⵌ



*"Getting tired?"*

You'll be years ahead
in a suit of
COHAMA
PINEBROOK
IRIDESCENT
GABARDINE

**super-rayon suiting**

in rich, subdued heather tones. Impressively tailored three-way suit . . . wear it to business; wear the slacks with a sport coat; or mix the coat with contrasting slacks. Lightweight, *including* the price! Cool and crush-resistant! . . . COHAMA MEN'S WEAR FABRICS, 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

## A Byrd on the Links

*Continued from page 62*

youngsters and make them feel at home. While I put in most of my time as Ruth's understudy, the Babe never adopted any patronizing attitude toward me.

I naturally expected to find the same friendly attitude in golf but before my first season in it was over I was forced to the realization that quite a few golf pros considered me an unwelcome addition to their ranks. My general reception was coolly polite. Some of them act as if it might be a reflection upon their profession for me to win. And I still hear the word now and then that mine is a "baseball swing."

With regard to that, I played golf all the time I was in the big leagues and I'm positive there is nothing in that old argument as to whether the golf swing hurts a ball player's hitting. The two swings aren't identical, of course, but they have many of the same fundamentals. Although most ball players don't realize it, not analyzing their swings as golfers do, their weight shifts forward during their swings, very much as in golf. The best baseball hitters grip tightly with the hand on the end of the bat, more loosely with the other, as golfers do. And at impact, the same sort of hand and wrist action is essential to power.

Baseball swing or no baseball swing, Bob Jones once pronounced me the best tee shot hitter he ever saw. I won a driving contest in New York by smacking one 314 yards—with the help of a good wind. Bob Jones has always been most friendly to me and told me I made a smart move in leaving baseball for golf. And I am thankful to a great many other great golfers who did extend a welcoming hand. Among these I am particularly grateful to Ed Dudley, Al Watrous, Horton Smith, Walter Hagen and Henry Picard. Regardless of what they think of me, I want to hand it to golf pros for their sincerity in their game. If I were to go to my worst enemy in the game and ask: "What am I doing wrong?" he would do his level best to correct the fault.

All the time I was in baseball, I was nursing the notion that I might some day switch to golf. Miller Huggins used to tell me: "Sam, when you see that you can't save at least 60,000 dollars out of baseball, quit the game and go into something else." In 1931 I spent three weeks under Tommy Armour in Detroit, working at the the same time with Al Watrous and Clarence Gamber, then among the game's longest hitters.

While I had this lurking idea of switching to golf while still in good standing in the big leagues, a few bad breaks sent me into the changeover sooner than I expected.

The Yankees paid 17,500 dollars for me in 1927, one of the biggest prices ever paid for a rookie from a Class B league. My contract was owned by Birmingham, but I was playing at the time for Knoxville in the South Atlantic League. I was farmed out the next season to Albany in the Eastern League, just missed leading it in batting by a couple of points, and came up in 1929. Bob Meusel was beginning to slip and in the middle of that season Miller Huggins put me in his place in left field and told me I was his regular left fielder. For the last half of that season I hit nearly .350.

When we reported in the spring of 1930, however, Huggins was dead and Bob Shawkey had succeeded him as manager. He was sold on Dusty Cooke for left field. Shawkey lasted only a year and Joe McCarthy became manager. In 1932 I got on the sort of batting streak ball players dream about in spring training. I hit seven home runs in seven games. McCarthy decided he couldn't keep a man hitting like that out of the lineup, even though it meant benching Earle Combs. Then sinus trouble got me and I never regained that form.

My only regret now is that I didn't quit baseball then and turn to golf. Instead I hung on, looking for a turn in the road. I was sold to Cincinnati in 1935, and didn't make the break until they sold me to the Cards. Branch Rickey tried to send me to Rochester. When I wouldn't report, he wanted me to come back to the Cards, but I refused. Among my souvenirs is the following telegram:

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.,
MARCH 15, 1937
MR. SAMUEL BYRD
AUGUST NATIONAL CLUB,
AUGUSTA, GA.
UPON ARRIVAL HERE I FIND WE CAN USE YOUR SERVICES TO GREAT ADVANTAGE ON THE CARDINAL CLUB THIS SEASON. WILL GIVE YOU 7,000 DOLLARS IF YOU REPORT IMMEDIATELY. WOULD APPRECIATE QUICK REPLY.
BRANCH RICKEY

For six months work, that's not tin. But I passed it up to become an assistant golf professional and it cost me more money to play the game that year than I made out of it. In the fall of 1936 I had asked a lot of golf pros what they thought of my chances in golf and they all encouraged me to try it. Al Watrous could have landed me a job with a small club out west,

*Continued on page 118*

EMINENT DOCTORS
PROVED
PHILIP MORRIS
far less irritating to the nose and throat!

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT —DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

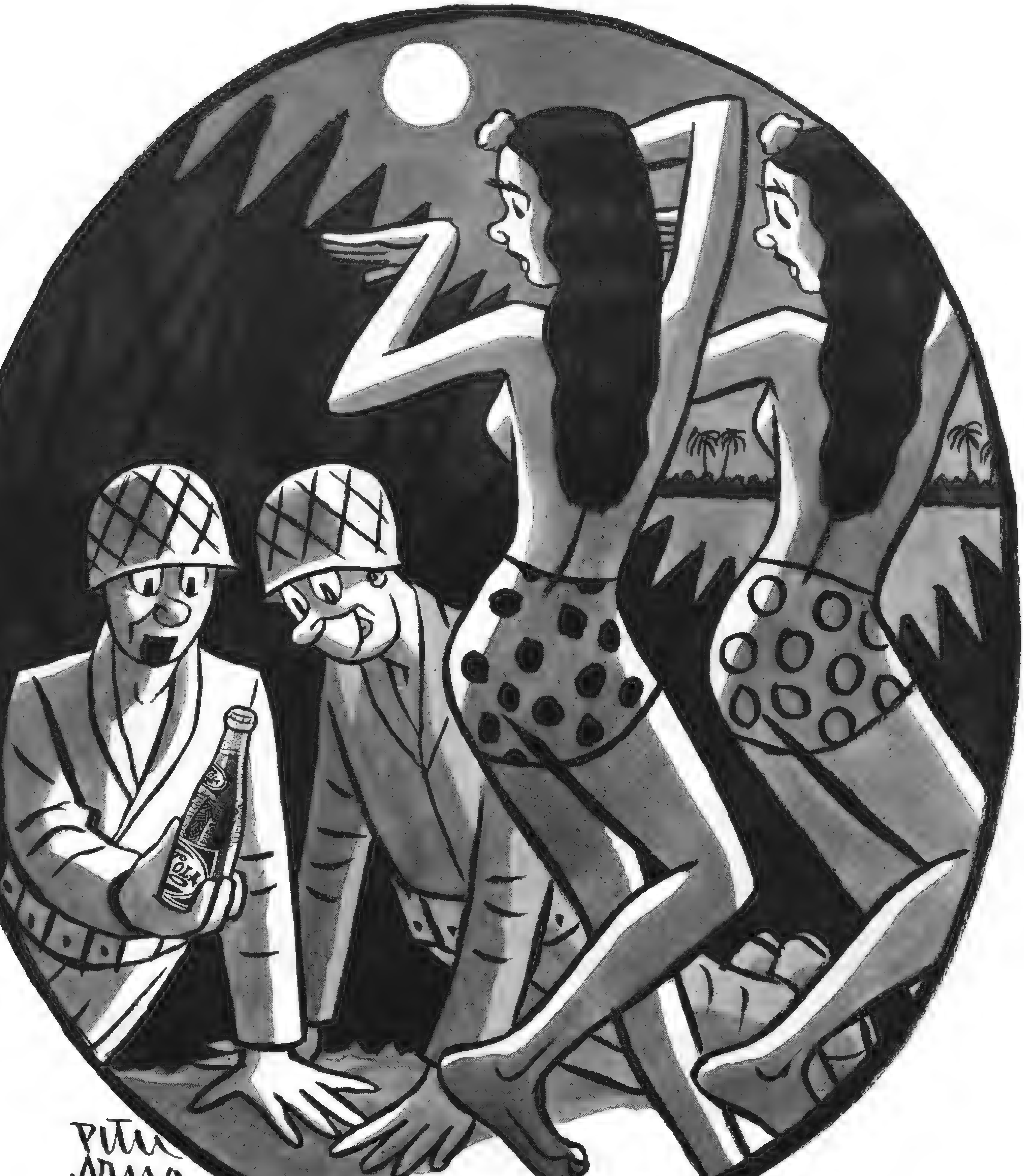
That is from the findings of distinguished doctors in clinical tests of actual smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal.

We claim no curative powers for Philip Morris —but that evidence *proves them less irritating* to the nose and throat.

In *addition*—you will find Philip Morris finer in taste . . . more enjoyable.

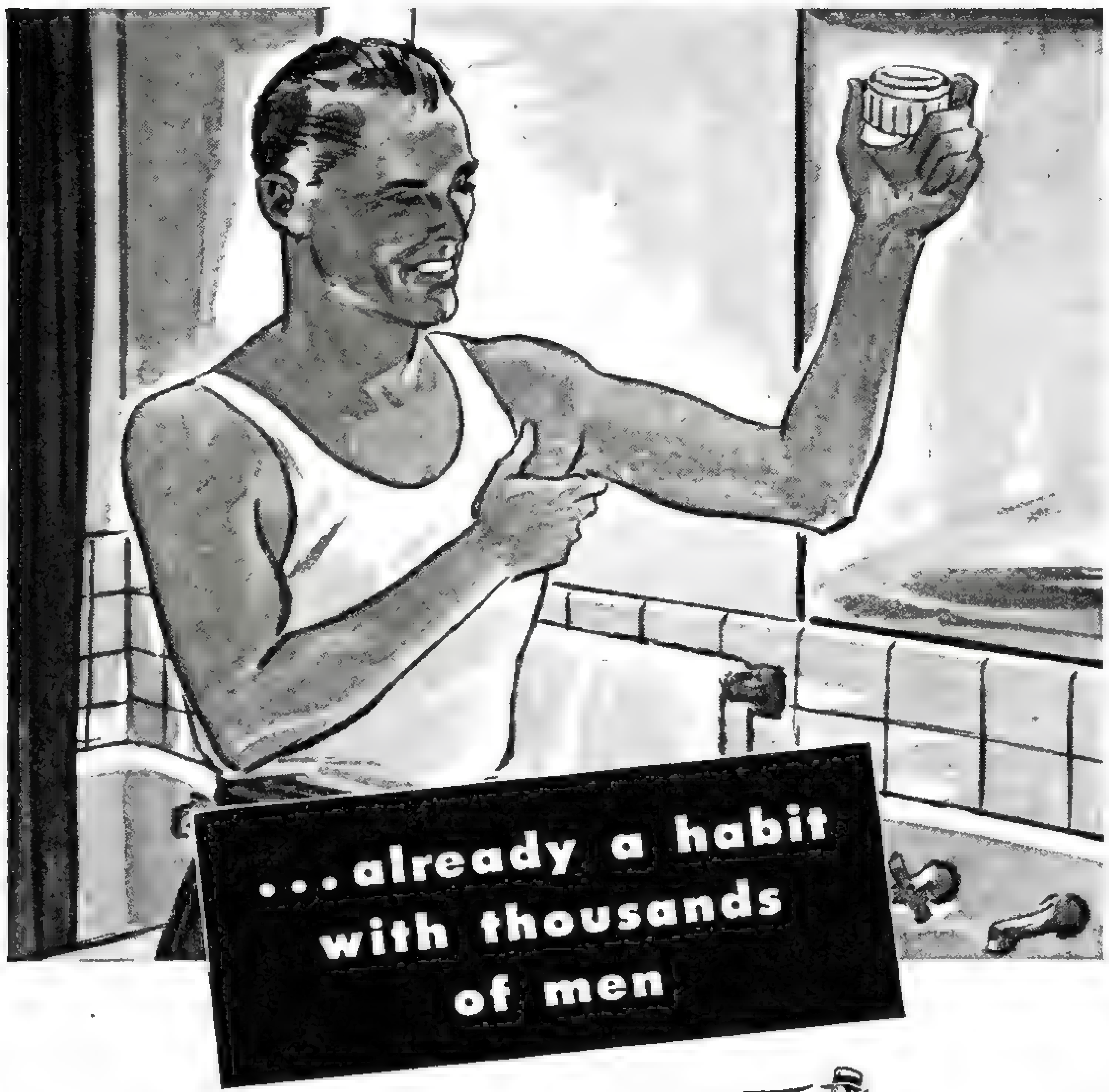
CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS
America's FINEST Cigarette

*One of a series of advertisements by Peter Arno for Pepsi-Cola Company.*



***"Oh boy, it sure looks good to see Pepsi-Cola again!"***

New Cream Deodorant
Prevents Under-arm Odor...
...Vanishes Instantly!


...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

## A Byrd on the Links

*Continued from pages 62-116*

but advised against it. "If you isolate yourself, you'll just become a 75-shooter," he said. "Get with some outstanding pro and you'll go up faster. A man like Ed Dudley would be the right sort."

I took him at his word, applied to Dudley, and Ed promptly gave me a job as assistant at Philadelphia Country Club. If I was crazy, I haven't regretted it. A lot of fellows I knew in the big leagues are down in the bushes now or finished altogether. And six years later, at the age of 35, I think I can fairly claim to be back in the big time, with the best of my golf still ahead. I was eighth on the list of money winners in 1942, which isn't bad, considering the terrific competition on the tournament circuit. And in '43 I won what was generally regarded as the biggest tournament of the season, the Victory Open championship in Chicago, with a score of 277 for the 72 holes. I won it by five strokes.

As a youngster, golf came pretty naturally to me. I never took any golf lessons and never sweated and struggled over the game until I turned to it for a living. I was born in Bremen, Georgia, in 1907, but when I was three years old my family moved to Birmingham, Alabama. We lived right beside the Roebuck Country Club and that's where I learned golf. I caddied at times but never got a chance to play a full 18-hole round until one day when I was in baseball. That was in 1927 at Highland Park, Birmingham, and I got an 82 with borrowed clubs. My best round was a 63 at Merion.

After my first year in golf, which cost me money, I did a little better on my second trip around the winter circuit when I went to the quarter-finals of the San Francisco match play open. Then I moved down to San Antonio with the touring pros and broke 70 in every one of the four rounds of the Texas Open (the first and only time I ever did that). Dutch Harrison played even better and beat me out, but second place in that field was plenty encouraging. It was in the Augusta Masters tournament of 1940 that I think I really found myself.

My partner the first day was Art Doering, Chicago amateur. I scored a 72 and he said: "You're hitting the ball beautifully, Sam."

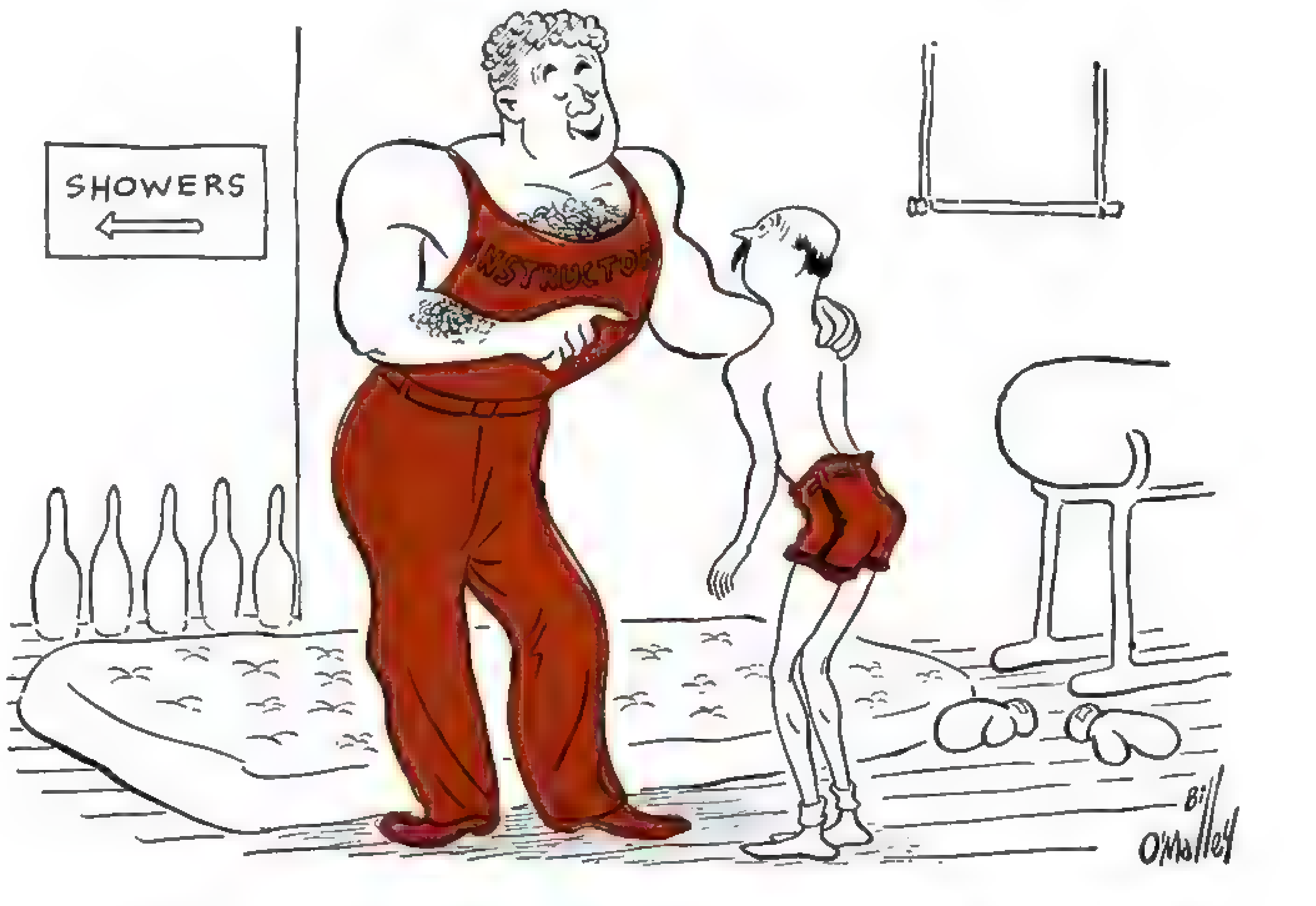
The next day I played with Vic Ghezzi and had a 70 and he said: "You hit the ball at least ten shots better than I did."

I played the third round with Gene Sarazen on a raw, windy day and made a 68 composed entirely of 3's and 4's. I was the only player to beat 70 that day. Bob Jones pronounced the course at least four shots harder than in either of the two preceding rounds. I was crowding Craig Wood for the lead.

Playing with Sam Snead in the final round, the pressure got me and I three-putted five greens. I closed out with a 75 and my total of 285 placed me third, right behind Wood, the winner, and Byron Nelson. It was the best showing I had ever made and was a big lift to my confidence.

Since then I have won the Greensboro, North Carolina, Open, the Pennsylvania State Open and a good many more. I still have a long way to go before I can be considered a great golfer, but I'm in the big league of the links and I'm not in any immediate danger of being shipped to the minors. I've worked hard and long to get this far, much harder than I ever worked as a ball player. And I've liked it. I guess it's in the family strain—both sports. My brother Curdy also doubled in baseball and golf. He has been golf pro at Maxwell Field, Alabama, for some years, and before that was an outfielder in the Cotton States league.

I can say this: If you do make the grade as a tournament golfer, it has its compensations. You can go on in the top flight for years after your legs would have given out from pounding baseball diamonds. And when you win a big tournament, it's all yours. You don't have any cuts to make. It's like winning a World Series—all by yourself. #



*"Now if it weren't for judo, you wouldn't have a chance against me"*

KINSEY
50 YEARS
J.G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.

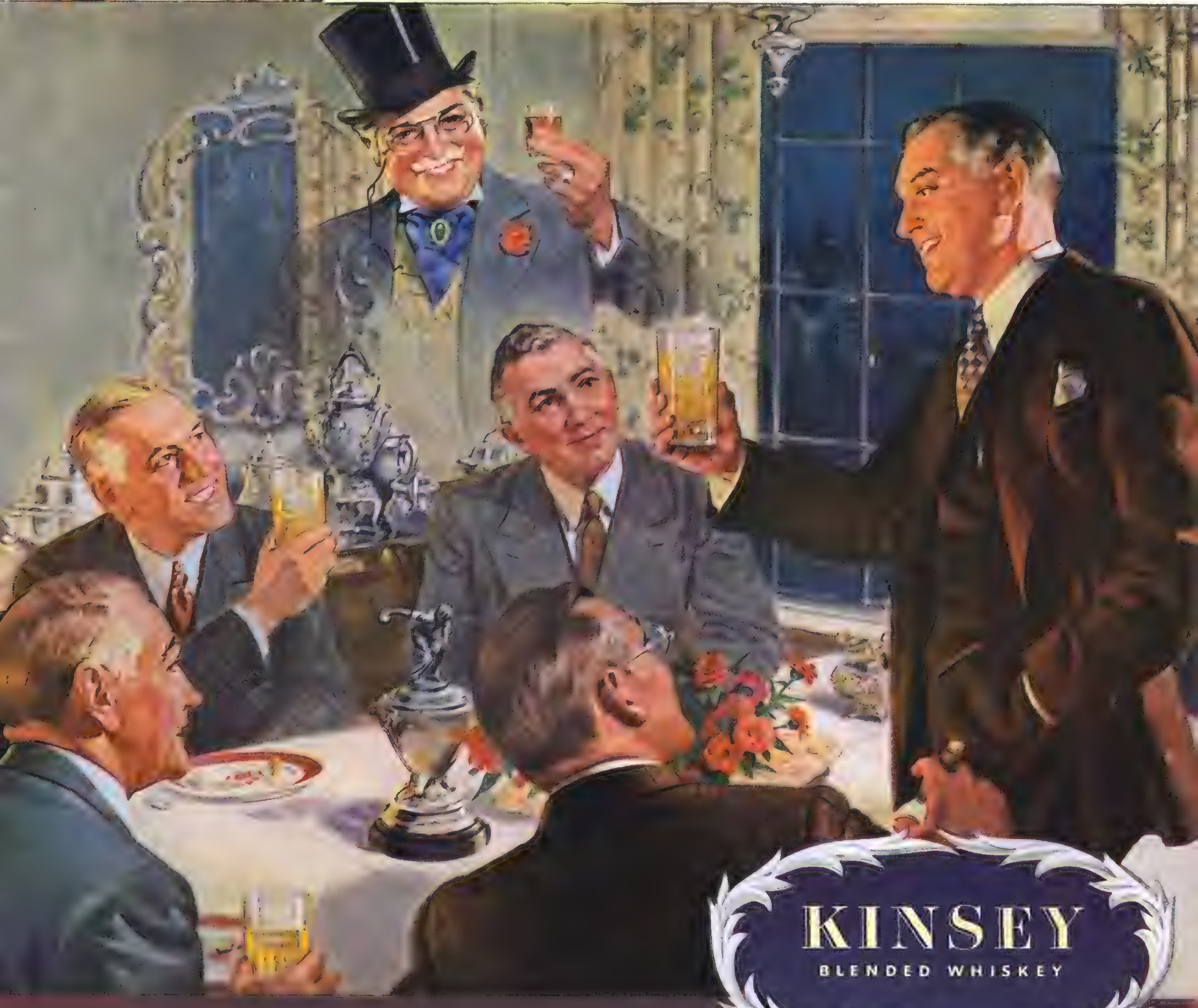
# Toast of the GAY NINETIES

## . . . AND CUE FOR ENJOYMENT TODAY

Find a place of jolly good fellowship and chances are you'll find Kinsey. Little wonder. Kinsey was bred to provide that extra measure of enjoyment demanded by men who are on equally easy terms with a stockholder's report and a thoroughbred's record. Produced originally to provide a special palate pleaser for the landed gentry of the Gay 90's, this smooth-as-a-whisper whiskey nowadays gets the nod from the knowing everywhere. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pennsylvania.

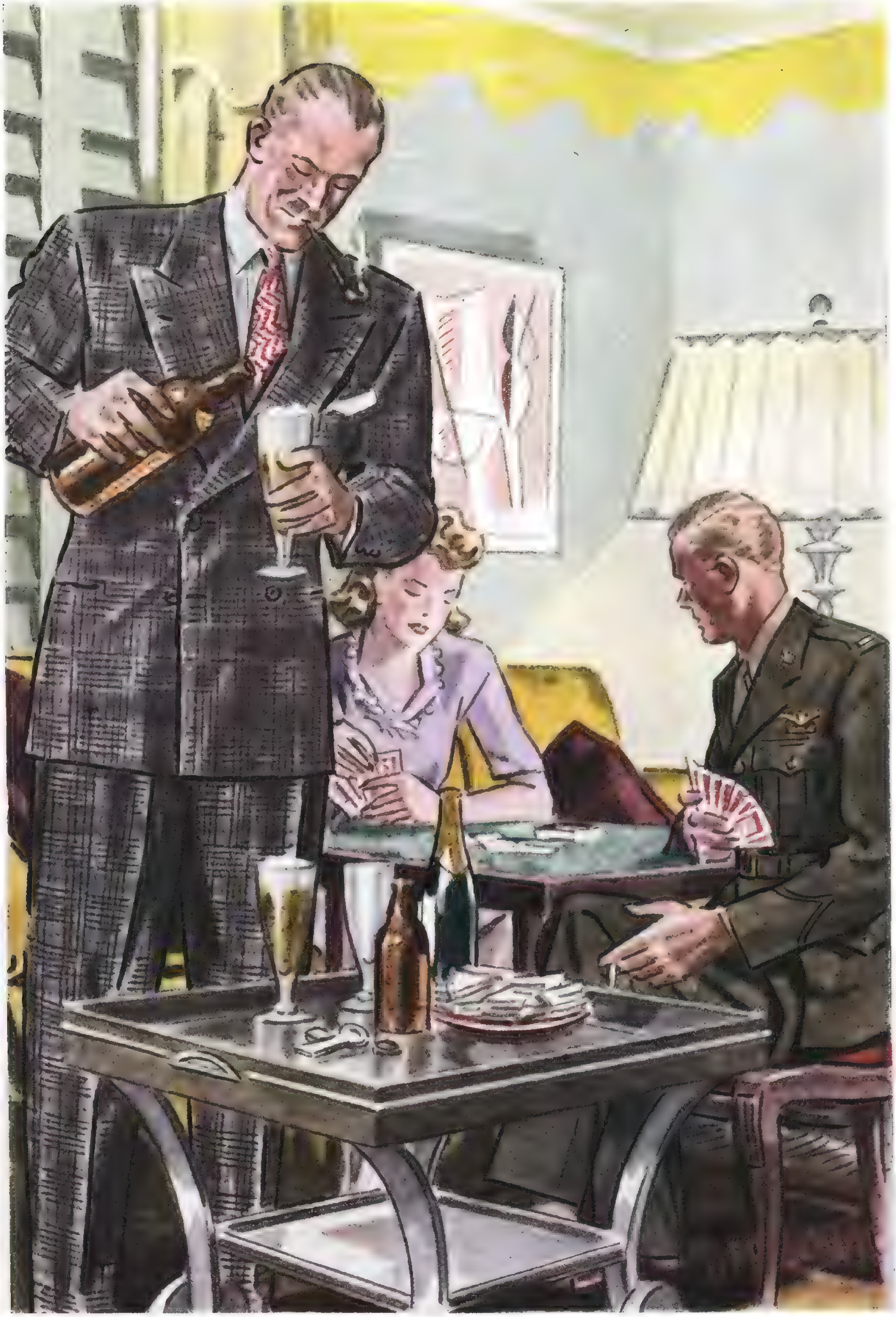
*86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits*

**Hasten Victory—BUY MORE WAR BONDS**



KINSEY
BLENDED WHISKEY

"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR" . . . NOW AS IN 1892

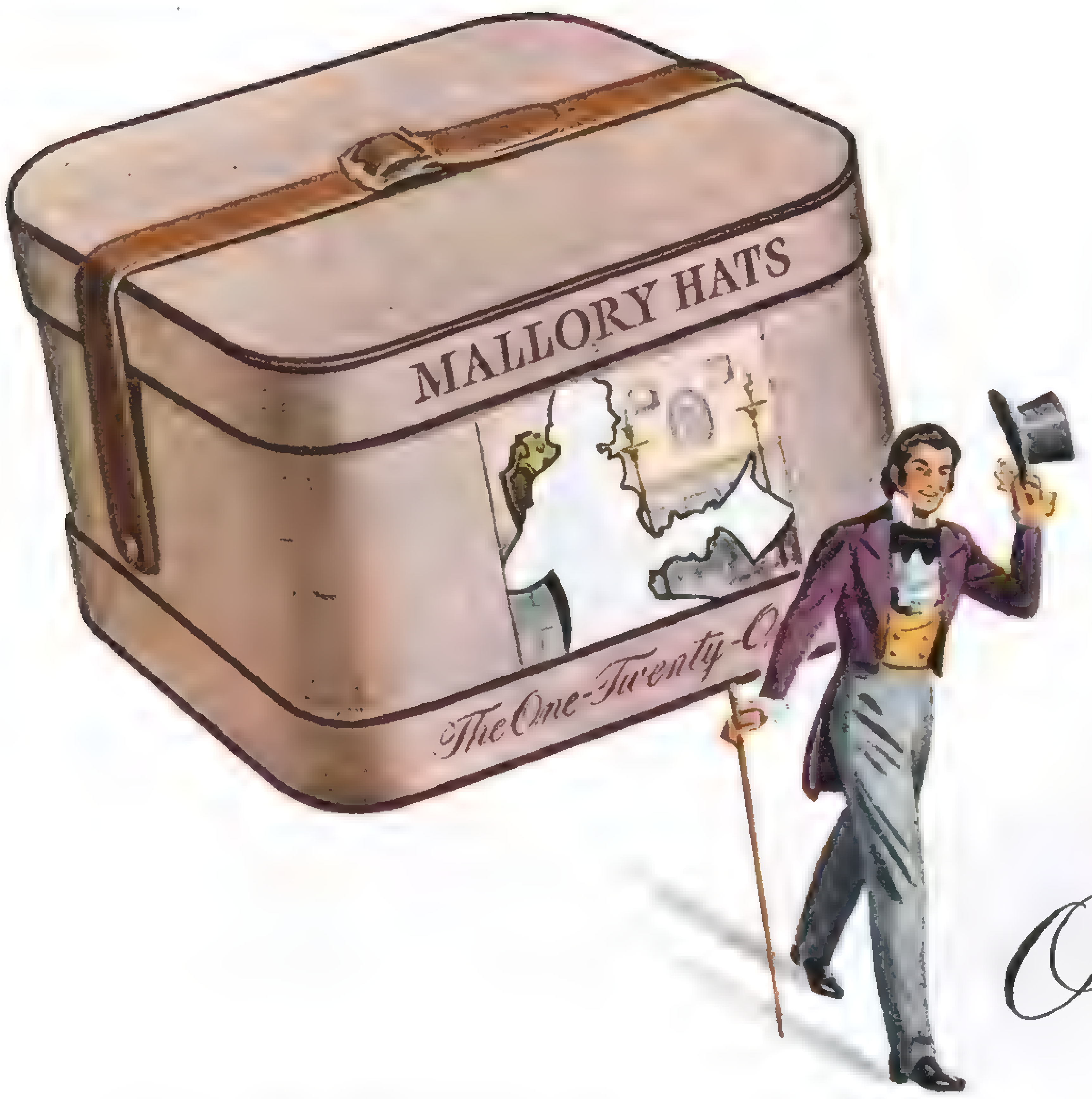


## *wherein Hoyle gets schneidered*

Assuming that it's okay to ply a personable young Marine officer with beer, ginger ale, sandwiches and gin rummy, what's wrong with this picture? Don't try too hard—because the answer is nothing. And yet if you were to say, "Migawd, a Glen Urquhart plaid in a double breasted model in Esquire, The Magazine for Men, 50c at your neighborhood newsstand???" we would excuse at least two of those question marks. Actually, we rarely have shown plaids in double breasted models before . . . but Esquire follows fashion, not vice versa, and fashion now says okay. In the parlance of gin rummy, convention has been schneidered, i.e., knocked for a loop. So take it away, boys, and wear it in the best of health. . . . This model is cut along approved lines—fairly broad shoulders with a slight shape at the waist. The wide lapels roll to the middle button and the lower button is left unfastened.

---

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)*



*"For 121 years I've been watching Mallory lead the fashions in men's hats . . . . but here's a new style that makes anyone really* stand up *and take notice!"*

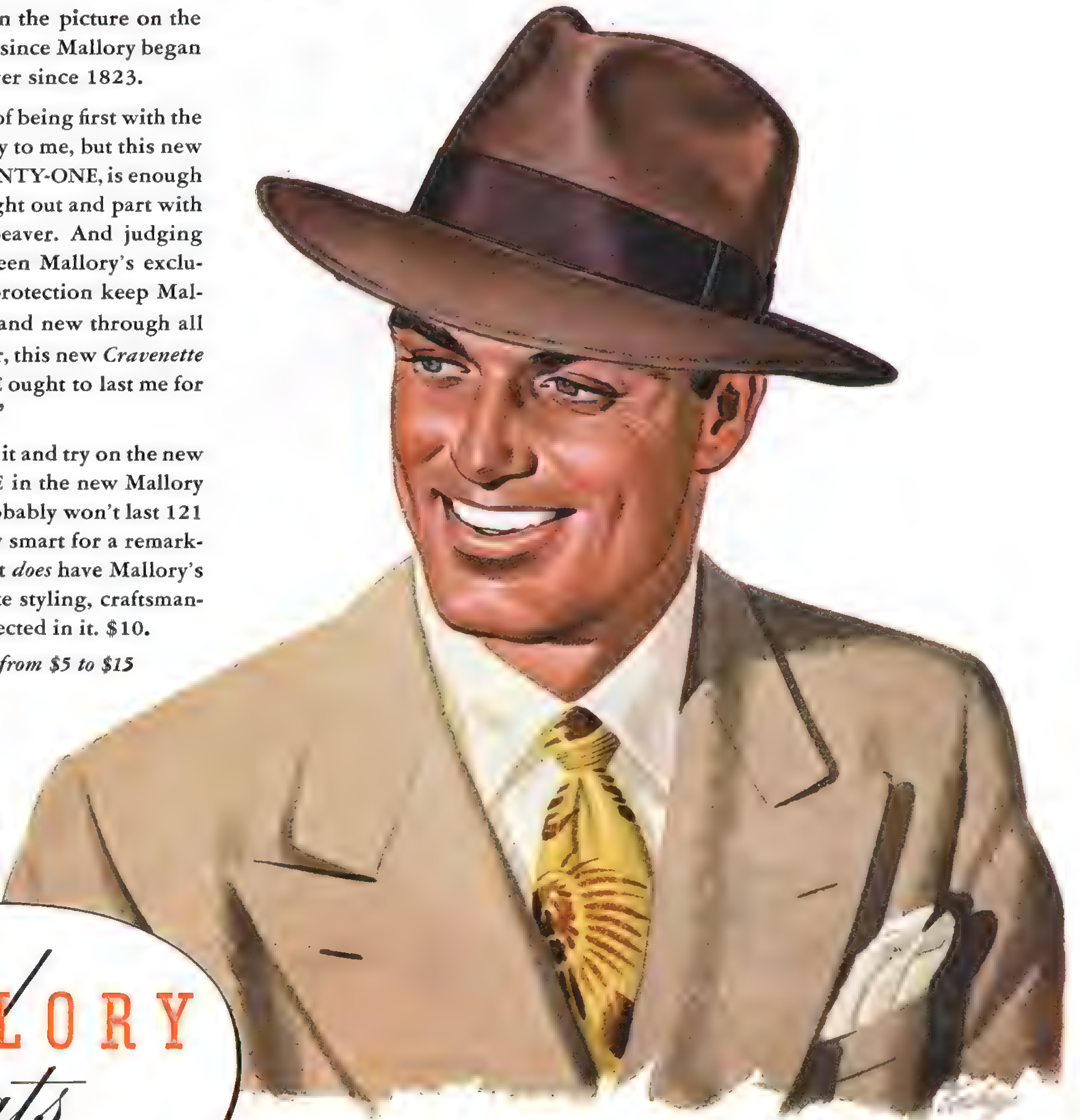
## THE NEW MALLORY
## *One-Twenty-One*

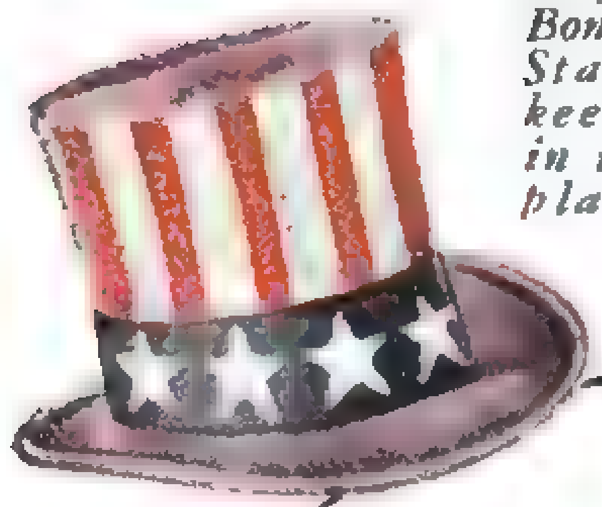
"I've been sitting in the picture on the Mallory hat box ever since Mallory began to make fine hats—ever since 1823.

"Mallory's knack of being first with the newest is an old story to me, but this new style, The ONE-TWENTY-ONE, is enough to make me come right out and part with my high-crowned beaver. And judging from the way I've seen Mallory's exclusive *Cravenette* hat-protection keep Mallorys looking fresh and new through all kinds of bad weather, this new *Cravenette* ONE-TWENTY-ONE ought to last me for the next 121 years!"

Take his word for it and try on the new ONE-TWENTY-ONE in the new Mallory Spring colors. It probably won't last 121 years, but it *will* stay smart for a remarkably long time and it *does* have Mallory's 121 years of first-rate styling, craftsmanship and quality reflected in it. $10.

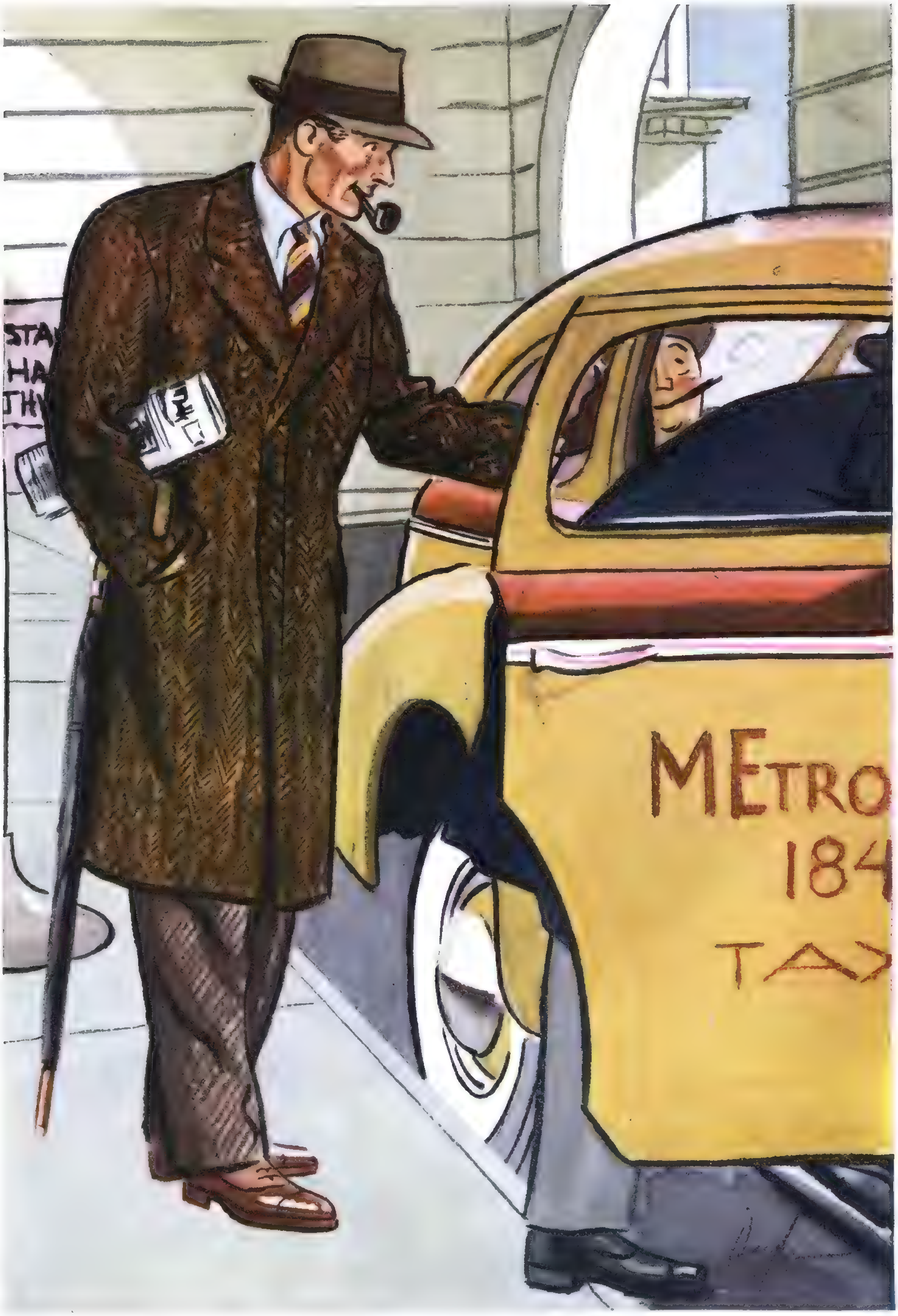
*Other Mallory Styles from $5 to $15*





*Buy more War Bonds and War Stamps to help keep this hat in its rightful place, on top!*

**MALLORY**
*hats*
STYLE LEADERS FOR 121 YEARS



# anybody going to the White House?

In Washington, it's rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub. And when we say tub we mean taxi. And when we say three men we're being conservative. Rationing makes strange bedfellows, but so does democracy; and after all, the very least we can do is share our taxis to beat the Axis. . . . We can't identify the two early birds, one of whom is exercising squatter's rights, but the third man evidently belongs to the firm of Brown, Brown, Brown & Brown. At least, that's his fashion affiliation, and a rather happy blending it is too. His herringbone tweed topcoat is in a ruddy shade of brown with broad shoulders, fly-front and regulation pockets. The hat is a grey-brown snap brim felt with raw edge brim. The suit is brown diagonal tweed, and the dark brown shoes are the junior member. Just to show he's not prejudiced, he also wears a pale blue Oxford shirt and maroon ground repp tie.

---

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)*

## The Winning of Muscle Shoals Mike

*Continued from page 61*

this rain of blows, turned and ran into the hotel lobby.

"Maybe we'd better leave," suggested Mr. Jones. So the two old men set off at a fast trot, and they didn't stop until they had reached a corner of Park Avenue and Forty-ninth Street.

From here they saw Muscle Shoals Mike, and he was a sight very pleasing to the two bird dog men. Muscle Shoals Mike was on point, standing very still on the lawn in the courtyard of a big apartment building across the street. He was on three legs with one foreleg tucked under his chest. As the men crossed the avenue, they saw that there was a pigeon about two feet from Muscle Shoals Mike's nose. This was a chesty, sophisticated looking pigeon, and he didn't seem at all bothered by the bird dog. The pigeon was pecking at some crumbs. From time to time, he would raise his head and look Muscle Shoals Mike squarely in the eye. Often the pigeon would shake his head, maybe because of the whiskey fumes on the bird dog's breath.

"Point! Point!" screamed Mr. MacBain. He charged onto the lawn, dragging out his pistol as he galloped. Mr. Jones followed, but when they reached the lawn, the fat man was so exhausted that he slumped on a bench and let his plump arms hang limply.

Mr. MacBain slowed to a stealthy walk, moved in behind the bird dog and kicked up the pigeon. The annoyed bird flew a few feet and settled on the bench beside Mr. Jones. Mr. MacBain raised the pistol overhead and fired one round into the air. Muscle Shoals Mike, steady to wing and shot, of course, remained in his statue-like pose until the cattleman spoke to him. This bit of bird-work served to exhilarate Mr. MacBain highly, and he kicked boot heels together and waved his whistle and yelled the same way he always yelled when he was roping goats in rodeos.

Two young women, leaving one of the apartments, stepped out in the courtyard at this time. At sight of Mr. MacBain flourishing the smoking revolver and of Mr. Jones slumped on the bench, the women screamed and fled toward the avenue.

The cattleman ignored the women and said to Mr. Jones: "I've got a nice little orange ranch in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas. It has about 100 acres with a beautiful 'dobe house. I wouldn't take any price for it. But I'll high dice you for this ranch against Muscle Shoals Mike."

"O.K., though I hate to take the chance of losing him," said Mr. Jones, wearily. The two old men knelt on the lawn and threw the dice, and Mr. Jones won the citrus ranch. They were preparing to shoot again, when Muscle Shoals Mike raised his head in the dusk and howled dismally.

"Poor boy," said Mr. MacBain. "Muscle Shoals Mike needs to wet his whistle again. Where's the nearest bar?"

"We'd better head out the back way for Lexington Avenue," said Mr. Jones. "I see trouble coming down Park Avenue. Those women are bringing back the cops."

The men and the bird dog ran for several blocks before they halted at a small bar on Lexington Avenue. Mr. MacBain and Mr. Jones had two double bourbons and soda. Muscle Shoals Mike lapped up two quick ones, straight. Mr. MacBain sighed, leaned back in his chair and said: "That bird work Muscle Shoals Mike done back on the avenue cheered me up right smart. Maybe this town isn't so dull as I've been thinking. I'm tired of them dice of yours. But I've got a little sociable game we could play—a guessing game you might call it—if you're willing to risk Muscle Shoals Mike again. We'll need a deck of cards."

Muscle Shoals Mike moaned. The waiter came over and said to Mr. MacBain: "Sir, you'll have to remove that dog. He acts strangely and he's not muzzled. The other guests are getting nervous."

Mr. Jones said: "Waiter, if you'll ask the night manager, you'll find that I am the sole owner of this bar. However, this gentleman and I are playing games, and he may own this place any minute now. Will you please get drinks for everyone in the house and tell them not to worry about Muscle Shoals Mike. And bring us two bourbons and soda, one saucer of bourbon and a deck of cards."

When the deck of cards arrived, Mr. MacBain shuffled them and instructed Mr. Jones: "Take a card—any card." The New Yorker drew the jack of hearts, and Mr. MacBain continued, "Here's how our little guessing game will go: You take this card over to the telephone booth and call my daughter in Texas. Make it collect. Tell her you're here with me. Then ask her what card you've got. I'll bet you she can tell you. I'll bet a 200-acre East Texas farm against Muscle Shoals Mike."

"Your proposition sounds pretty suspicious, but I'll take your bet," said Mr. Jones, "provided you will let me kill this card and draw another one before I call."

"Draw all you want to," said the Texan. "And, oh yes, make the call to Miss Eileen MacBain at the Texas Hotel in Fort Worth. I keep a suite there." Mr. Jones drew the ace of clubs and set out for the telephone booth.

A few minutes later the little man came back to the table. He looked puzzled. He said: "I can't figure it. She named the card—without even hesitating. You own Muscle Shoals Mike. I'd like to bet you the other half of that Boston brewery that she can't do it again. So keep her on the

*Continued on page 124*

MORALE IS BUILT FROM YOUR FEET UP

What a difference the right shoes can make... particularly when you have to keep going eight and ten hours a day. Yes, and until you step into a pair of Matrix Shoes you will never know the downright comfort of a curve for curve cushion for the sole of your foot.

That's why Matrix Shoes never need to be broken in. They're like old friends from the very first moment and they will stand by you smartly. Rationing or no rationing, you'll be foot happy ever after with Matrix. If you don't know the name of your nearest dealer, write us for it.

*"Your Footprint in Leather"*

MATRIX SHOES *by Heywood*

MATRIX

*Featured by America's Leading Retailers*

THE HOUSE OF HEYWOOD • WORCESTER 4, MASS.

*Men's Fine Shoemakers Since 1864*

78TH DIVISION 1ST DIVISION 28TH DIVISION 90TH DIVISION 31ST DIVISION 6TH DIVISION 32ND DIVISION 95TH DIVISION 5TH DIVISION

Insignia Red
IN
Wembley Ties

Here's the latest color in Wembley Ties—a new, rousing red taken from the divisional insignia worn on a soldier's sleeve. It's Wembley's new war-time fabric (available also in uniform khaki and black). The quality and craftsmanship are all you'd expect of a tie that bears the most popular name in neckwear—Wembley.

BUY BONDS—SPEED THE VICTORY

Wembley Ties

Copyright 1944, Wembley, Inc., New Orleans

## The Winning of Muscle Shoals Mike

*Continued from pages 61-123*

phone. She wants to talk to you."

Mr. MacBain bent over to stroke Muscle Shoals Mike's head. Then he went to talk to his daughter. When he returned, he shuffled the cards and Mr. Jones drew the king of spades and started for the telephone.

Mr. MacBain called after him: "My daughter likes you a lot. Call her Alice, don't call her Miss MacBain. She says you've got the nicest voice."

Mr. Jones was in the phone booth for only a minute this time. Back at the table, he said: "Well, Murdo, you are full owner of that Boston brewery." And they had a couple of drinks, and Muscle Shoals Mike had one, too. They drank for about twenty minutes before Mr. Jones made another wager. This time he drew the five of clubs and he bet a half interest in his night club, the Pelican Club, against Muscle Shoals Mike. He was going to the phone booth again and Mr. MacBain said: "Remember, make the call to Miss Kathleen MacBain, Texas Hotel at Forth Worth."

"I thought you said her name was Alice, or was it something else the first time," said Mr. Jones. He retraced his steps, sat down and looked at Mr. MacBain, appreciatively.

"I get it now," he said. "There's no need to make the call. You win the half interest in the Pelican. Your nice daughter has a first name for every card in the deck. That's a wonderful game, and I should win a lot of bets with it. Only thing, I don't have a daughter in Texas, or any place else."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. MacBain. "It's not a very sporting trick, and I wouldn't have used it except to get Muscle Shoals Mike back. I'm returning the brewery and the interest in the Pelican, of course. In case you're interested, if you'd drawn the deuce of diamonds you might have called my lovely daughter by her real name, which is Frances."

"You won everything fair and square, Murdo, and I wouldn't think of taking anything back—unless I can win it. I'd like to roll the dice some more, if you don't mind. I have a fine ranch in Idaho which I will bet against Muscle Shoals Mike. What say we high dice?"

"All right," said Mr. MacBain in a troubled voice. He ordered three more drinks and he stroked Muscle Shoals Mike's head as he laid the whiskey saucer on the floor. They rolled the dice and Mr. MacBain lost.

The following morning Mr. MacBain and Mr. Jones did not awake until just before noon, and they found that they had slept in their clothes on the floor of the men's room at the Pelican Club. Muscle Shoals Mike was lying morosely nearby.

"I am not none too proud of being partners in this here saloon, Homer," said Mr. MacBain. "If I remember right from last night, we're getting two bucks a drink around here. I wouldn't blame some of the boys if they shot up the place, protesting prices."

"Well, that's all your worry now," said Mr. Jones. "Don't you remember, you got hot with the dice late last night and won the other half interest in the Pelican. But, for the life of me, I can't remember who won Muscle Shoals Mike the last time we high diced for him."

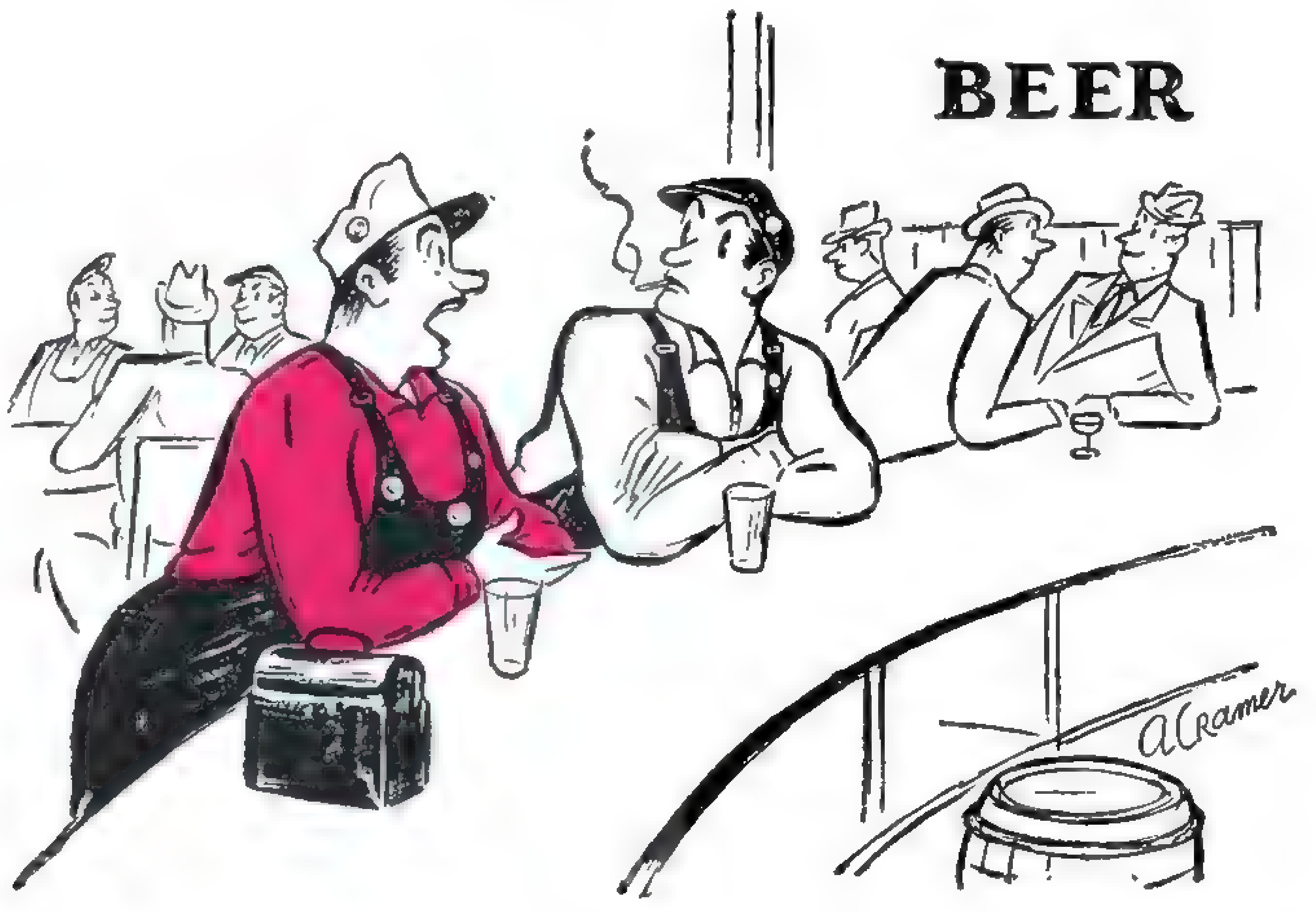
"I don't remember, either," said Mr. MacBain.

Muscle Shoals Mike didn't remember, either. And he had such a bad hangover and his tail was so sore that he didn't particularly give a damn who owned him.

"Tell you what we'll do," said Mr. MacBain. "If you don't remember, and I don't remember, let's just declare old Mike here a free agent and start over again."

"That's a sound idea," said Homer. "But not here. Now that I no longer own the joint, two bucks is too much to pay for a drink of whiskey. Let's go some place else."

Somewhat lamely the two old gentlemen and Muscle Shoals Mike got up from the floor and went out. #



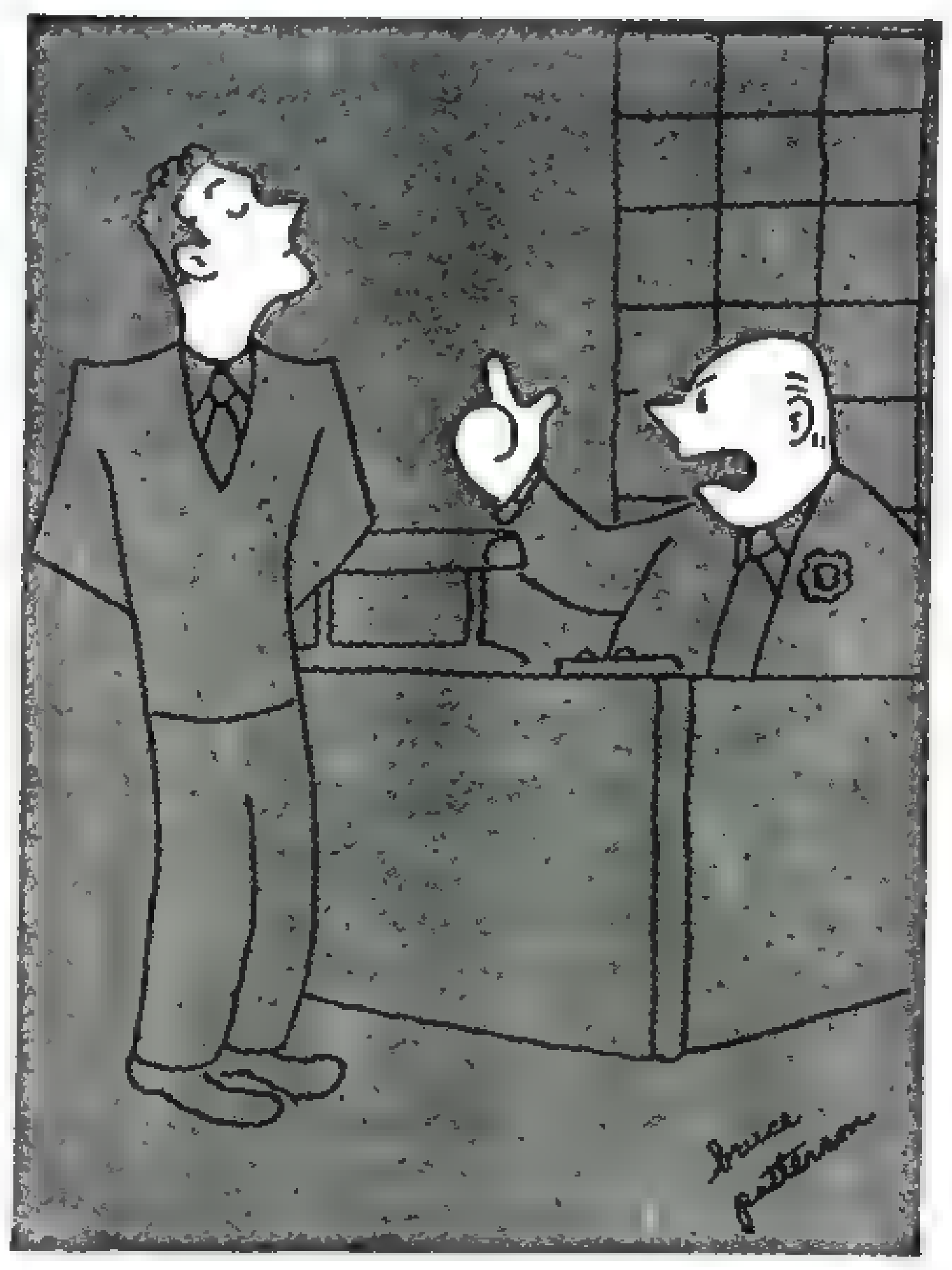
*"Sure we're working sixty hour shifts, and what have we got to show for it except a lot of dough!"*

## Eastern vs. Western Ski Sitting

*Continued from page 48*

cent trailed rather reluctantly along behind, "I was so disappointed to see the little hills and so much—what you say—forest? Trees are all over and there is so little ski room. Then I ski awhile and I find that it is quite tricky and sometimes very difficult to ski on these narrow trails and on different snow conditions. Therefore, I like to say that one has to be good to handle these Eastern trails and if the Western skier, with his mountains but wide slopes, says there is nothing to these hills, he should try them first and talk afterwards."

Miss Stiller then shook her head with an air of finality and her statement met with immediate agreement from the dark-haired, bronzed Mr. Iselin.



*"How can you stand there and ask me for a thousand a week when the Army refused to pay you fifty dollars a month?"*

"This Eastern country makes your skier very rough and tough," he said. "Occasionally he is skiing in powder. More often he is skiing on hard snow. Another day he has breakable crust and another he has ice. On all sides he has trees and to go slamming down through these takes courage."

Mr. Iselin then elaborated on this. He said that the Eastern skier consequently becomes more versatile but that he does not bother much with style, being content, apparently, to get down amid all these hazards in any manner whatsoever.

"I notice this particularly in racing," said Mr. Iselin. "Your Eastern racer skis often in a deep crouch which looks awful but gets him there. I think Dick Durrance, who did most of his competitive skiing in the East, typifies the Eastern type who is determined to make time no matter how he looks doing it."

Until now, Mr. Meyer, equally as weather-beaten as his associates, had been content to sit back, apparently satisfied just to tune in on all this while following with hungry eyes the gesticulations of the flocks of potential pupils swooping down what the Snow Valley proprietors, the brothers W. and D. Rath, appropriately call their Grand Slam Slope. But at this point he put in his oar.

"The Easterners," he said, "are less interested in style because it has less place on a trail. There the constant obstacles and turns break up the fluent rhythm that can be acquired on the wide slopes of the West. As a result the Easterner prefers a system of checking which makes his skiing very hard. Trail running demands, first of all, skiing by strength and that is what you get here."

Here the three concurred on the opinion that it is the very absence of wide slopes in the East that makes instruction so much more difficult than in the West.

"In the West," Mr. Meyer explained, "you can always find just the right grade for what you are teaching. If you are teaching from a traverse run it doesn't matter if the pupil hesitates for ten seconds. There is plenty of room and time. Here if he hesitates he is off somewhere in the bushes.

"On the long slopes in the West," he went on, "you can teach rhythm more and that is the heart of good skiing. Here the terrain is constantly changing and when the skier has to adjust himself to meet these changes he loses the rhythm. On a long slope the skier can, say, link thirty turns. After he makes ten the instructor can correct him and then he can start on ten more while the matter is fresh in his mind. Here, after he makes ten, he has to take the ski lift to the top again where already he has lost most of the feeling."

"And when you do get the pupils started down the hill again," interposed Mr. Iselin, "you have a hundred skiers rushing through your class."

At this point Miss Stiller made a series of understanding clucking noises and this ski sitter made a note to the effect that, until they build bigger mountains, Eastern skiers will never be able to ski with the fluent rhythm of their Western brethren. Then Mr. Meyer mentioned cheating.

"Eastern skiers," he said, "are constantly cheating on their turns. Here, as we say, you do not have the deep snow to be found almost constantly in the West. Deep snow is the best teacher of all because to turn in it the skier has to be very exacting in his movements. As a result the person who learns to ski in deep snow becomes very precise.

"Here in the East," he continued, "where most of the skiing is done on hard snow because you do not get new snowfalls so often and more people are using the same slopes, the pupils find that it is comparatively easy to turn. It is, I will admit, a comparatively simple thing to swing around somehow on a hard slope and consequently the pupil sees no necessity to bother with the finer points.

"You know, the first lesson I gave here I felt like a fool. There

*Continued on page 126*

Fashions have changed

*What a golfer went around in, back in 1820*

BUT he's still Tops in taste!

Still par for the 19th hole, or whenever the occasion calls for a distinctively smooth and mellow scotch whisky. That's Johnnie Walker.

**Due to British War Restrictions,** gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BORN 1820
*Still going strong*

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD
*Both 86.8 Proof*
BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
*Sole Importer*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Perfect COMPANIONS

Your feet are "going places" sixteen hours of every day! The "Perfect Companions" during these hard working hours are British Walker and Synchro-Flex Shoes. Here's why . . .

These amazing shoes have years-ahead, patented construction which makes them feel like they're actually part of your feet.

It's flexibility that counts . . . that makes these shoes conform easily and without friction to the ever-changing action of your feet. Unusual flexibility combined with buoyant stability is why British Walker and Synchro-Flex Shoes give you such pleasure.

Through the busy hours of every day, you'll find British Walker and Synchro-Flex Shoes your "Perfect Companions."

FIRST: BUY MORE BONDS

Smith SYNCHRO-FLEX

BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

As Flexible as Your Feet

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY, CHICAGO 22, ILL.
Makers Smith Synchro-Flex for Men, British Walkers for Men and Women

## Eastern vs. Western Ski Sitting

*Continued from pages 48-125*

I was trying to teach the pupils correctly to make a Stem-Christiania turn and all the while they knew and I knew that they could have skidded around on the hard snow without all this bother."

Here both Miss Stiller and Mr. Iselin agreed but cited instances in which they had been completely vindicated. Often, they said, they had seen skiers who had looked very good on the hard slopes one day windmilling all over the hills on the second day following a heavy snowfall. They added in quite hurt tones that they had actually heard these Easterners complain about the conditions when they were having the finest new powder snow of the year.

"You must understand," said Mr. Iselin, "that because of the deep snow the skiers in the West are of necessity much more concerned with the fine points of knee and shoulder action, of edging and of drifting slowly into the turns. Here they try always to force the turns and I detect also a tendency of the better skiers to hang in the bindings with an exaggerated forward lean. In the West they ski at right angles to the slope with their heels solidly on their skis at all times because they have to."

This Eastern lean, it can be pointed out, has spread largely through the schools of Karl Acker, a picture skier much admired throughout the East, and E. Fritz Loosli, the papa of Parallel. Mr. Iselin asserted that although Easterners can get away with their excessive forward lean on hard snows they would learn that in deep snow, where they might run into resistance at any moment, they would find themselves pitching forward on their faces. At this point he made half a diving motion out of his chair and Miss Stiller laughed.

This discussion of hanging in the bindings inevitably brought up the question of equipment and Mr. Meyer pointed out that most Easterners neglect their equipment alarmingly and that he had never seen so many unwaxed skis before in his life. Miss Stiller said she had watched some Easterners lacquer their boards one minute and go sallying forth on them the next. Mr. Iselin said that most Easterners use skis that are too stiff and have too much camber. That settled the equipment question and Mr. Iselin got around to the question of competitive skiing.

"Because," he said, "most of the skiing in the East is done on hard packed slopes and trails I feel that this is the ideal training ground for slalom running. In slalom all of the skiers are making their turns through the same flags and soon they bring about the hard conditions on which the Easterner trains most of the time. Otherwise I think your best downhill racers will come mostly from the West. Here your runs are generally too short and require too much checking because they are so confined. Therefore the Eastern skier does not acquire the real feeling for speed that comes to the Westerner."

"The difference, I think, is not so much terrain," Miss Stiller said "as the reaction of the pupil. Here everybody wants to learn so fast. Here everybody wants to argue with the instructor. Here you have all kinds of systems, while in the West instruction is more standardized. Here the pupil is so doubtful and is always asking, 'Is this the right technique?'

"Here the pupil skis mostly on week ends only," she went on, "and in one week end wants to become the expert. At Sun Valley, Alta or Mount Rainier the pupil has a week or more. It is then more easy to get him to relax for the first day or so and take it easy. Here by the end of the second day the skier is on his way back to the city. But this I will say. In the East the skier is far more enthusiastic for the little skiing that he gets. It is as Benno Rybizka says, 'The West has the snow, the East the skiers.'"

At this point Mr. Meyer nodded his head very violently but said that most of the Eastern skiers he has instructed are what he calls "Stem-Christiania Crazy." He explained that they all want to go in the advanced class and that when he tries them out he finds they are not even acquainted with the elementary fundamentals.

"One of these men who wanted to go into the Stem-Christiania class could not even stand on his skis," he said. "After the morning class I took him and began to teach him the Snowplow. In the afternoon I looked and he is giving a girl a lesson and charging her two dollars to pass on what I have shown him. Now he thinks he is an instructor already.

"Mostly, though," he concluded, "it is the impatience and the terrain. It is pretty hard to convince a pupil that he should progress more slowly when he can see his friends who do not take lessons skidding around on the hard snow and having a helluva time."

And there you have it—or enough of it, if you commit it to memory—to retain your franchise for another season. This ski sitter does not want to put any ideas in your head which you may not have already garnered, but the next time you are following the sedentary sport in some snug little snow stube you can point out that Eastern skiers are by far more courageous and more versatile, while the Westerners are more fluent and more technically precise. That's what the first three experts really qualified to speak on the subject have to say, anyway. ⧺

## Boxing Needs No Defense

Continued from page 37

fists especially in these wartimes.

As in rifle shooting, boxing interest can best be inspired and maintained by competition. To avoid the fallacy of producing a few "champions" who can fight and a large gallery that cannot fight, service ring tournaments should be kept fresh with a never ending entry list by the simple process of eliminating the winners, in many cases graduating them to the status of instructors.

The direct value of boxing skill is emphasized by experienced men who say there is not much in the Japanese tricks that a good right cross or left hook will not cure.

Some years ago, in Tokyo, Captain Warren J. Clear of the U. S. Army, who certainly never claimed to be a boxer of national prominence, was inveigled into a mixed match with the very best the Japs had in jujitsu. After a horrendous melee the Jap wound up flat on his back.

Similarly, the writer once engaged in a mixed match in Manila against one Yujiro Omato, a so-called Nip "champ." The Jap ran true to form by scoring one fall that interrupted a courteous opening handshake. A few seconds later he was out.

Boxers have set a fine example in this war. Thousands are in the services. Of the eight world's champions Joe Louis, Gus Lesnevich, Tony Zale, Red Cochrane, Willie Pep and Jackie Patterson are in uniform.

In the Pacific area five splendid examples of heroism were provided by professional boxers. Barney Ross, former world's welter and lightweight champion, won the Silver Star for bravery in action. Indian Joe Rivers, Philadelphia lightweight, died in action after a heroic stand against tremendous odds. Terry Reynolds, another Philadelphia boxer, was awarded the Navy Cross posthumously. Sonny Boy Walker, San Diego heavyweight, was commissioned on the field for bravery. Tiny Edwards, California bantam, was blown to bits leading a bayonet charge.

At Pearl Harbor one of the outstanding feats of gallantry was performed by George Etcell. He won the Navy Cross for entering burning compartments on the *U.S.S. Nevada* to supervise the flooding and to rescue unconscious shipmates.

Etcell was for many years a ring professional and fleet champion. With his snow-white hair and 28 years of service he is an example that might be cited among men that boxing does not harm. #

## Radio Upsets

"I have here a request for *That Sainted Old Mother of Mine* from Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Windry who are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary today. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Windry! Anybody who can stay married that long deserves our heartfelt respect! But that doesn't alter the fact that *That Sainted Old Mother of Mine* is pure corn, and anyhow we played it last week. Get limber, cats! Here comes *One o'Clock Jump!*"

* * *

"Here we are, folks, with five minutes to go, and Behemoth leading Inept State by 27-0. I want to say that if any of you have just tuned in, don't be mislead by that score which simply does *not* fairly represent the game as it has been played and the actual difference between these two teams. No, sir, it simply hasn't been that kind of a game at all, and I want to say that except for a few breaks, and maybe a questionable decision here and there, and the fact that Behemoth took all its regulars out at the end of the first period, the score might just as easily be 100-0 in her favor. That more nearly represents the *real* difference between these two teams."

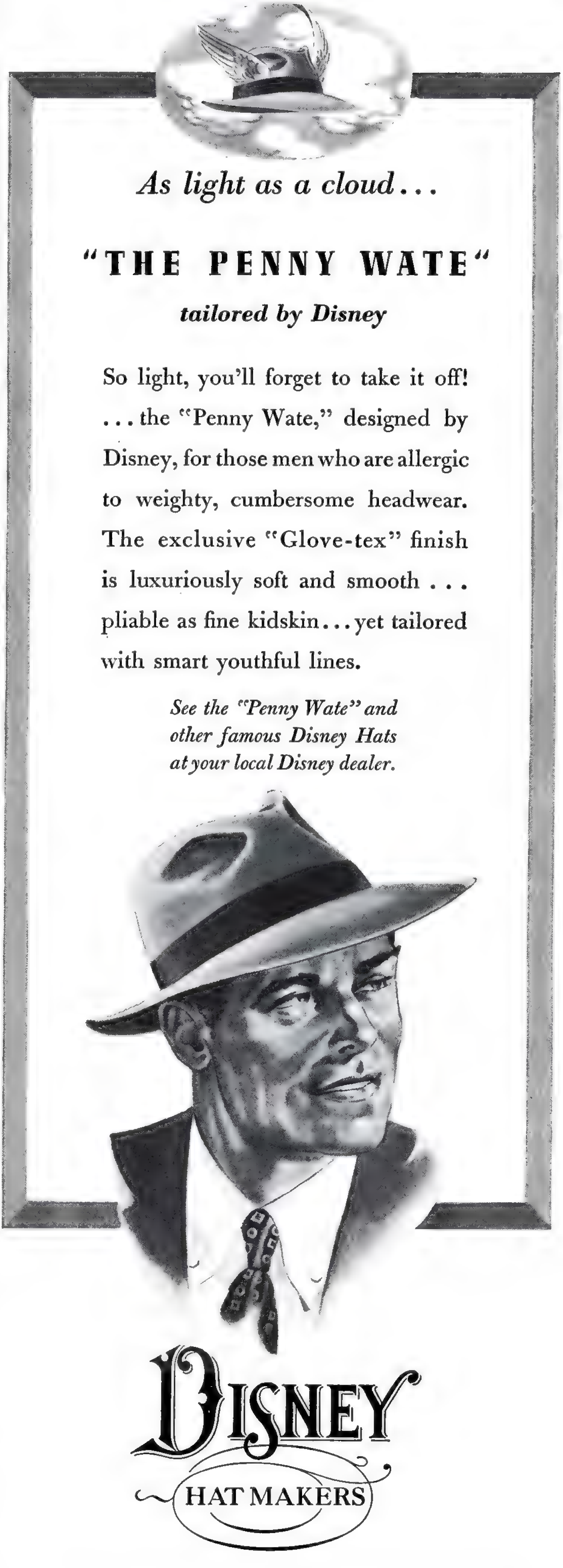
* * *

"Here it is, eight A.M., ladies and gentlemen, and once again we bring you Mr. Frederick T. Rimsler who will bring you the latest news bulletins: "Good-morning, radio listeners. There hasn't been a single bit of additional news since Arthur F. Dorpman brought you the latest news bulletins at 7:45 A.M., so I'm just going to turn this period over to our studio pianist who needs a little practice, anyhow. Take it away, Mr. Ossip Rachmaninoff Paderewski—it's all yours!"

* * *

"Hey, quick! You young girls in the studio audience, hurry up here on the stage and give us a hand! Hurry, hurry! More of you! I guess it must be too stuffy in here or something. Frank Sinatra's fainted!"

—Parke Cummings



*As light as a cloud...*

"THE PENNY WATE"

*tailored by Disney*

So light, you'll forget to take it off! ... the "Penny Wate," designed by Disney, for those men who are allergic to weighty, cumbersome headwear. The exclusive "Glove-tex" finish is luxuriously soft and smooth ... pliable as fine kidskin ... yet tailored with smart youthful lines.

*See the "Penny Wate" and other famous Disney Hats at your local Disney dealer.*

DISNEY
HAT MAKERS

558 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

## Victory Garden in Retrospect

*Continued from page 40*

practical insurance that the seeds will germinate. Conversely, if you don't do it, particularly in summer, it's a ten-to-one bet that they won't come up at all, or at best, that they will come up in spots here and there with wide open spaces in between. In such case a week or two of crucial time has gone by and probably it is by then too late to have another try.

I got all steamed up about a fall garden last summer. The idea germinated from a garden column which played up the second crop idea. The author wrote that by properly timed planting one may practically have a repeat on the essential vegetables and, furthermore, could have a crop of fall stuff which would be delicious after a slight frosting—broccoli, kale, spinach, celery, Chinese cabbage, rutabaga, etc. I fell for it, and on a hot July day dug up all available space, fertilized and planted it. I patted down the soil with my hoe as was my custom. I did not tread the seeds in because I did not know anything about such matters. It did not rain. A week passed. At the end of another dry week I dug out a few sorry-looking seeds. A few had pale sprouts protruding but most of them had done nothing about it at all.

By this time it was August. I visited my friend Goss and got the tip-off. He asked me if I had "trod the seeds in" and I didn't even know what he meant. He showed me, walking on an imaginary row of seeds just planted, one foot in front of the other like a tight rope walker, until the soil was packed as flat as a tennis court. Then he ran the back of the rake lightly over the surface, roughing it up slightly. "The reason you do this," he said, "is that you bring the soil particles in contact with the seeds. This prevents them from drying out and is, almost, a substitute for rain. Never do it when the soil is wet, as the sun would then form a crust which the young seedlings could not get through."

I replanted again, treading in, and the seeds came up in normal time though there was no rain. What is more they all came up. The rows were even and well-filled, which is more than I could say for the best of my spring plantings. I had my fall garden and it was all due to treading in and thinning.

To add eminent authority to personal experience, the late Peter Henderson tells of an experiment he once made, planting twelve rows of corn and twelve rows of beets, treading in after sowing every alternate row of each. In both cases those trod in came up in four days, while those unfirmed remained twelve days before starting and, says Mr. Henderson, would not then have germinated had not rain fallen, for the soil was dry as dust when the seed was sown. The same season, in August, he treated seeds of turnip and spinach in the same way. Those trod in germinated at once and made an excellent crop, while those unfirmed germinated feebly, and were eventually all burned out by a continuance of dry hot air penetrating through the loose soil to the roots.

Summer planting for a fall crop holds out delightful possibilities. There are less weeds. You can have plenty of vegetables when other people's gardens are getting through and when things are getting expensive and not so good in the markets. A picture from last year comes back to me. It is a frosty morning and the corners of my bedroom window are etched with white. The thermometer looks like 25. Later I will read in the paper of a record early-killing frost. In an hour the mist will be gone and the warmth will return, but what has happened to the garden in the meantime?

The celery is slightly groggy but I am not afraid for it, as it has been banked up with good earth to the top of the stalks. In an hour the protruding leaves will be as fresh and bright as ever. The Connecticut bronze lettuce shows its umber through the white particles of frost. It looks staunch and sound. The feathery leaves of the kale, spreading delicately close to the earth, seem to be enjoying their white blanket. They can take a lot more than this and like it. The huge broccoli plants are erect and unchanged, their blue-green coloring beautiful through the sheen of moisture residual from the now vanishing frost. The greens of the winter carrots and the purple leaves of the beets are flat to the ground but the valuable roots are in the yet warm earth, safe from the cold, and they, likewise, will regain life and delicate beauty under the warmth of the sun. Cabbages, turnips and spinach are present and accounted for, hearty and rugged, impervious to anything October can oppose to them.

All this in October, yes and November too, has its inception in a little care back in July and August. There are heat and drought to contend with. They can be overcome by a few simple measures. You must dig and fertilize again just the width of a spade down the row you are going to plant. If the weather is

The American Gentleman's Choice
VAT 69
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
"Quality Tells"
8 Years Old
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
—because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y. · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF

dry, cover the rows with burlap bags or any old cloth and go down the line with a watering pot. Without the bags the watering would result in a hard-baked crust through which the seedlings would have small chance of penetrating. Bags will keep the ground wet for a week from a single good watering, no matter how hot the weather. As soon as the seeds push through, remove the bags. Do not water any more in normal weather. Thin the plants drastically and let nature do the rest. You will have a fall garden and you will get a big kick out of it.

There are numerous tricks in gardening that you will not read about in the books or seed catalogues. For instance, to make pole beans climb on the poles, hill up the earth from the outside toward the poles when the beans start waving their tendrils seeking lodgment. This inclines them toward the poles and once they find them the beans will do the rest. Otherwise, when they are older, they get very independent.

To make lettuce head up, transplant it twice. On the second planting use a trowel full of compost for each plant. This only takes a few seconds longer and the rapid growth resulting makes tender, crisp heads. There is a Swiss chard called "Perpetual;" it is really of the beet family but you wouldn't know it from spinach. One planting in the spring will last you clear through the fall. When it is cut it quickly comes up again. It never goes to seed and it is always tender. Dust beans once with Rotenone when they are three inches high. You will not be bothered thereafter with the scourge of the bean, the Mexican beetle, and you probably will not have to dust or spray them again. Beans planted between June 1 and July 1 will escape the beetle entirely without dusting. Squash planted after July 1 as a second crop will bear after early plantings have been killed by borers, foot rot and wilt. The above dates are for latitude of Connecticut.

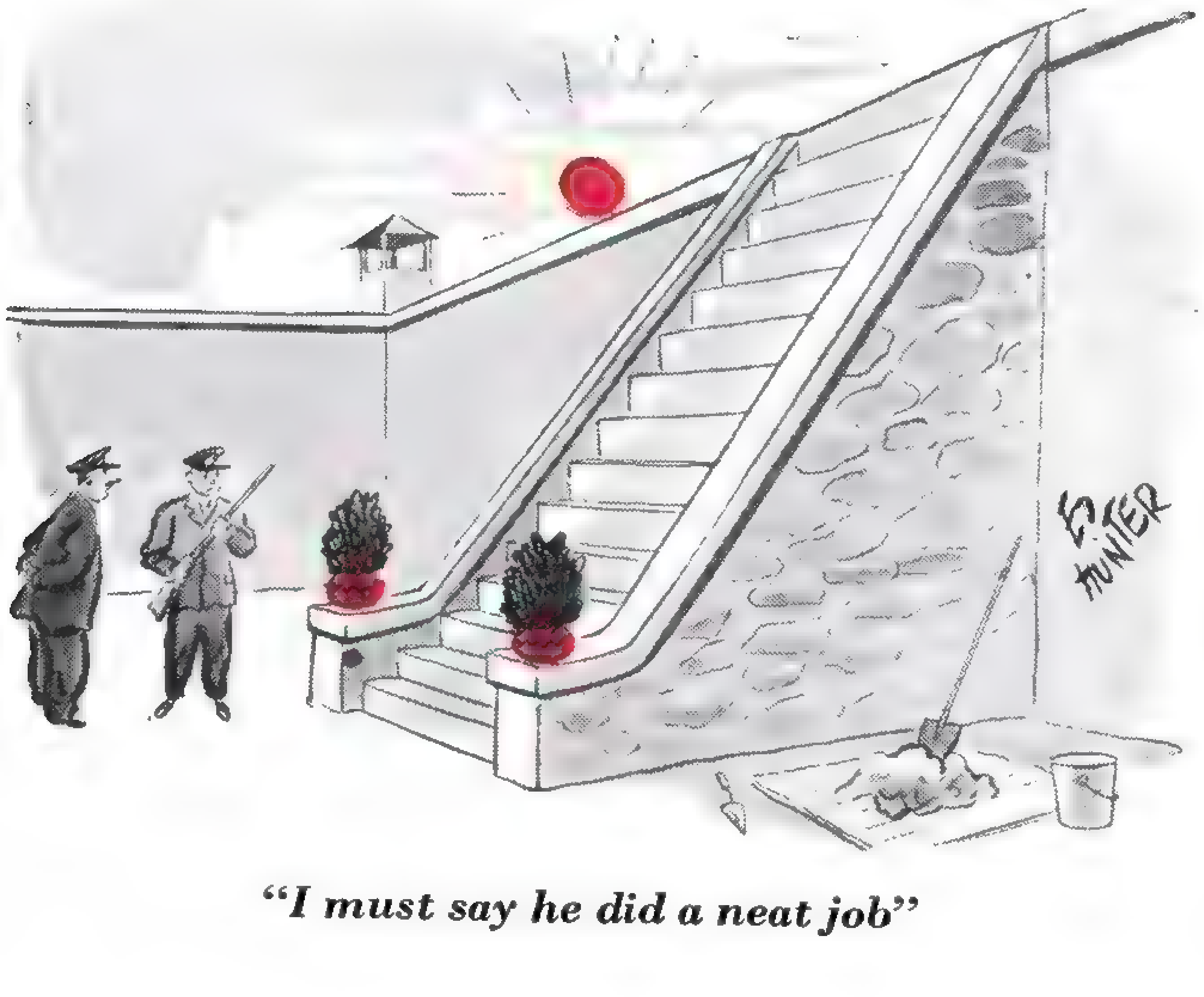
Try a small pickling cucumber for eating. They are very prolific and delicious. Incidentally, cucumbers and squash planted after June 1 are not so seriously damaged by the striped beetle or wilt. Be sure to plant celery. It isn't hard and it is about the best fall and winter vegetable. Transplant the seedlings twice.

Avoid July planting if you can. August is better. Try the new hybrid corn, that is if you have room for corn at all. It is more resistant to blight, bugs and wind than the old varieties. For sheer delight in eating, plant a few hills of midget corn. As to peas, I personally have no intention of planting any at all. They take up a lot of room and are very likely to be a complete flop. If you are lucky enough to have an asparagus bed give it a good dose of rock salt about June. This will save you a lot of backaches in weeding for the rest of the summer.

All these things are good to know but none of them will ring the bell unless you follow the precept: Keep the garden small. A garden twenty by forty feet is ample to keep a family of five supplied with vegetables all summer, particularly if planted twice. And it is just about the maximum for one man to keep in good shape who has only his spare time to work in it. Above this the law of diminishing returns sets in.

Canning? By all means, yes. If the war goes on we shall need all the vegetables we can possibly can for the winter of 1944-45. However, at the height of the season fresh vegetables are available at fairly reasonable prices in the market. This is particularly true of the two principal canning crops, tomatoes and beans. Beets and carrots will probably be plentiful enough even in a war winter. And if you try to raise enough corn to fill your family needs for the winter you might as well give up the rest of the garden entirely. At the moment I have convinced myself that I can use that extra energy and any surplus garden space to better advantage by devoting it to a good fall garden.

But I won't bet on my good resolutions. The misery gets out of my bones in the spring, the peepers start singing and the seed catalogues start coming in. Anything can happen. ###



"I must say he did a neat job"

Marlboro
SPORTSWEAR

*New ideas with old ideals!*

THERE is more to a Marlboro Sports Jacket than meets the eye. There are old, enriched characteristics. For example, the distinctive quality you have a right to expect in any Marlboro creation—the impeccable styling—the painstaking tailoring of finer fabrics.

These are in evidence and they make it more than evident that Marlboro-La Playa Sportswear is truly an outstanding contribution to any man's wardrobe! See the showing at your dealer's.

MARLBORO SHIRT COMPANY, INC., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

By Tom Kelley Hollywood

LaPLaya
Marlboro
SPORTSWEAR

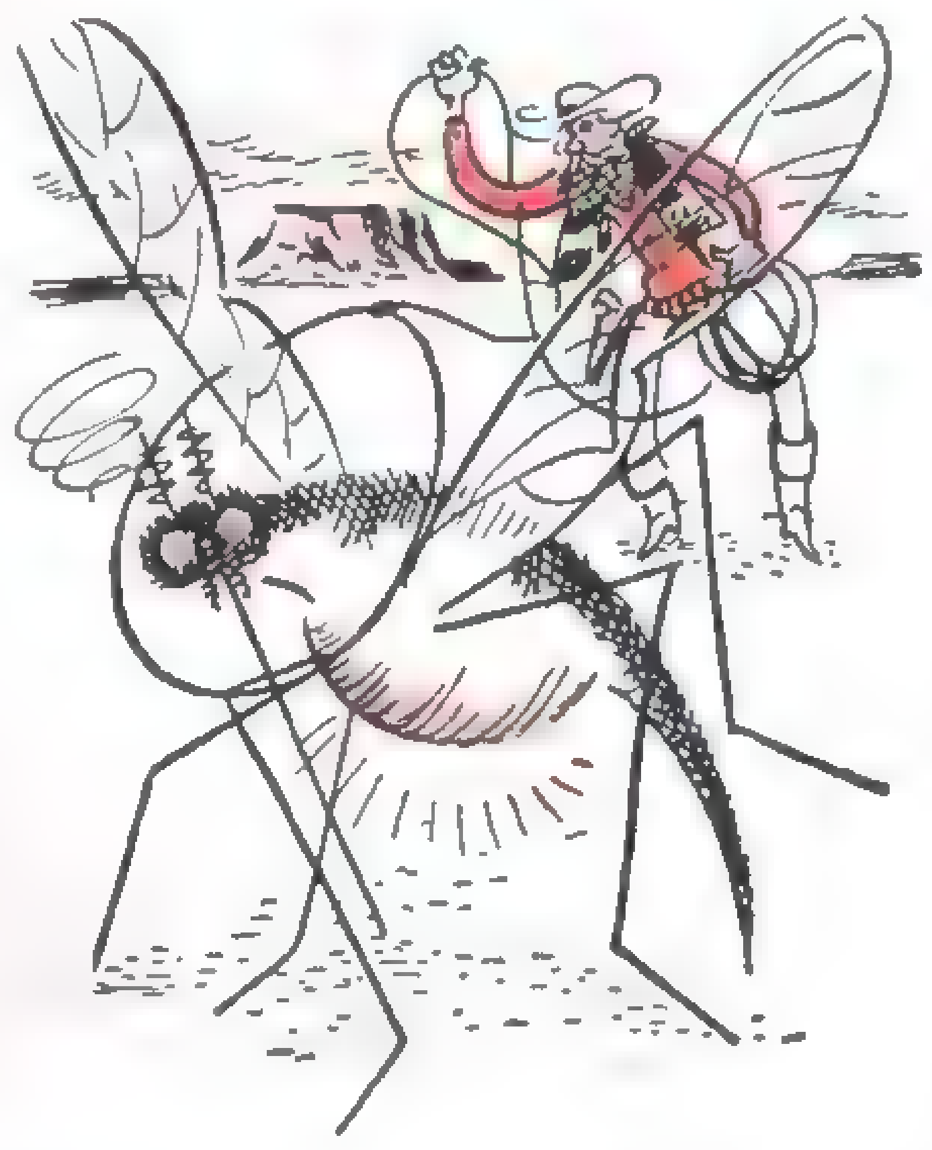
# YOAKUM YARNS

by RAWHIDE TANNER

## "TEXAS HELL-RIPPERS"

YOU'RE mighty right; Texas is a big state with big ranches, big men with big hearts and, back when I was a young feller 60 years ago, big muskeeters. Now there's ordinary muskeeters and gallinipers, which is the bigger size, but did you ever hear of the old-time Texas hell-rippers? I thought not; they're defunct now.

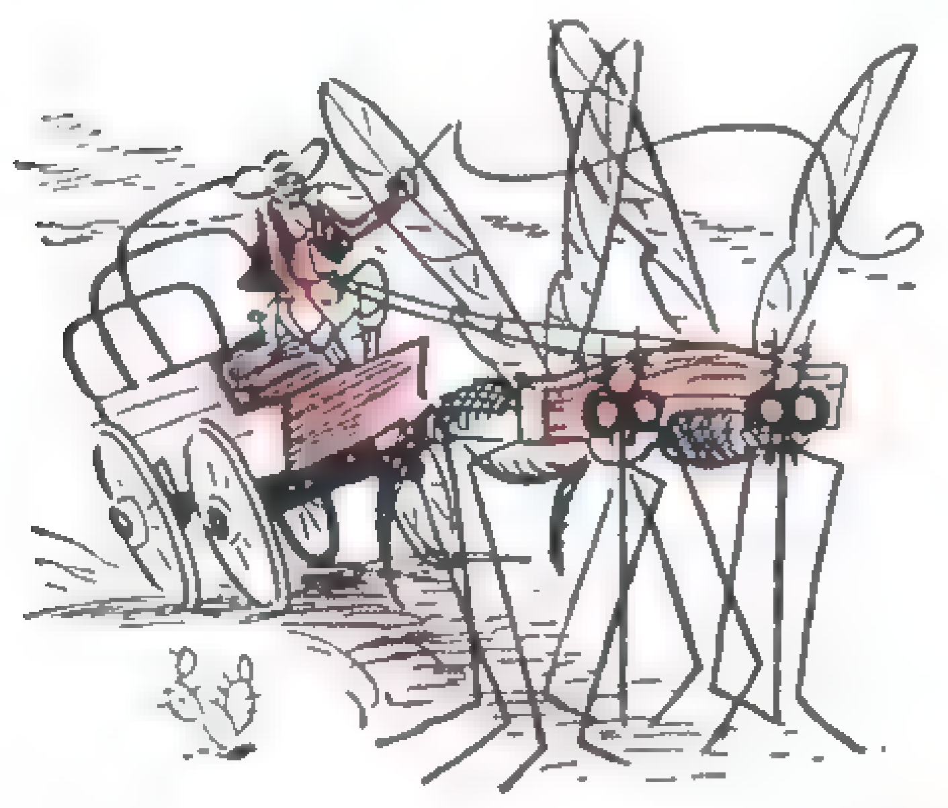
But when I was herdin' cattle down in the Karankawa country and the Gulf breeze let up you'd see hell-rippers. I mind me of Jim Bates and his ox-team. Jim was takin' a wagon load of green hides to Lavaca, drivin' this yoke of oxen. Well, I was out roundin' up strays and come across Jim and we had stopped to pass the time of day when we heard a powerful big roarin' sound in the sky.



"A harricane!" yells Jim, lookin' around for a gully to lie in.

"Nope," I says, "it's a brace of hell-rippers, and they're a-comin' this way!" Talk about your airyplanes, them big busters could fly! In less'n two shakes they come divin' down. Old Jim took one look and burrowed under them green hides, but his oxen couldn't git away.

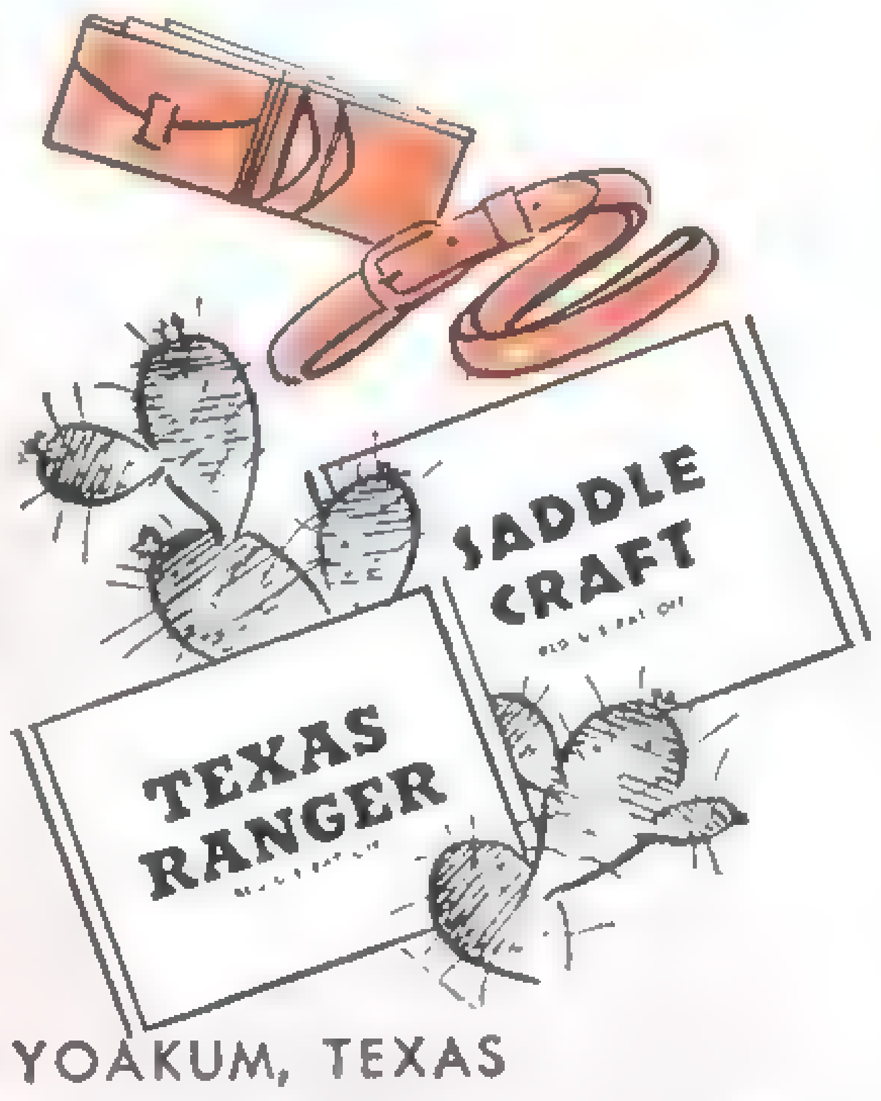
Them two hell-rippers hit like a ton of brick. They speared them oxen through and through and started suckin'. Well, in no time at all, them oxen was as holler as a rain barrel in drouth time, and dead as a door-nail. And them hell-rippers was gorged to the eye lashes, so gorged they couldn't fly. I seen my chance. I hollered to Jim to help me and, before them hell-rippers knowed what was up, we had 'em yoked up. They cut up a mite, not bein' broke to a wagon, but Jim and me give 'em a taste of the goad and in ten minutes they was gentled and Jim was drivin' 'em on to Lavaca. Last I heard he was still drivin' that team of hell-rippers and gettin' along fine . . .



How come them hell-rippers didn't light into me instead of the oxen? Why, shucks, they wouldn't do that; I'm a sort of old Texas hell-ripper myself.

★ ★ ★

Texas tall tales have a flavor of their own. That same hearty he-man atmosphere has been captured for you in Texas Ranger and Saddlecraft Belts and Billfolds made by TexTan of Yoakum, Texas. Your dealer may not have as big a stock as he would like to have . . . TexTan's work on war materials comes first . . . but the items he does have will delight you with the same distinctiveness that marks the yarns spun around a ranch-hands' campfire.



by TexTan

OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

Copyright 1944, Texas Tanning & Mfg.

"YOAKUM" . . . MEANS FINE LEATHER

## War Is a Business, As Usual

*Continued from page 29*

country crying out for revolution.

For years the French militarist Vauban had been warning the king that wars would ruin France. A country must engage in wars of commerce, he said, not wars of conquest. Although Vauban's warnings went unheeded at home they were carefully attended in Prussia. Frederick II, not yet the Great, in 1740 inherited from his father a debtless economy, a set of sound principles, and an army of 83,000 men. The father had loved his army too much to risk it in a war, but the son knew 83,000 soldiers could not be supported indefinitely by a population of two and a half millions. The solution was to enlarge Prussia.

When Frederick beat the French in the battle of Rossbach, Prussian prestige shot sky high, for he had defeated the finest army in the world. But he knew that to win big battles is not to win wars. Frederick won because he was calculating enough to choose the richest country—England—as an ally, and he won because he honored his father's principle not to borrow. "He who has the last thaler in his purse, wins," was Frederick's adage, and he lived by it.

The story of Napoleon is the story of Caesar. After his brilliant military victories, Napoleon should have rebuilt France and developed a modern industrial economy. The financiers and businessmen who had brought him to power didn't care what form of government he established as long as it brought conditions under which they would prosper. But Napoleon went right on waging wars which France did not need. The bourgeoisie grew discontented. The Allies (Russians, Austrians, Prussians) composed a manifesto to the French people stating they were not warring against France, but against Napoleon . . . Then came the surrender of Paris.

* * *

George Washington was a general who knew how to finance a war as well as fight it. Under his leadership a country whose finances were practically non-existent defeated the strongest financial power of that time.

For "finances" the United States had a printing press, and it worked overtime. As a result, paper money depreciated until, at the end of the war, it was worth one-thousandth its face value. Washington's troops would leave him after their contract was up, whether reinforcements had arrived or not. Their pay never came on time and it came in devaluated money. In order to supply his troops, Washington had to wait for collectors to bring grain, cattle, fowl, and other military necessities in specifics.

Hitler would have solved the problem easily by ordering his military administration to take over the supply of the army and the financing of the war. Washington's methods were different. His goal was to inspire confidence.

And it was only confidence in Washington—*not* in the Continental Congress—which made France sign the alliance in 1778. When the King of France sent troops, supplies, and money, they were put at the disposal of George Washington, not at the disposal of the Continental Congress.

After the battle of Yorktown, two and a half million more livres arrived from France. Washington disposed of this sum: founding the bank of North America, the first state bank in the United States and the only one in the world whose capital stock had been acquired through an army commander's administration.

* * *

The Civil War was the most expensive war of all time. It was expensive for the South, for though the South had a superior army and superior generals and could have won quickly, it hadn't the money or industry to support a long war. The North did, but the war was expensive there, too, because northern businessmen mobilized industry half-heartedly; they slowed down the war effort and forced the government to pay high prices for war goods.

Two weeks after Bull Run the Union treasury was without funds. The secretary of the treasury, Samuel P. Chase, went to New York to borrow. He needed 150,000,000 dollars for the next three months. He received 50,000,000 dollars, and the banks' carping comment that that was enough money to win a war. Of course, during the next four years the banks lent hundreds of millions more. Meanwhile, victory was delayed, and the war was as bloody as it was expensive.

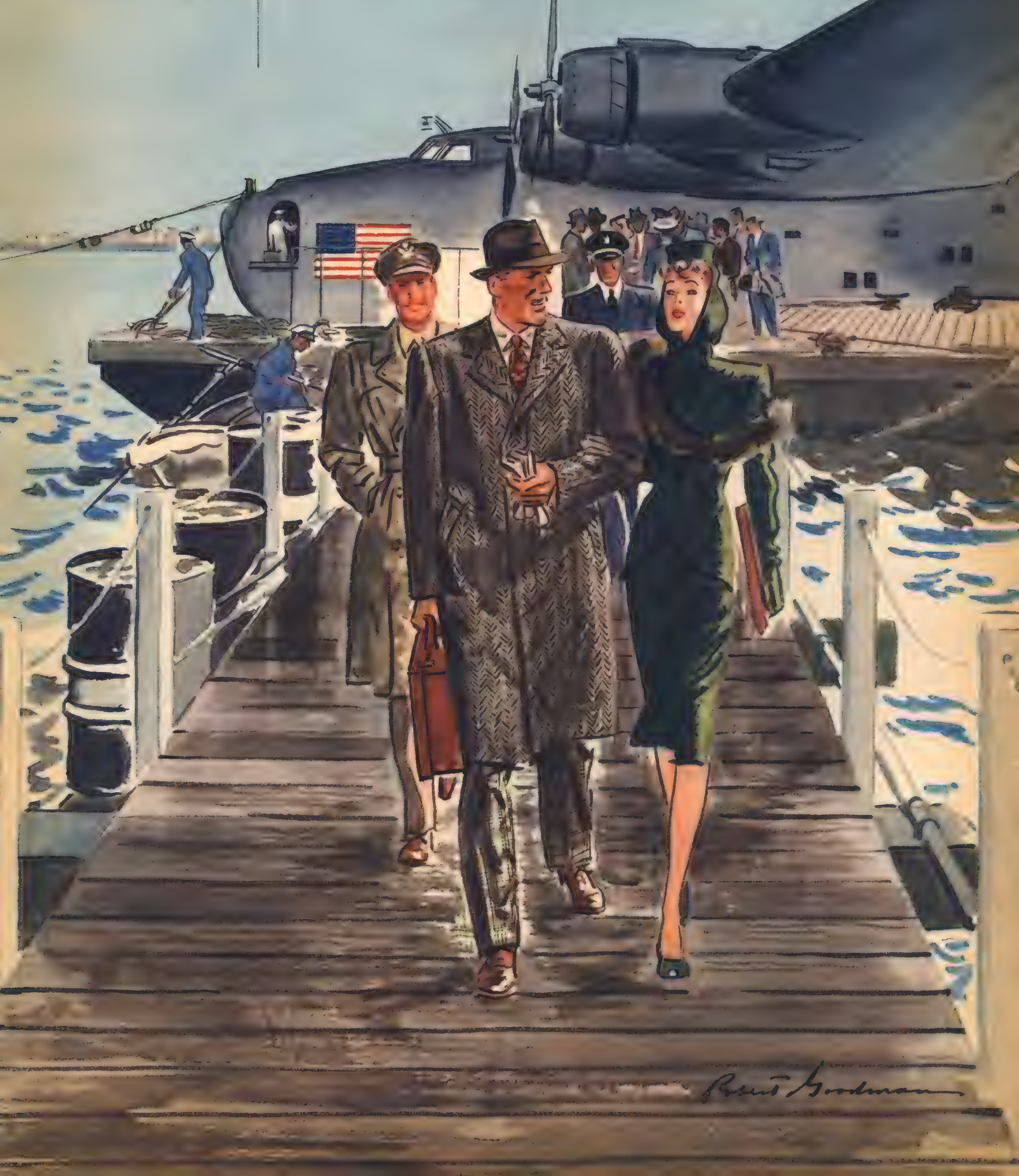
The Civil War was the first military enterprise since the disastrous Thirty Years' War to be waged on credit. To serious men, financing the war with internal loans meant burdening an uncertain future with certain debts. When Lincoln wrote to Congress in 1861 that it was "gratifying to know that the expenditures made necessary by the rebellion are not beyond the resources of the loyal people," few people believed him. Most of the "loyal people" were crying that the fourth generation would still be paying for the folly of waging war on credit. The Civil War precipitated the industrial revolution, and its riches reduced the war debts to a bagatelle.

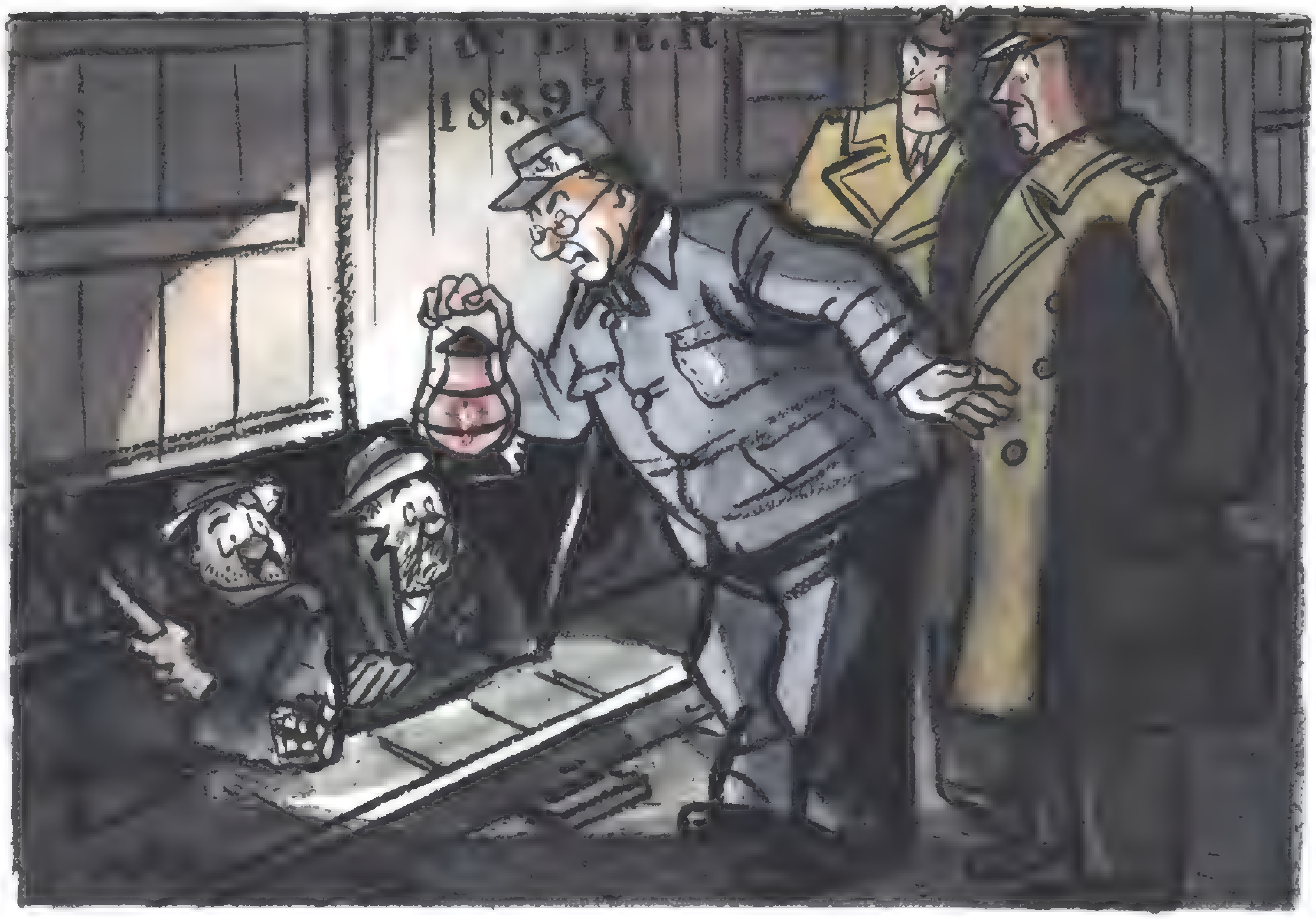
Once more a great number of countries are at war, with financial effort greater than anything thought possible in peacetime. Though the expenditures of war have become larger, the risk is smaller, for manpower, industrial resources, and wealth decide the war—*if* they are mobilized.

The Axis lost the war on the day of Pearl Harbor. For from that day on, American industry went to war. ###

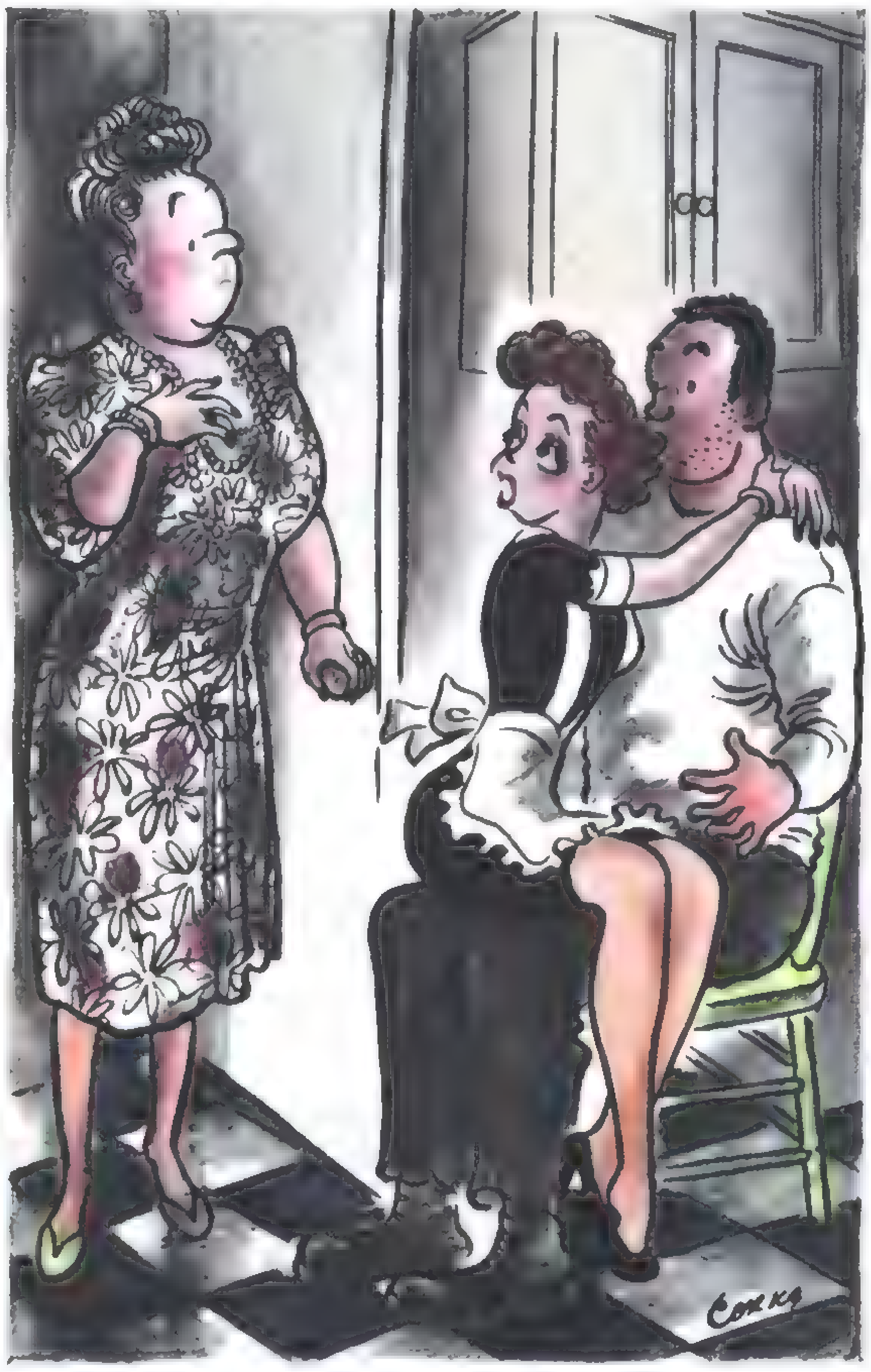
# *Clipper Landing*

To and from America, giant planes carry military and naval personnel as well as civilians whose activities warrant the necessary priorities for speedy travel. Among the first off the Clipper on this landing is an attaché case carrier who is wearing a brown herringbone tweed topcoat with set-in sleeves, fly front and slash pockets. His suit is a brown Glen plaid worsted with which he wears an ivory color broadcloth shirt, red and yellow figured wool tie, brown snap brim hat, chamois gloves and brown shoes.





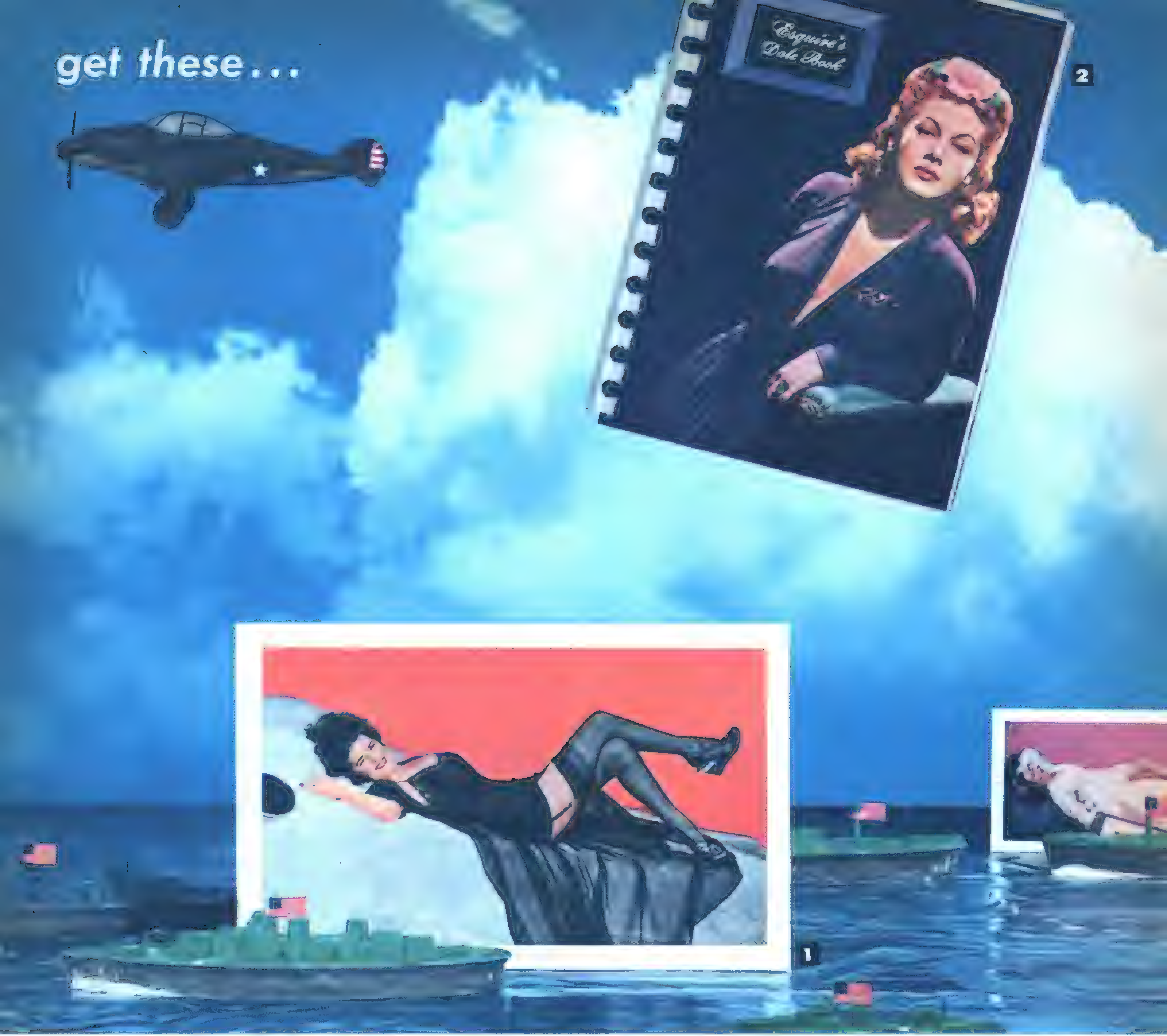
*"Sorry, boys, but you'll have to give up your places to these gentlemen"*



*"Dinner will be late tonight, Madam"*

## ◀ OUR NAVY'S CATALINA CARRIES ON

STAYING in action for more than ten years is phenomenal for an airplane, particularly in time of war, when inventions are continually mothered by the grim struggle to survive against the enemy. Most planes are constantly going out of production to be replaced by superior models. But the valiant Consolidated Vultee Catalina flying boat, popularly known as the PBY, which was invented in 1933 and joined the Navy in 1935, has proved its dependability from Guadalcanal to the Arctic Sea. Before the war it was a Catalina which carried Sir Hubert Wilkins 19,000 miles over Arctic wastes in his search for lost Russian flyers, and a Catalina in which Richard Archbold encircled the globe at the equator. Eighty-eight of these flying boats made the record-breaking non-stop formation flight to Hawaii. In 1937 the Navy recognized the usefulness of the PBY's for scouting purposes with the fleet, and transferred them to the battle force. In the role of "the eyes of the fleet" these ships have won their most brilliant victories. It will be remembered that a Catalina spotted the German battleship *Bismarck* for the British Navy, and despite damage from gun-fire, hung on doggedly for 27 hours, directing British forces to the prized quarry. Their great range and low cruising speed make these planes ideal for patrol purposes. In the fog, blizzards and sub-zero cold of the Aleutians, Catalinas have raced down to attack Jap warships and transports at a speed of 200 knots, faster than their designer ever intended them to fly. They held the Japs at bay at Midway Island, spotting the invasion fleet hundreds of miles away and radioing news of the impending attack so that our forces could move in for the kill. At their best when hunting submarines, they have kept ocean lanes open for traffic, driving the German wolfpacks farther and farther away from England, to permit the flow of food and munitions from America. Bearing the insignia of several United Nations on their wings, they blast fighter planes out of the sky like clay pigeons and destroy submarines in every ocean. One bombed a submarine from such a low altitude that the blast blew a huge hole in the port wing and set fire to one engine. Still the Catalina flew 300 miles to its base. A heavily loaded Catalina was the last plane to leave the Philippines. And in all probability, a Catalina will be in the vanguard of the attacking force that will evict from the islands those transient tenants, the Japanese.



## *man-sized cards for a man's correspondence..........a handy handbook for daters*

**1** KEEP YOUR CORRESPONDENCE under control with sleek, man-sized ESKY-CARDS. Half again as large as ordinary post cards, Esky-cards are just as easy to write, and many times as easy on the eyes. Esky-cards show six colorful Esquire cartoons; six knockout Hurrell glamor girl photographs; six gorgeous Varga Girl drawings; six distinctive Bohl watercolors; six amusing Szyk political caricatures; six fine dog photographs by Waxman—all in full color on sturdy chromecoat. 25c for set of six, or $1 for five complete sets.

**2** KEEP YOUR DATING under control with the informative and amusing ESQUIRE DATE BOOK. Packed with tests, charts, and Esquire articles, this deluxe, plastic-bound Date Book is sure to add to your dating know-how... and, in addition, will show you how to perform bar bets, mix drinks, and record your doings with calendar and telephone sections. It's illustrated with hilarious page-size Esquire cartoons in color . . . and page-size photos (19 in color) of the world's most gorgeous girls. Clip the coupon... yes? 50c.

**ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS**

*Please send me the sets of Esky-cards checked below, at 25c per set, or $1 for any five complete sets, (30 different cards in all).*

☐ set of 6 different Esquire cartoons
☐ set of 6 different Hurrell Girl photographs
☐ set of 6 different Varga Girl drawings
☐ set of 6 different Bohl watercolors
☐ set of 6 different Szyk caricatures
☐ set of 6 different Waxman dog photographs

I enclose $______, payment in full. *U. S. orders only.*

name______________________________

NO STAMPS PLEASE

address____________________________

PLEASE PRINT

city______________state____________

**ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS**

*Please send me _____ Esquire Date Books at 50c each. I understand that this attractive 5" x 7" plastic-bound Date Book features 27 Esquire Glamor Girl photographs, 19 in full color and 8 in black and white.*

I enclose $______, payment in full. *U. S. orders only.*

name______________________________

NO STAMPS PLEASE

address____________________________

PLEASE PRINT

city______________state____________

**ESKY CARDS**
**25c SET OF SIX**
**DATE BOOK**
**50c A COPY**

## The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 79

sports program in a juvenile home for delinquents, and he offered the comment that better than 80 per cent of the boys in the home would not be there if they had learned to compete in sports early in life."

**Wesley F. Gill**, Newburgh, New York, *News*, wrote:

> This is the only way a good program could be put over. The city of Newburgh is meeting the present sporting program very well despite wartime restrictions. In addition to playing basketball, football, baseball, track and cross country in The Duso League, Newburgh has set up an elaborate intra-mural program which meets the hearty approval of the State Regents Department. Each girl and boy must participate in 300 minutes of sporting activity each week under the direction of a capable superviser. In addition, a junior basketball league, including boys from 14 to 18, has been formed with 12 teams. This enables everyone to participate. Starting with the first grade, C. Everett Stevens has lined up a program which gives the children a good chance to play all sports. Children in the fifth grade play basketball on a miniature court.

"Here in Latrobe," related **Vincent J. Quatrini**, *Bulletin*, "we have a Recreation Committee which is getting funds from the Community Chest for athletic activities. They have sponsored a baseball, tennis, and basketball league." **Peyton Bishop**, Cordele, Georgia, *Dispatch*, spoke of the needs of smaller communities. "All participation of sports," he said, "is generally confined to either big towns or big consolidated schools. There is a need for a general place for a full and complete system to be maintained in each community. Especially is this true in rural Georgia, and I surmise it is true in other less thickly populated localities."

### QUESTION III

***With our military men becoming familiar with the large recreation halls and sports grounds at the camps, do you think they will want similar sports facilities erected in their home towns when they return from the wars?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **Yes 77.78%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **Yes 78.84%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **Yes 81.44%** |

***Would you be in favor of this?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **Yes 78.26%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **Yes 85.71%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **Yes 85.34%** |

Notwithstanding the excellent job done by the WPA in building community sports facilities, it is obvious from this poll that there's plenty of room for further work in this field.

Older men may be surprised by the voters' frequent comment that the returning veterans will want to keep physically fit. After the Warm-up War was five years into history, few of the Legionnaires were able to get into their old uniforms and could hardly march from one convention saloon to another without panting.

"I believe that central recreation centers are of vital importance to all communities," wrote **Arthur F. Hughes**, *The Sporting News*, St. Louis, "but doubt if there will be any great demand from the veterans for such facilities. I believe that you will find that most will want to drop out of the spotlight and away from crowds for a considerable period." However, **James F. Henderson**, Muskegon, Michigan, *Chronicle*, had the idea that "Nothing is so rapid as the growth of surplus fats on an athlete who quits all exercise. They'll come back perfect specimens of manhood and physical fitness. Keep 'em that way." "The majority of the boys returning," thought **J. T. Taylor Spink**, editor of *The Sporting News*, "will be more on the spectator side than participant."

"I think the men will have become accustomed to having a place to go to and will expect this in order to continue their exercise," commented **Miss Cary Head**, Sherman, Texas, *Democrat*. "If necessary because of public opinion, have separate centers for boys and girls, men and women; but have competition between the two if this is done. I think really this is more important for women than for men in order that they may learn to stand on their own feet and depend on their abilities to get them through."

**Jerry Nason**, Boston *Globe*, wanted to know: "Who will supply the blonde hostesses?" **Don W. Scism**, Evansville, Indiana, *Courier*, believed "Sports will go a long way toward satisfying many servicemen used to excitement and doing things."

"I was called a Gloomy Gus in 1928 for advocating just this," said **Ray Clancy**, WMFJ, Daytona Beach. "Communities and industry should demand it." **Stubby Currence**, Bluefield, West Virginia, *Telegraph*, claimed "It's a service each community owes its population, just as it owes it sanitation, police, fire protection and other services."

### QUESTION IV

***Do you think that men show proper sportsmanship to the women doing war work?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **Yes 66.65%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **Yes 78.04%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **Yes 78.62%** |

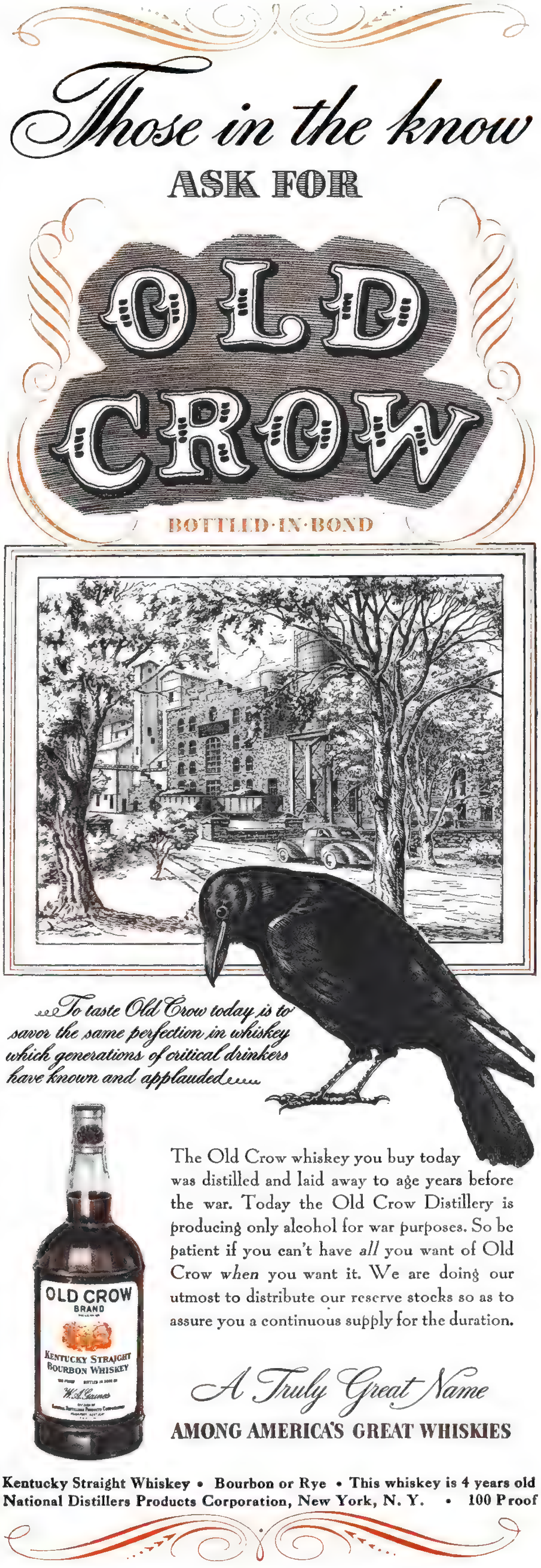
With the exception of sportscasters the voting gentlemen are not particularly enthusiastic about the way the sportsmen are treating women war workers, whether or not the women wear uniforms.

The sportcasters naturally are more chivalrous. They get that way from being around stations and hearing the tender passion put into commercial plugs for the pretty pink ears of females, thence to the ladies' purses.

Voters commented that war is hard work and it is rather difficult for the lordly male to get into his conk the idea that a lady can do a tough job of war toil, yet, out of hours, be a cuddlesome, clinging creature with an Oh-you-big-brave-strong-wonderful-man look and line.

"I live in an industrial com-

Continued on page 136


Those in the know
ASK FOR
OLD CROW
BOTTLED·IN·BOND

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

Tailored...

by Simpson

It has been quite correctly said that a man is well dressed when he feels sure of his appearance without being conscious of his clothes. The individual and very personal tailoring that goes into a Simpson garment adds importance and dignity to the men and women who wear them. From a lavish selection of pre-war quality woolens you may choose the pattern and color which perfectly please you. The Simpson representative brings to your office or your home the expert measuring skill from which your garment is tailored. More and more men of affairs say "my clothes are Tailored by Simpson".

BOTANY WORSTEDS

EXCLUSIVE WITH SIMPSON... World famous Botany worsted fabrics specially woven to exacting Simpson specifications can now be yours *Tailored by Simpson*. Ladies too, may choose from the Simpson presentation for their man-tailored wardrobe.

Free! Service bulletin . . . "How to Buy and Care for your Clothes". Facts about woolens in wartime, new patterns and colors. Write today—Dept. E-3. J. B. Simpson, Inc., 831 W. Adams St., Chicago (7).

★ SIMPSON CLOTHES

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. ★ SIMPSON BUILDING, CHICAGO (7)
Branches from coast to coast—See local telephone directory

## The Esquire Sports Poll

*Continued from pages 79-135*

munity where women have taken over many jobs," stated **William J. Burk,** Chester, Pennsylvania, *Times*. "Most men resent their presence. Publicity men say otherwise, but the man in the yard is accepting the conditions only to help the war effort." **Royal Brougham,** Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, asked the leading question: "Would you get up to give your seat in a bus to a 6-foot lady riveter or to Rita Hayworth?"

"Too many wolves are taking advantage of contacts brought about in war work to force propositions," complained **Lew Byrer,** Columbus, Ohio, *Citizen*. "In some instances gals have been made to feel they had to neck to protect their jobs." **Roy F. Thompson,** WFBG, Altoona, thought, "So long as women wear slacks and conduct themselves properly in war plants, men respect and admire their patriotic effort."

**Gene F. Hampson,** Plainfield, New Jersey, *Courier-News*, presumed that, "Any abuses of the situation are probably the result of the women themselves stepping out of bounds."

**Lynn Callaway,** Moline *Dispatch*, related:

> Some men tell me of cases where women are brought into plants beside old-time male employees and given as much as, or more than, the men, for less exacting work. In those cases the men are resentful and frequently take out their anger on the women, instead of appealing to the employers. In most cases, however, women have proved their ability to do their work capably and have earned the respect of the men. Chivalry is not dead, but it has taken on new forms. Never again will the American woman find herself on a pedestal or coddled or protected—seats in street cars, hats off in elevators, choice position in the chow line or at theaters. She has earned her right to take a more prominent place in the production of things American and must stand on her own feet (literally) more than she ever has done in the past.

"They probably get too much attention," judged **Fred H. Mendell,** Hutchinson, Kansas, *News-Herald*, "not all under the heading of 'sportsmanship'."

### QUESTION V

*Would boxing be a better sport without managers?*

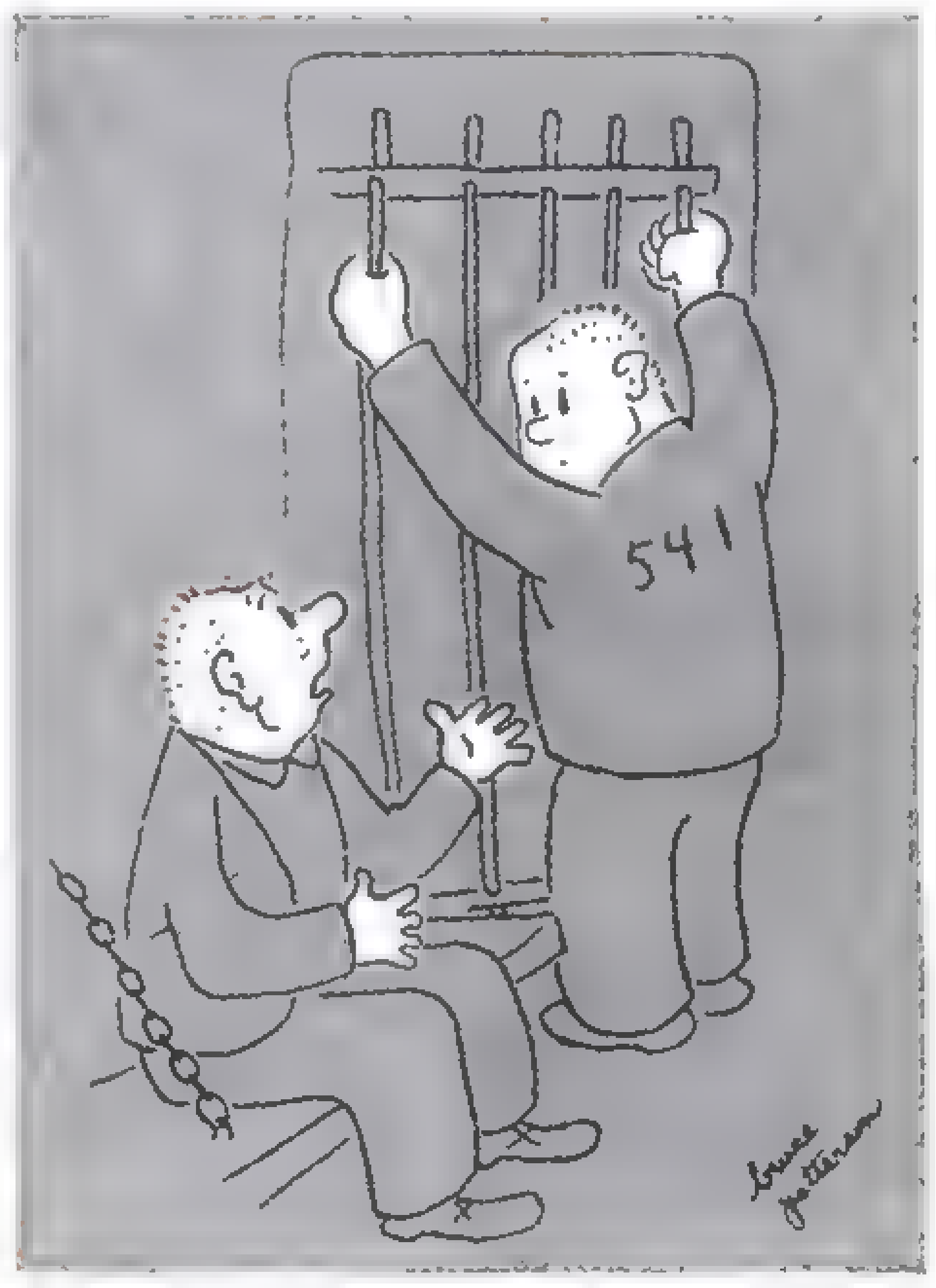
| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **No 63.79%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **No 68.01%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **No 70.96%** |

For the affirmative, which lost, citations were made of the Tunney and Maxie (Boo Boo) Hoff liaison, the Carnera and mobster alliance, and Max Baer's division of his fiscal self into 100-and-some per cent.

But the sports editors, who know more about boxing and its personnel and management than is known by any other group of those polled, were 70.96% of the opinion that boxing is aided by managers.

"Recently I've talked to Conn and Louis," stated **Fred K. Leo,** WMBD, Peoria, Illinois, "and both would be able to use some of the money they've made. A more personal business manager might be the solution—but fight managers don't provide well for their fighters."

"A boxer without a manager," contended **Leo Kautz,** Davenport *Times*, "would be as helpless as a boat without a rudder. In our experience with pugs we've found very few who could handle their own affairs. Although the managers are a necessary evil, boxing would die without these brainy fellows." **George R. Edmond,** St. Paul *Dispatch*, agreed that "They're a necessary evil. Few fighters are smart enough to deal for themselves and some, even with smart managers, can't stay out of trouble."



*"Women are the cause of all of my trouble—I've had three wives and not one of them would support me"*

**Eddie Tollefson,** Huron, South Dakota, *Huronite*, justified the existence of managers on the grounds that "They provide plenty of experience besides invaluable publicity." **R. G. Lynch,** Milwaukee *Journal*, said: "Most boxers need both coaching and business help. They get a poor quality of both but that does not remove the need."

"I have 23 professional fights to my credit," wrote **Ted Campagna,** WDAY, Fargo, who voted "yes," "and the managers (not mine, as I didn't have one), it seems to me, get more than their just share."

**Jack Dwyer,** Manchester, Connecticut, *Herald*, wrote:

> I have long been an advocate of State Commissions taking charge of a fighter's finances. If this could be done it would have a wholesome effect on boxing. For one thing a fighter would not have his money to spend or squander. About one out of every ten managers has the best interest of his fighters at heart. If the State Athletic Commission would take, say 50% of the fighter's purse, after the manager's cut, and hold this money in escrow until after the fighter had definitely retired it would find him in better shape than most of them are.

**Jimmy Robinson,** Albany, Georgia, *Herald*, said: "I have found that boxers themselves know a lot more about the racket and beat their gums less than the managers." **Ira Seebacher,** New York *Morning Telegraph*, commented reasonably enough that: "a good manager is a boon, a bad one can ruin a fighter. However, while there are too few good ones, those there are more than earn their way."

"Most of our present day managers," stated **Jimmy Dolan,** WABC, New York, "are fellows who have just drifted into the fight game and know very little about boxing and less about conditioning a fighter. Your average fighter today doesn't last very long because of this poor handling."

**Dick Hudson,** Charleston, West Virginia, *Daily Mail,* argued:

> Why should a boxer have to have an agent to get fights? If he needed a personal manager to look after his finances that's his own affair. Except for managers who would do anything to get a fight and almost anything to win a fight, boxing would smell better. Why not make a boxing commission worth its salt? These men could help arrange fights on merit without having a sharp-tongued manager yell some punk into a contending position. Under the monopolistic promoter set-up, you may need managers, but why not change this system, too? Managers are a detriment to the game.

### QUESTION VI

***Do you believe that the returning soldiers will bring back new sports that will enjoy popularity in America after the war?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **No 51.66%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **Yes 50.98%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **No 69.74%** |

***What sport do you think has the best chance of catching on as a major attraction in this country?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Public** | **Soccer 41.03%** |
| **Sportscasters** | **Rugby 45.29%** |
| **Sports Editors** | **Soccer 68.01%** |

Only the sportscasters believed that returning warriors will boom a currently rather inactive sport to popularity. The radiomen saw possibilities in rugby, which is about halfway between soccer, in which the ball is kicked but not carried, and American football, in which the ball and players are kicked, carried and thrown.

Other groups of voters opined that only soccer among all sports popular in other lands had much of a chance to be pushed by the play and favor of men who come back to the U.S.A. from overseas.

"Soccer probably will gain participation after the war but will not be a crowd drawing sport," wrote **F. E. Merrill,** Greeley, Colorado, *Tribune.* "I have seen some champ war prisoners at soccer." **J. E. Wray,** St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* agreed that, "Soccer is the only worthwhile sport Europe has that we are interested in, and we have that well advanced now." **Wirt Gammon,** Chattanooga *Times,* felt that it would be a good thing if we could have "some variation of games like football so that the United States could compete annually with Australia. More international flavor is to be hoped for."

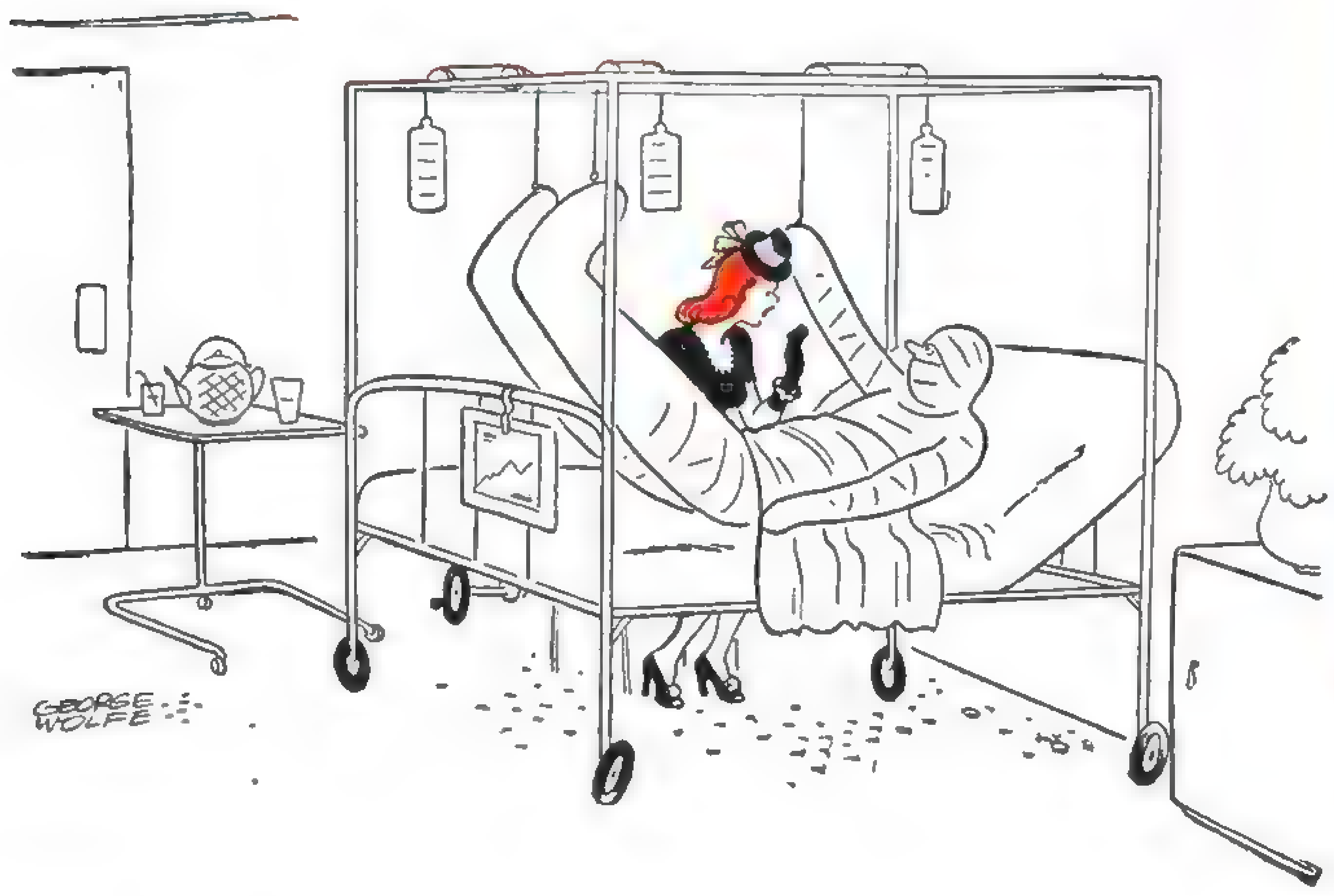
**Budd Sweeney,** WHKC, Columbus, Ohio, thought there might be a chance for "Rugby for its similarity to our football but offering more men an opportunity to participate at one time." **Archie Peterson,** Boulder City, Nevada, specified: "Sipa-Sipa, played with a bamboo ball, a Filipino game. I saw it in Oahu, and it is a hell of a lot of fun."

A good many thought it would be the other way around: our boys taking sports abroad. "It's a case of Americans bringing new sports to other countries," stated **William W. Fitler,** WNLC, New London, Connecticut. **Frank R. Norton,** Painesville, Ohio, *Telegraph,* opined:

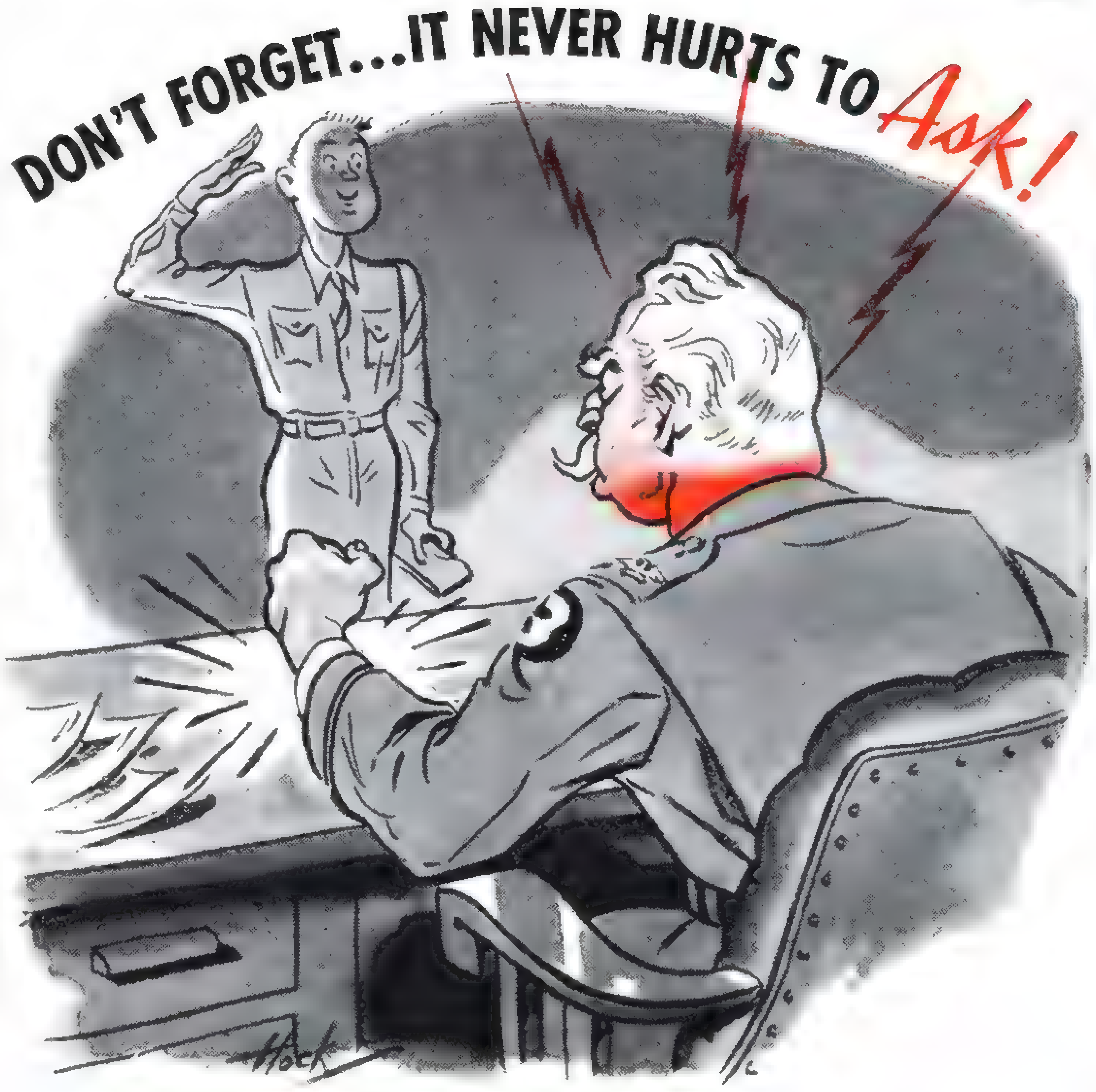
> The best thing in the sports line that could happen in this country would be a move for participation sports by all on the order of the way the English approach sports. We have too many spectators and too few participants. A Podunk businessmen's team playing Siwash businessmen's club is what I'm aiming at. Good for everyone—like Mr. Pickwick's description of All-Muggleton and Dingley Dell at cricket. If Americans could put more emphasis on play and less on results, style and perfection, we would all be better off.

**Robert G. Kennedy,** Portsmouth, New Hampshire, *Herald,* reported:

> I have about 300 men writing to me from all parts of the world and in not more than one or two cases do the boys ever mention any sports other than our own. The men will undoubtedly learn a few new gambling games, but for the most part I think that most of them are too busy being Yankees to learn other sports. They would rather spend time teaching the Aussies, Limeys, Chinese and other United Nations teams to play baseball, football, basketball and other sports popular in this country. Why, even the Arabs in North Africa are playing football and baseball. ⌗



*"Darling, you're getting a sty on your eye"*


DON'T FORGET...IT NEVER HURTS TO Ask!
Hock

*"Please, Sir . . . could I go home for a few weeks' vacation?"*

...AND IT NEVER HURTS TO *Ask* FOR A

Rolfs BILLFOLD

Maybe your dealer is "sold out" of the Rolfs Billfold you want. But maybe he isn't. Remember, it pays to ASK!

Sure, it's the old story of demand exceeding supply. But you can bank on this: when you can get a Rolfs Billfold today, you're really getting something to brag about. Honest workmanship and honest quality that make you proud to carry a billfold bearing the name *Rolfs!*

*Pass Case instantly detachable*

IDENTIFIER

Rolfs
IDENTIFIER
BILLFOLD

FROM $3.50 UP

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES...BY

Rolfs
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

DON'T LET THEM DOWN...STEP UP YOUR WAR BOND PROGRAM...NOW

From this remote little mountain distillery comes this finer "mountain rum."

You would have to travel to the little mountain village of Adjuntas, Puerto Rico, if you wished to see with your own eyes why this mountain-distilled rum is a better-tasting rum. But for the most convincing proof of the fact that it *is* better-tasting, all you need to do is try it right here at home in your favorite rum drink.

Ron Merito
WHITE LABEL
Ron MERITO PUERTO RICAN RUM
Ron MERITO
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Available in Gold Label and White Label • 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Dept. E-6, National Distillers Prod. Corp., P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N.Y.

## Five Ways to Win at Checkers

*Continued from page 67*

was looking forward to the day when he would be good enough to get into that window and play Fischer, nourishing his ego while his worshippers looked on.

The rest of the cast could, as Jack Benny would say, go along with a gag. They played checkers with the pin-up boy before the performance, between the acts, and after the show. They deliberately lost to him with such consistency that he got the idea he was invincible.

Then Fischer was stirred into the plot. He called backstage one night and inquired as to the identity of the new checker wizard he had been hearing about. The ham revealed himself with characteristic immodesty and Fischer challenged him to a game in the dressing room.

Fischer let the scenery-chewer win, but made it look hard. You don't have to be told that a game was then arranged for the window. The self-appointed successor to Booth (Edwin) saw to it that the approaching contest was properly heralded.

The sidewalk was jammed with the actor's admirers, plus a sprinkling of professional rivals who had come for a laugh. The hero made a dramatic entrance and, after bowing to those on the other side of the plate glass, he began the game.

The game didn't last long. The ham's hope of topping the checker world were soon dashed to pieces. Within a short time he knew that he wasn't the checker champion he had led himself to believe he was.

Ten minutes later he left the window and sneaked out the back way, his handsome head bowed in deep humiliation. Fischer had given him the works. The actor had not only failed to seriously penetrate the wizard's defenses, but hadn't succeeded in getting so much as a single king.

Fischer, who has on several occasions performed the singular feat of playing 100 opponents simultaneously, and beating them all, is not a particularly good source for an explanation of his wizardry. "I guess," he says, "that I am just a born checker player."

For the first seven years of his life, Fischer, who was born in Canada, eschewed checkers. Then, when he was eight, he participated in considerable juvenile kibitzing while an uncle, who played a mediocre game, won from neighbors who were not quite so good.

The uncle, growing weary of his nephew's criticism, decided that the young kibitzer should be beaten and silenced. It didn't work out for uncle; the kid took the old boy over, but good—and not once, but repeatedly.

From that time on, the nephew was known locally as the boy checker champion, and the uncle took the proverbial back seat.

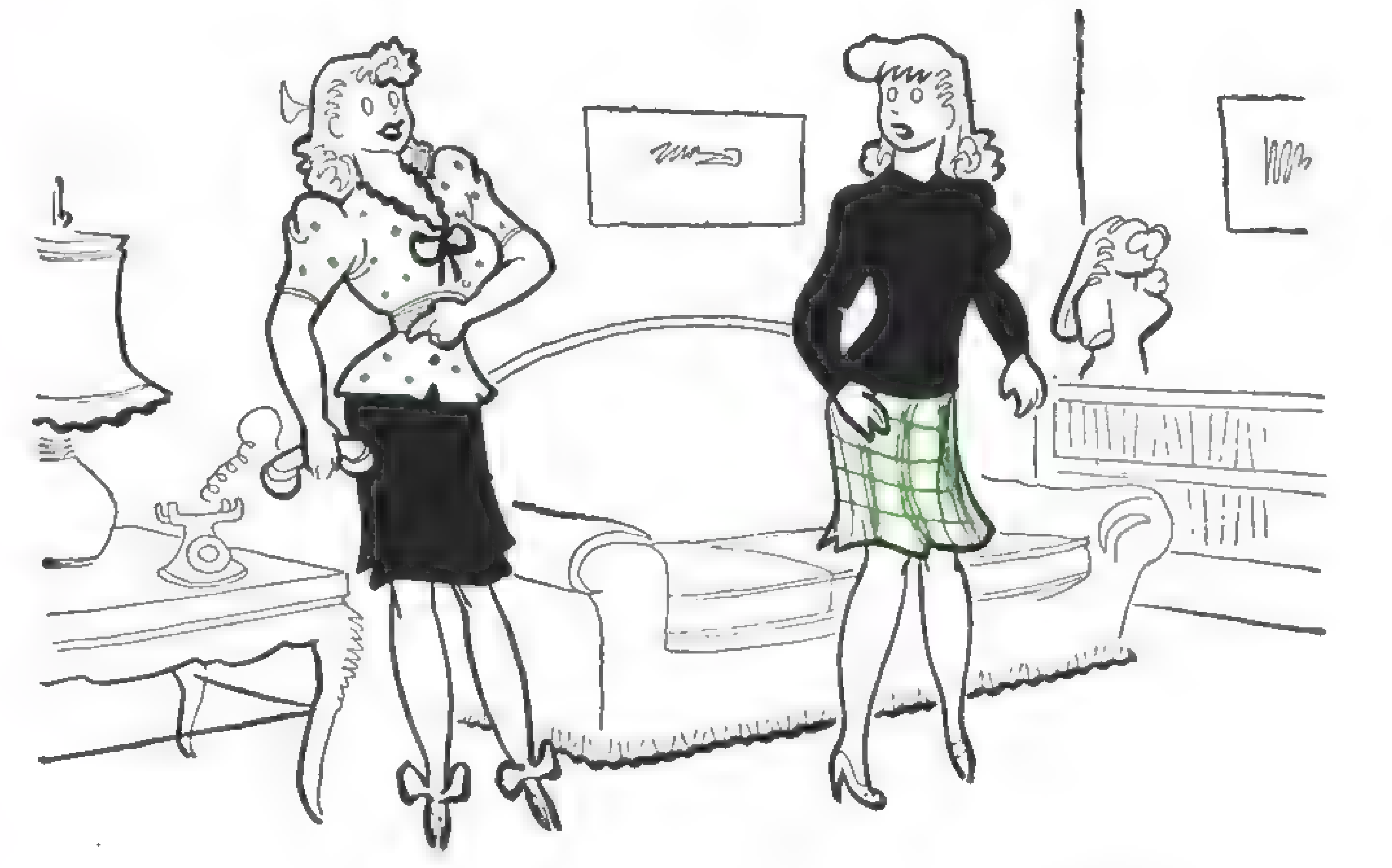
By the time he was seventeen, Harold Fischer had shattered all visible Canadian opposition. He shoved off for Buffalo and got a job as a telegrapher, eventually becoming a U. S. citizen.

The American checker champion of the period was John F. Horr, acting mayor of Buffalo. Child Harold walloped His Acting Honor in a series of contests, and Fischer was on his way. He roamed the country, working at odd jobs for food and lodging, hoping to come across a checker player who could really put up a contest. The competition was so poor that for a time Fischer's interest in the game fell off.

It is not very interesting to play any game unless the competition is well worth while.

It was not until Fischer landed in New York—the king square of the checker world—that he really began to buck champions in wholesale lots. But even the champs were no match for the man from north of the border, and Fischer won the New York City championship in a walk.

It was in 1933 that he turned pro and became the man in the Broadway window. Then he did a stretch at the New York World's Fair, and his present Imperial Checker Club followed. ##

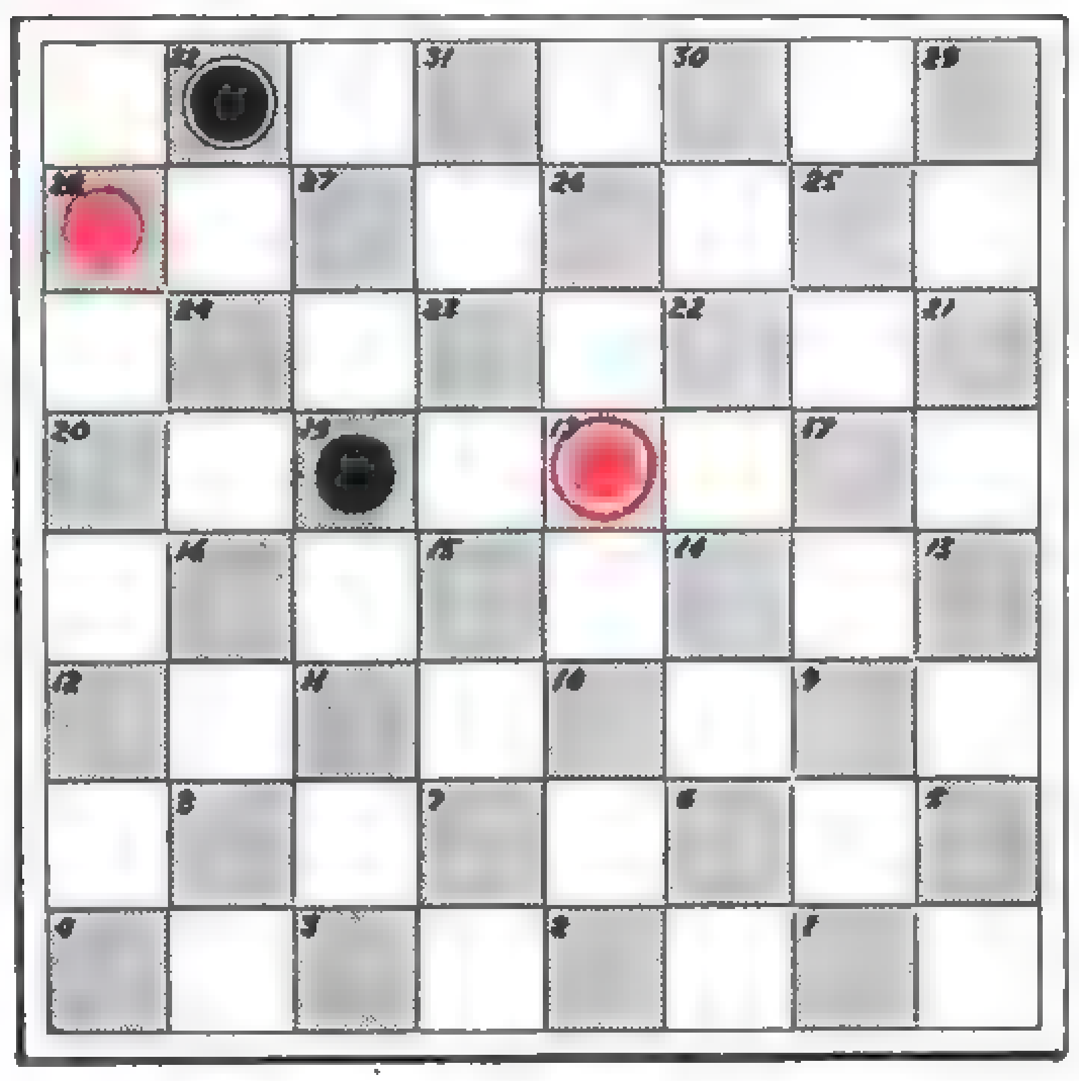


*"It's a couple of Yale boys—Class of '98"*

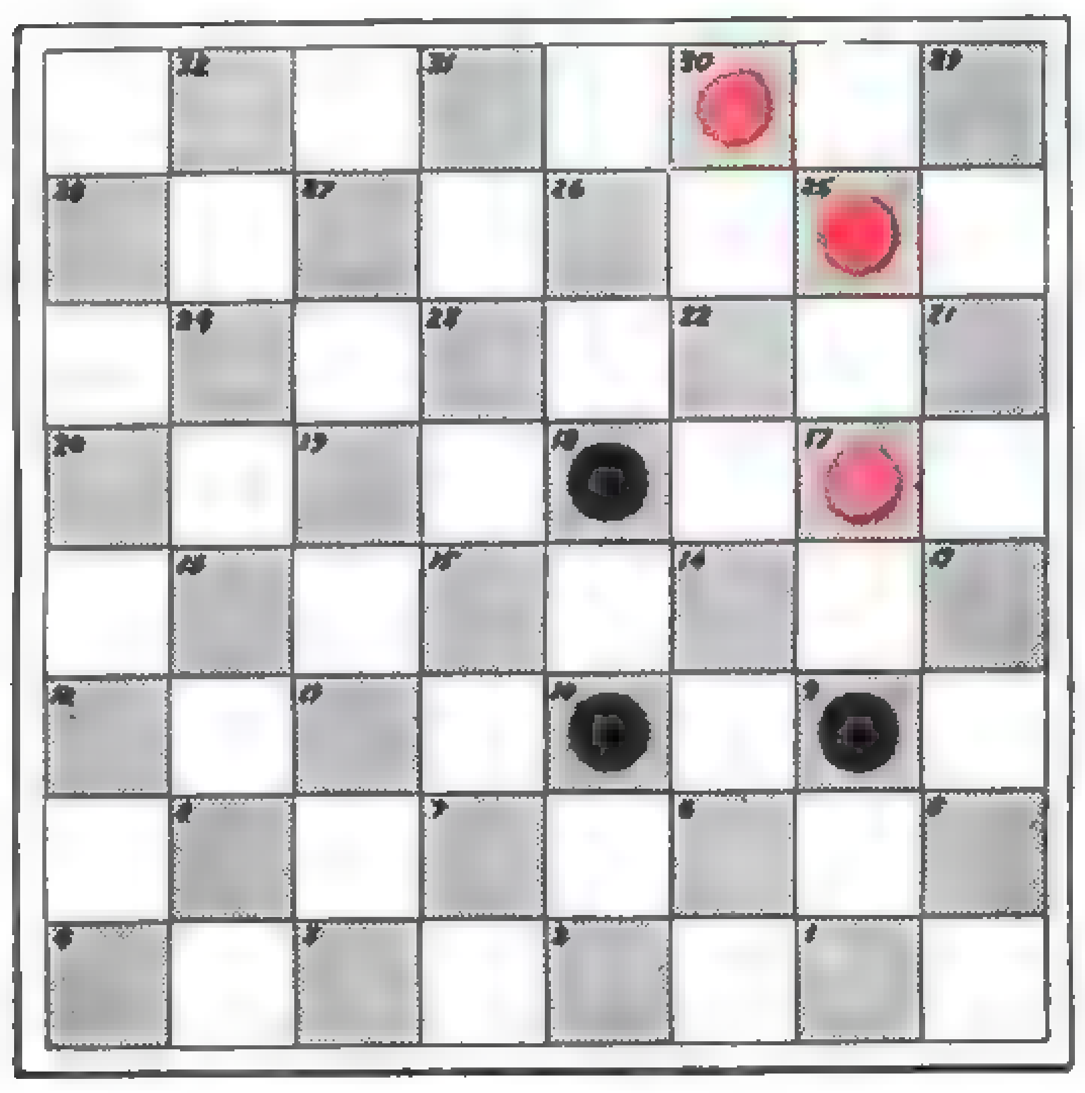
## Five Basic Checker Patterns

HERE are five of the basic patterns Fischer says you are likely to run across pretty often in one form or another. Each illustrates principles of good position and effective maneuver. The squares are numbered for easy reference. Reds move down, blacks up, in all of the problems.

Underneath each of the five checkerboards illustrated here is a resumé of that particular problem. Before turning to Fischer's solutions of these basic patterns, try each as a problem. Then check with the Fischer answers which you will find in the box at the bottom of this page.

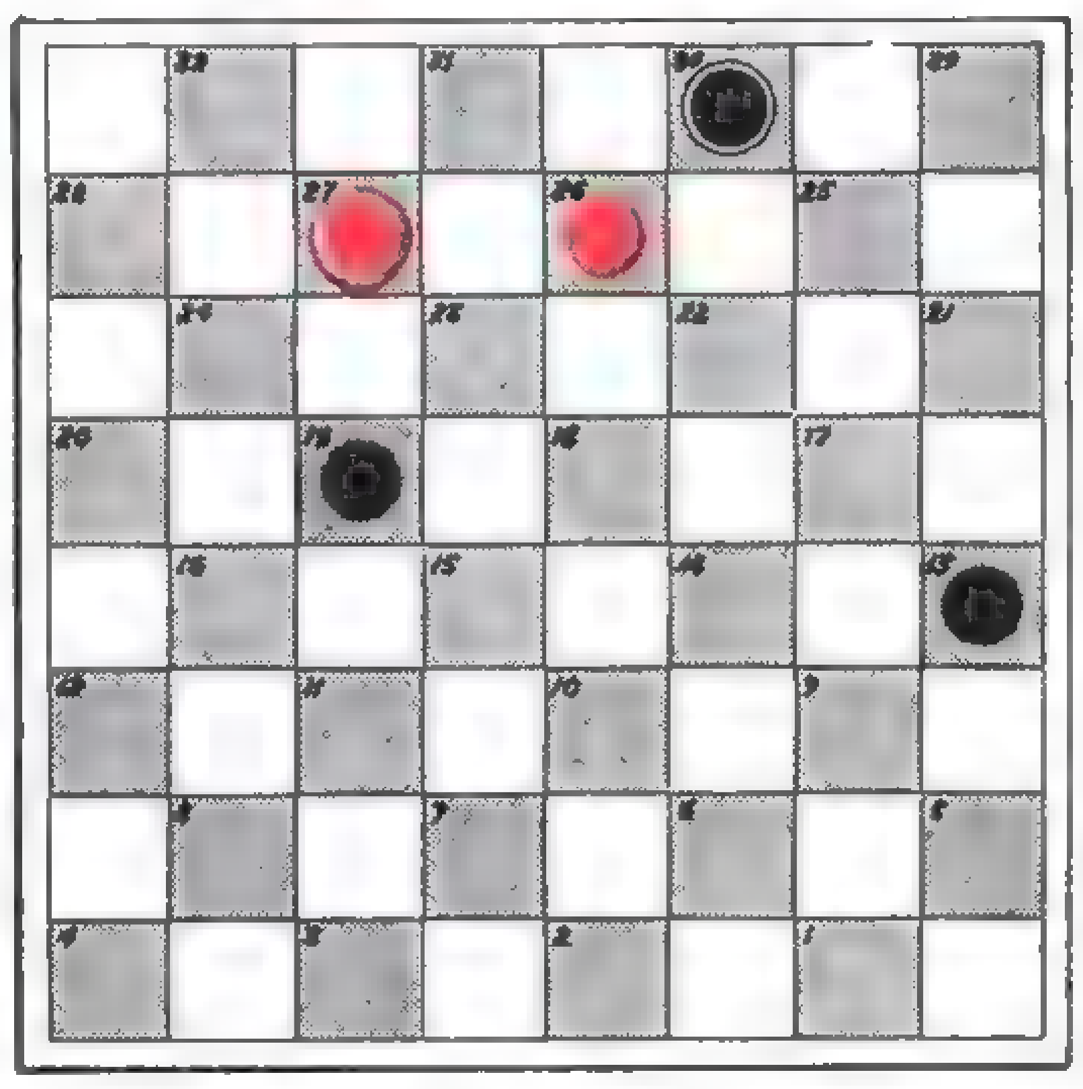


3. Here is a common end situation. But red, which has the move, should win. Each side has a king.

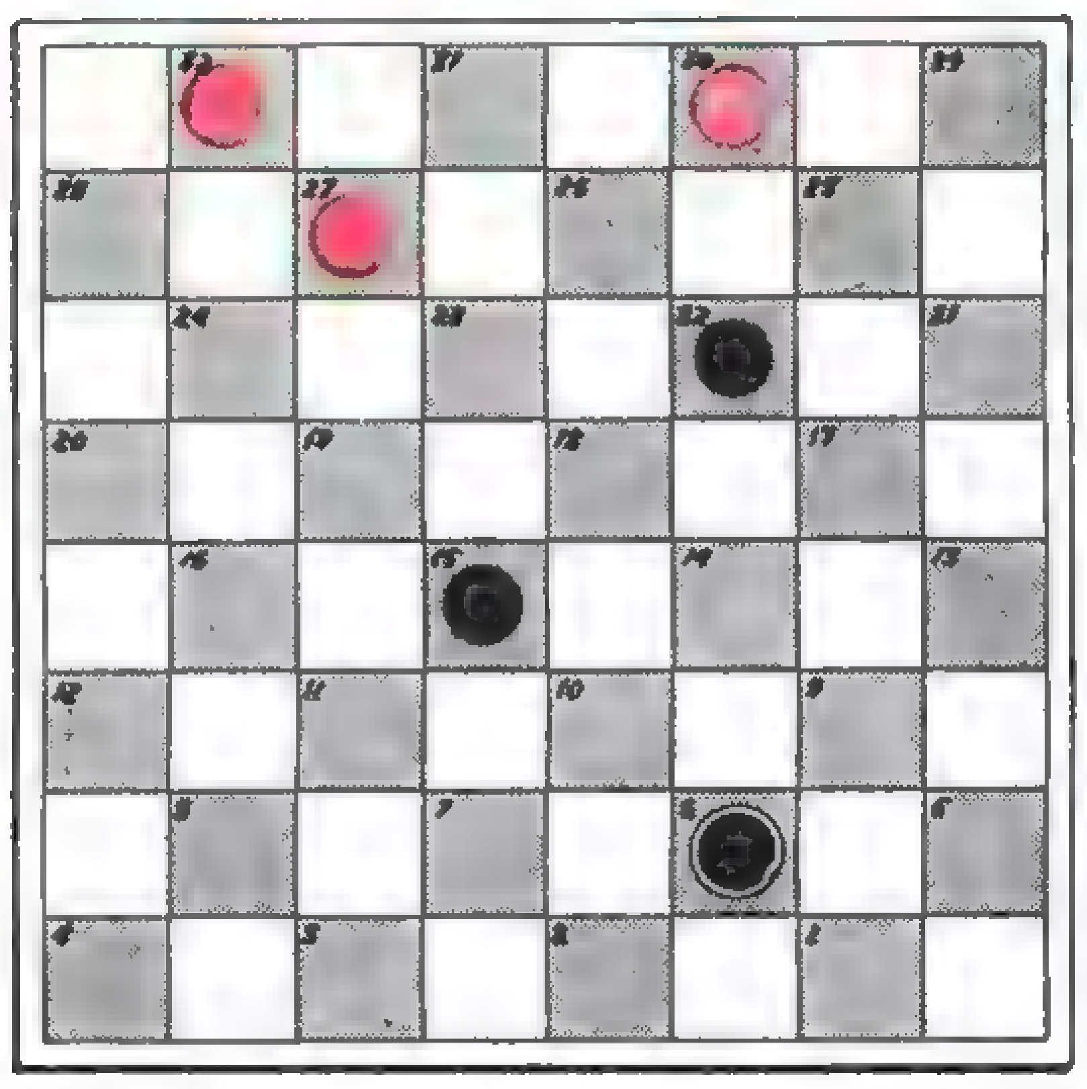


1. This situation involves an exchange that is decisive. All the checkers shown are singles.

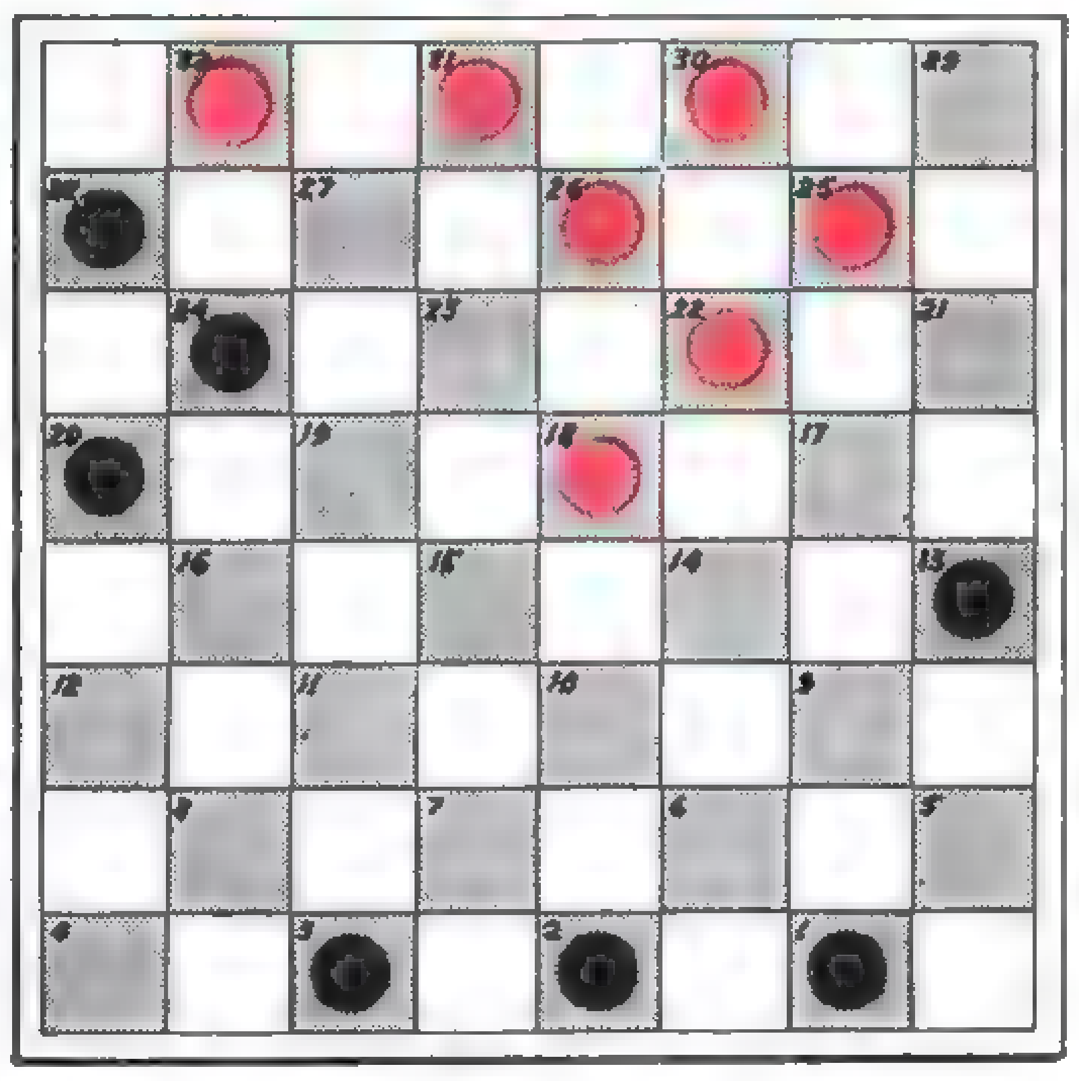
Red is to play and win.



4. This one looks bad for red but, though he can't win, he can draw. Each side has a king. Red plays. Take your time about this.



2. Fischer calls this one the In and Out Trap. In this, red is to play and win. The black on 6 is a king. Remember, it's a trap.



5. Here is a question of judgment. Black has the move but which piece should be moved to give him the strongest position?

*Solutions to Checker Problems Above*

(1)—Red moves 17 to 14. Black jumps from 10 to 17. Red moves from 25 to 22. Black jumps from 17 to 26. Now the lone red piece on 30 cleans the board of black with a triple jump.

(2)—Red moves from 30 to 26. Black jumps from 22 to 31 and becomes a king. Red moves from 32 to 28. The newly crowned black must jump from 31 to 24. The red piece on 28 cleans the board of blacks with a triple jump.

(3)—Red moves from 28 to 24. Black jumps from 19 to 28. Red moves from 18 to 23. And black is in a hopeless position.

(4)—Red moves from 26 to 23. Black jumps from 19 to 26. The red king moves from 27 to 31. And black must lose two pieces resulting in a one-against-one draw.

(5)—"Move the black piece on 24 to 27," advises Fischer. "This will result in an exchange of two blacks for one red. But the sacrifice is well worth it, since black comes out of it with a king which can harry the reds from the rear.

"You break up an excellent position if you move any of the black pieces in the back row, a position worth at least a piece and probably more."

NOW! FOR THE FIRST TIME! YOU CAN OWN 8mm-16mm

MOVIES OF JOE LOUIS' FAMOUS FIGHTS!

CASTLE FILMS' GREATEST SCOOP!

You can own the most thrilling moments in four of Joe Louis' famous fights! In *two* separate reels! Two fights in *each* film! Low cost per film. You can buy them separately—or own them both! The films are:

1
Joe Louis vs. Buddy Baer (first fight)
Joe Louis vs. Abe Simon

2
Joe Louis vs. Billy Conn
Joe Louis vs. Buddy Baer (second fight)

Each reel is terrific! Full of fistic dynamite! Never before available in 8mm-16mm! Own both reels! Order now!

FREE! New De Luxe Castle Films Catalog, describing 98 thrilling movies you can *own*. Send coupon now!

Louis vs. Baer
Louis kayoes Simon
Louis kayoes Conn
Louis kayoes Baer

DON'T DELAY! SEE YOUR PHOTO DEALER—OR SEND THE HANDY ORDER FORM TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK 20 FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO 3 RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO 4

ORDER FORM

Send Castle Films' Joe Louis Fight Movies in the size and length indicated.

| FILM No. | TITLE | 8 mm. SIZE |  | 16 mm. SIZE |  |  |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  | Headline 50 Feet $1.75 | Complete 180 Feet $5.50 | Headline 100 Feet $2.75 | Complete 360 Feet $8.75 | Sound 350 Feet $17.50 |
| 1. | Louis-Baer; Louis-Simon |  |  |  |  |  |
| 2. | Louis-Conn; Louis-Baer |  |  |  |  |  |

Remittance Enclosed ☐
Ship C. O. D. ☐
Send Castle Films' FREE De Luxe Catalog ☐

Name
Address
City State

E 3-44

# Cerbere and the Nazi Officer

*Continued from page 39*

Cerbere said, with eyes downcast.

Her breathing was audible. Her dress rustled with the quick movement of her bosom. He was saying, "I can't understand it. How did they know I worked in an aircraft factory before the war? I never mentioned it."

Yvonne bit her lip and he stared at her face. "Yvonne, did you?"

"I was thinking. I cannot remember. No, I am sure I have said nothing. I was wondering if Hans . . ."

"Hans!" Cerbere said.

"If he might have heard some casual word." She put her hand lightly on his shoulder. "Absolutely I have never let slip a word. Do you suppose someone in the town . . ."

Cerbere raised his head, and saw her gentle smile. "But see, Pierre, suppose you are sent to Germany? You will be paid. You will eat and drink, and soon it will be over, somehow. I can run the bistro. When you return I will be here to greet you."

"Yes, it can be endured," he said cheerlessly. "But it is almost peaceful here." He sighed. "I don't want to leave, but at this time a man must obey."

He found comfort in her large, dark-rimmed eyes. "You are sensible, Pierre, I will say that. Listen, we'll have a party. A little wine will give you good heart. So, shall we have one last celebration?"

Cerbere smiled. She had said the right words. She had aided him in his weakness. "Sensible . . ."

"We will celebrate together," he murmured. "After all, working in Germany is not giving up. It is only doing what one is forced to do." His voice grew louder and sharpened with defiance. "Why not celebrate, for this reason as for any other?"

*"Ask him how he's standing the heat"*

The sun was setting behind the ridge and night was stealing out to sea from the shadow of the land. An electric bulb on the wall threw light on the table which Yvonne had set.

Cerbere came up from the cellar with a bottle of champagne under each arm. He had scrubbed his face and his hair was wet and plastered flat to his head. He wore a clean shirt and a thickly padded green and black tie. He had bought sardines in the village and grilled them, and as they sat down to eat, the night was closing down on the horizon and a cool wind had come in from the sea, rustling the leaves of the fig tree.

Yvonne tried to be gay. In a yellow dress belted high at the waist, with her black curls falling to her shoulders, she had a festive air, but her dark eyes did not smile. Dangling from a fine gold chain around her neck was a tiny wooden doll, in costume.

"Something new?" he asked.

She fingered the doll, smiling. "No, not new, Pierre. I bought it in Toulon many weeks ago."

"I never saw it until now."

"But you never notice." Her smile widened.

They heard the swish of the bamboo curtain and Yvonne called, "Who's there?"

"It's I. Hans."

"Hans? You're early tonight." She smiled at Cerbere, gestured soundlessly at the bottle of champagne. Cerbere shrugged his shoulders and she called, "Come in here, Hans."

The soldier appeared at the doorway, pursed his lips. Yvonne, still smiling, said, "Champagne. See, we have a little celebration for Cerbere, who goes away tomorrow."

"He goes away?" Hans looked at Yvonne and then at Cerbere.

Cerbere shook his head and Yvonne met the solder's curious eyes. "Only for a little while," she said.

Cerbere uncoiled the wire from the neck of the bottle, his white thumb pressed on the cork. Hans grinned and rubbed his hands.

Cerbere abruptly turned away. He did not wait to clink glasses with the others and Yvonne's eyes narrowed as she watched him. She said, "Pierre."

"Some music," he explained. He selected a record for the phonograph and started it. It was a Viennese waltz. The soldier, Hans, chuckled, said, "Heil Hitler," and drank his champagne. He turned to Yvonne, humming the melody, "Dance, Madame?"

Yvonne put her glass on the table and moved toward him. As they danced Cerbere slumped into a chair and lit a cigarette. He sat

her favorite "beaus"

From coast to coast, you'll find Sherman the top name in Bow Ties, as it has been for the last 20 years. Tie it yourself or ready-tied in either band or Clipper. Look for the Sherman label in every bow tie.

$1 & $1.50

and in bow ties it's always Sherman BOW TIES

SHERMAN BOWS · 1200 BROADWAY NEW YORK

silently smoking, watching the tiny doll pendulate across Yvonne's bosom as she danced.

The music ended and Hans slapped his hands together. "Champagne, music. This is a big celebration. Where are you going, old fellow?"

Yvonne answered. "Pierre goes tomorrow to Germany to work."

"Ah," Hans said, and glanced down at his boots.

"Captain Dorfer gave him his orders today," Yvonne said. "Before the war, you see, Pierre worked in an aircraft plant."

"Ah," Hans said.

Cerbere spoke. "It is pretty, my wife's little doll. Don't you think so?"

Hans glanced at the doll. "Ja, ja."

"I'm like a little girl," Yvonne said. "I love dolls."

Hans touched the doll with one finger, inspecting it, and Cerbere said, "It is such dolls the mountain people make, I understand. It could be from the Tyrol, don't you think?"

"Ja," Hans said. "It is Tyrol." He eyed the champagne bottle.

Cerbere filled the glasses and Yvonne said brightly, "Come now, a toast to Pierre."

"Ja," Hans said, and they drank.

"It interests me, that little doll," Cerbere said. "How much did you pay for it, Yvonne, in Toulon?"

"Ten francs."

"That is not much to pay for a trinket like that. Imported, too."

"It is just a little doll," Hans said. "Another dance, Madame Cerbere?"

Cerbere flipped the stub of his cigarette to the floor. His voice was flat and low. "I am not such a fool. You did not buy that little Austrian doll in Toulon, Yvonne. This soldier gave it to you. I understand why I am being sent to Germany. I understand it very well."

"What is this?" the soldier said.

"It is very simple," Cerbere said, holding his wife's eyes. "I am sent away and the bistro is yours and you are free."

"Pierre, you're drunk!" Yvonne took a step toward him, but he pushed her aside almost roughly.

Cerbere stood looking at the Austrian soldier. Hans was a big man and Cerbere was no taller than his wife. The soldier's eyes were puzzled and he acted as if all at once he had forgotten his French.

Anger mounted in Cerbere, overcoming the lassitude and inertia, the gloomy resignation that had sapped his will. He snatched up the champagne bottle and started for the soldier.

"Pierre, are you crazy?" Yvonne was in front of him, one hand against his chest. "Stop it. Do you want them to shoot you?"

Cerbere swung his hand in a slapping motion. His palm struck her shoulder, knocking her aside, and the champagne glass fell from her hand, shattering in a fan shape on the floor.

"Get out of here," Cerbere shouted at the soldier. "Nazi, get out."

Hans stared with open mouth, shook his head, and was gone, too astonished to give the German greeting.

The silence was long and heavy. Cerbere was still shaking, but when he could trust himself to speak his voice was steady. He said, "So it is true."

Yvonne's lips lifted scornfully. "You are a fool. If I wanted a lover I would not take him, that Austrian oaf."

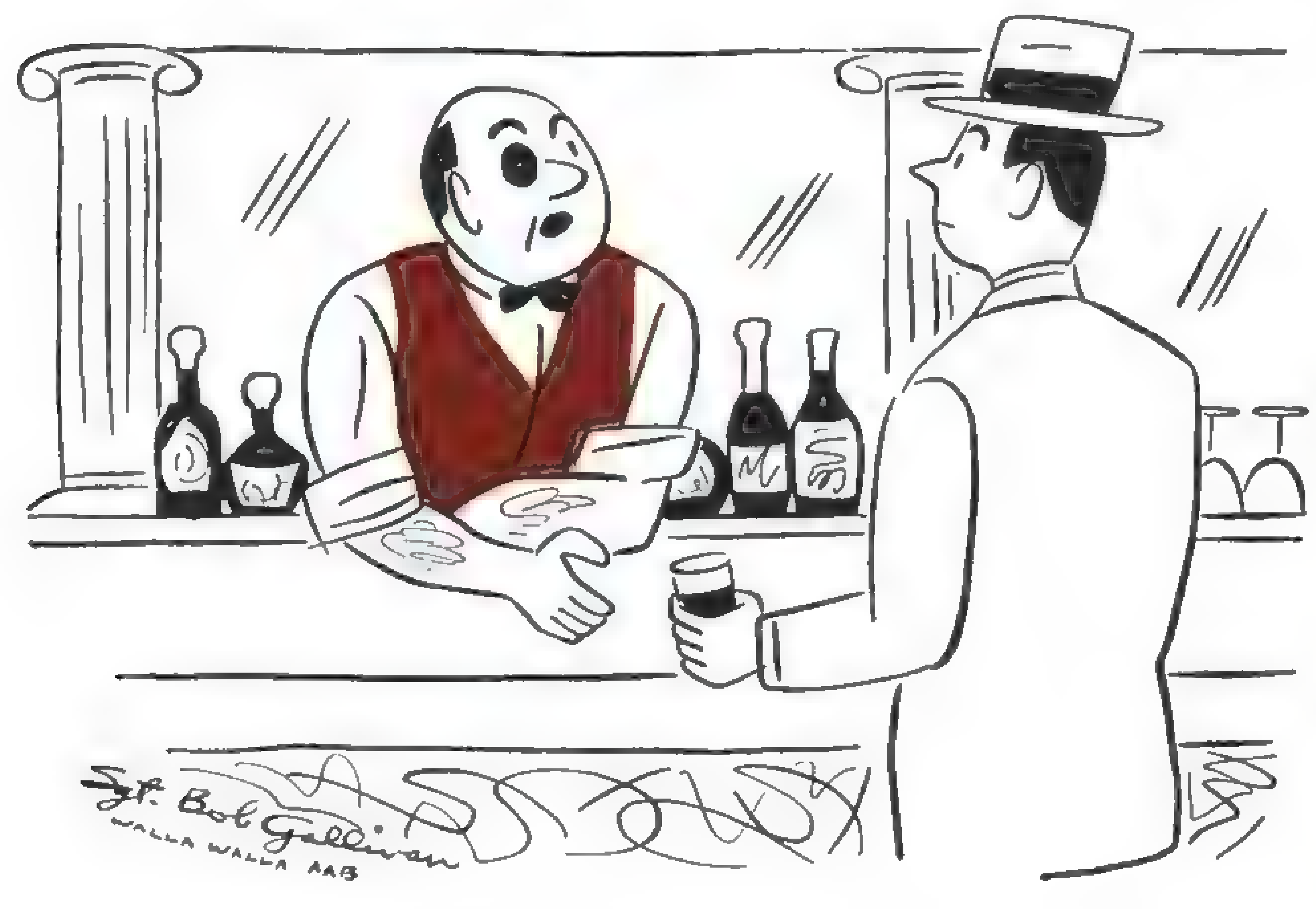
Cerbere looked at her bent head, his face puckered in a frown. The indecision had returned. He sat down, staring at her, shaking his head. When he spoke there was little conviction in his tone. "So I am being sent to Germany because you gave information that I was skilled at aircraft production. You have arranged it to be alone here, with no husband to bother you. It's very convenient, isn't it?"

There was impatient knocking on the door from the bistro, and a deep voice called, "Cerbere!" Cerbere paid no attention, but Yvonne rose.

"Come in," she called.

The door opened slowly. The tall figure of Captain Dorfer filled the doorway. He glanced from Yvonne to Cerbere. "Ah, here you

*Continued on page 142*



*"'Millicent, honey,' I says, 'in my opinion . . .'"*

**Silas Sylvester.** *The wonder of his life was the Crystal Palace. He never knew the advantages of movies, airplanes, or *Balanced Tailoring.*

**some clothes have those enduring young charms**

Some men always look so well dressed that you think their clothes have just come from the tailor. And then you find that the "new" suit is actually a year or two old! Why do some suits keep their good looks so long? Any expert will tell you that the answer lies in the tailoring . . . in needlework that stitches the style in for keeps. Such needlework once came high. But now, thanks to Balanced Tailoring, a new, modern technique perfected by Timely of Rochester, you can have that same long-lasting, expensive-looking smartness at modest prices. The flattering lines of your Timely Suit or Coat will hold as long as you wear it . . . keeping you dressed your best whenever you wear it. Timely Clothes are about $35 to $65 at better Men's Shops.

TIMELY CLOTHES, INC., ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

*Balanced TIMELY REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF. CLOTHES Tailoring

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

**Fred S. S.** Thanks to Timely Balanced Tailoring, his collar will always fit snugly; his lapels will always roll softly; his whole suit will always keep its original, unbroken smoothness.

## Cerbere and the Nazi Officer

*Continued from pages 39-141*

are," he said. "I thought you might have skipped. I warn you not to attempt it."

Cerbere did not turn his head. A new, more terrible hurt ached inside him, worsened by the nearness of Yvonne, and the faint smell of her skin and the mimosa she wore over her ear. He watched her as she smiled at the captain and then rose and followed him into the other room. He heard the captain laugh, and heard Yvonne's voice, soft and secretive in reply. And then the ache became sharp and biting. He understood. That fellow Hans had nothing to do with it.

He could not move. Anger burst inside him painfully, and then subsided, leaving the old, dull feeling of helplessness. What could a French bartender do to a captain of the Nazi army? What, even should that captain possess his wife?

He had risen, but now he sat down, trembling, by the table, and rested his head in his hands.

Light from the next room was suddenly blocked. "At six o'clock in the morning, Cerbere," said the Nazi officer's voice. He laughed again. "Heil Hitler!" And then he was gone.

Cerbere heard the heavy tread of boots, back through the bistro, then the swish of the bamboo curtain. There was no sound of a motor. The captain had walked over from the garrison in the starlight.

He heard a soft noise, and Yvonne said quietly behind him, "Pierre, you and I were never for each other. You know that, surely. But let me say this. I said nothing. It was not my doing to send you away."

"Go," Cerbere said. He did not look around, but the brighter light showed that she had gone. These Nazis, he thought, fouling all they touched. But they were masters here, and it was masters some women wanted.

The biting ache returned, so sharply that it cut through his weariness and made the blood vessels in his neck throb heavily. But *were* they the masters, unless he made them so? Could they defeat him, if he would not allow it?

He sighed, a sigh of relief and of exultation. What did he care for Yvonne? She had fed his weakness and encouraged him to inaction. The others, those fools who blew up tunnels, those were the ones with heart.

The light struck a gleam from the blade of a carving knife on the table. The handle was only a foot from his hand. He clutched it, and got to his feet.

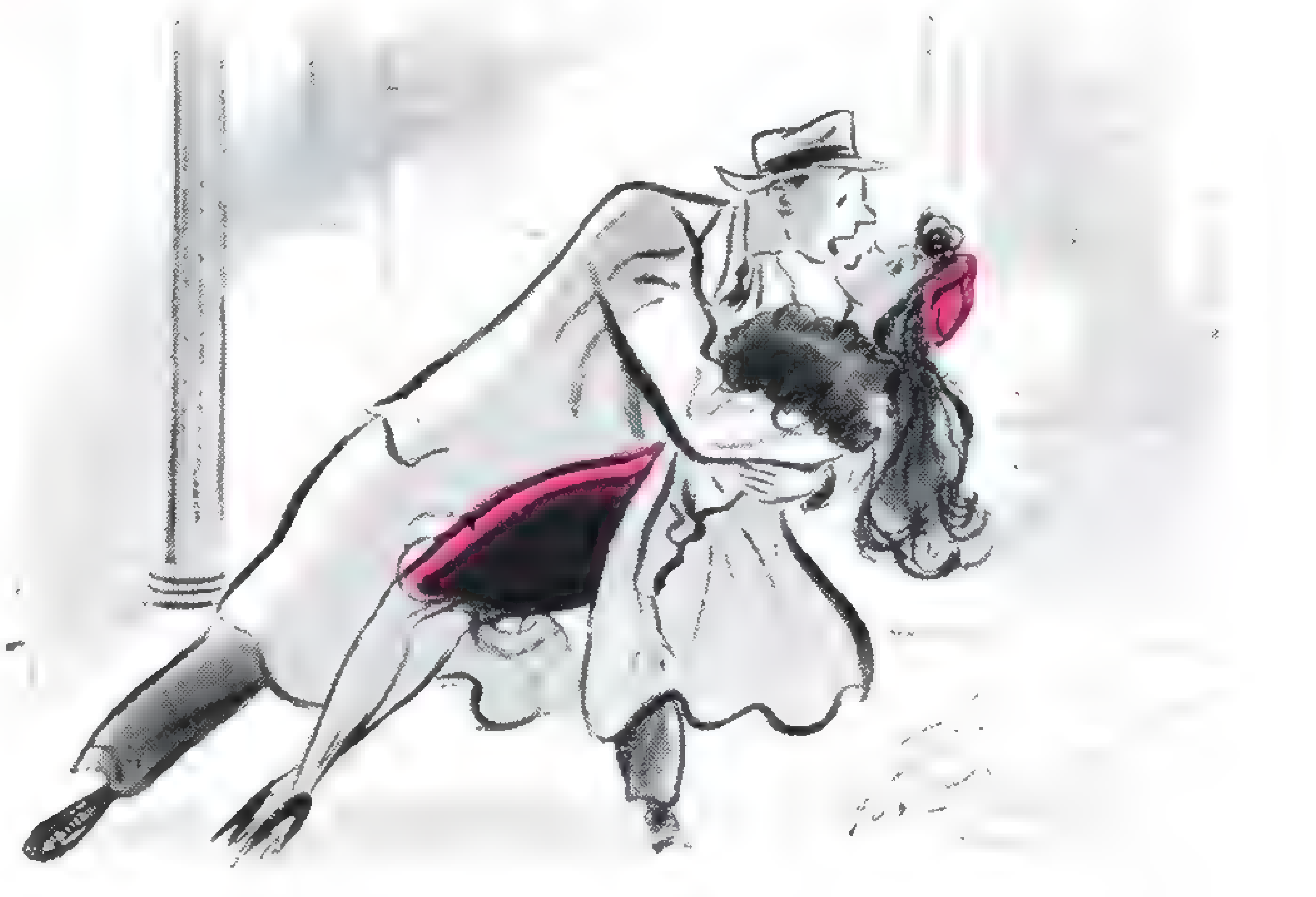
He did not go into the bistro, but slipped out of the house by a side door, into the starlight. The tracks gleamed, and a few hundred yards ahead was the dark shape of the promontory through which the tunnel ran. Cerbere stopped to listen. Ahead he heard the faint thud of the officer's boots on the cinders.

His head was clear and he saw his plan, without fear and without hesitation. He would kill Captain Dorfer. That was for himself. Then he would blow up the tunnel. That was for the others, the foolish ones, the Frenchmen who wouldn't give up. He would proceed to Toulon, where he could hide with friends.

And then he stopped. What if he killed this Nazi officer? What if he blew up this tunnel? One Nazi dead, one little tunnel in the hills crumbled down over the tracks . . . What was the use?

The footsteps were becoming fainter. Cerbere's fingers relaxed on the handle of the knife. For one long moment he stood there, the feeling of weakness flooding over him.

It was the dying sound of footsteps that made him feel himself a coward. His fingers closed again on the handle of the knife. Suddenly he was afraid it was too late. He began running along the tunnel, almost noiselessly in his espadrilles. He ran crouched over, listening, and then he heard the sound again, the thump of boots on the cinders in the darkness of the tunnel. There ahead of him, louder, louder, louder . . . ⌗



*"I'm sorry—I thought you were someone else!"*

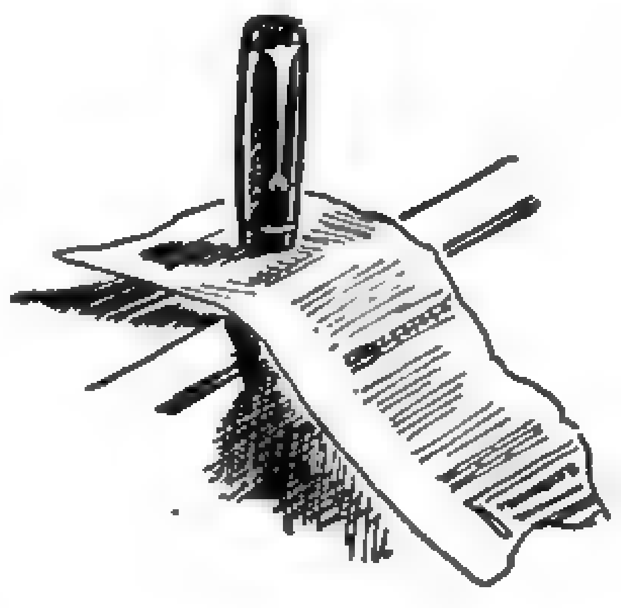
BERNHARD
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
Straight Cuban
RUM
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
86 PROOF

Distilled and bottled by
JOSÉ ARECHABALA · S · A ·
CARDENAS · CUBA

Sole Agents for U. S. A.
CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION,
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC.
New York, N. Y.

## Checkpayers . . .

***good for one free drink at the nearest bar***



***the wager:*** That you can remove a strip of newspaper, about eight inches deep and one column wide, from underneath a fountain pen cap without moving the cap.

***the payoff:*** Moisten your fingertip and then forcefully strike the portion of the paper extending over the table.

## Boss of the Bomber

*Continued from page 51*

your walk-around oxygen and confer with the Skipper.

Turbo control—try jiggling. Now manipulate throttle control . . . fuel mixture . . . R.P.M. . . . cowl flaps. Still no rise. Either the turbo regulator or the turbo itself is gone.

"Keep her revving anyway," you advise the Skipper. "She won't hold us back much."

Grimly you reflect that a feathered prop is an invitation to enemy fighters. This is no Sunday ride. You must stay in formation, for stragglers go down fighting.

Twelve minutes off the target the belly gunner sees yellow-nosed Focke-Wulfs swarming up from their base at Abbeville. They're manned by the toughest surviving flyers of the Luftwaffe.

"Three o'clock," calls the belly gunner, "a gillion of them."

"Pilot to combat crew. Pilot to combat crew. Hold your hats, girls, and give 'em hell."

Two FW-190's are boring in, their Oerlikon 20 mm. fixed cannon coughing. You bracket the leader in your ring sights and, as he clears you, get a long squirt into his belly. Another fighter peels off. You hemstitch him. Here comes yet another from the quarter you've been assigned to protect. In this tight formation Forts can give better than they get. Already you've chalked up three probables.

You are on the receiving end too, mainly from their 7.9's which rattle through the fuselage like gravel in a tin dishpan. Three engines are still putting out but it looks as though the No. Two prop governor has been damaged. Inwardly you bless the self sealers and make a mental note to set the fuel transfer valves from the now feathered engine. The platform under your feet is inch deep with empty cartridge cases.

Now the FW's fall away and—whether you live to do it a hundred times, this is the one sickening minute of the mission—the final seconds of target approach during which the bombardier flies the ship straight and level, giving the ack-ack a dead shot chance at you. There is nothing to do but wait for the one with your name—if it comes. You peer overside for a view of the German landscape which Baedecker never recommended. The sky is alive with ugly brown mushrooms of smoke and steel creeping closer as the ground gunners try to get your range. At 20,000 feet the flak is thick enough to walk on!

Above the battle din you hear the dull metallic scrape made by your block busters as they leave their cradles. They hang suspended for an instant in the open bays before nosing down and plummeting towards the target. The ship goes into violent evasive action and you clear your guns for the FW's which have probably reformed and are waiting for you as you come off the target.

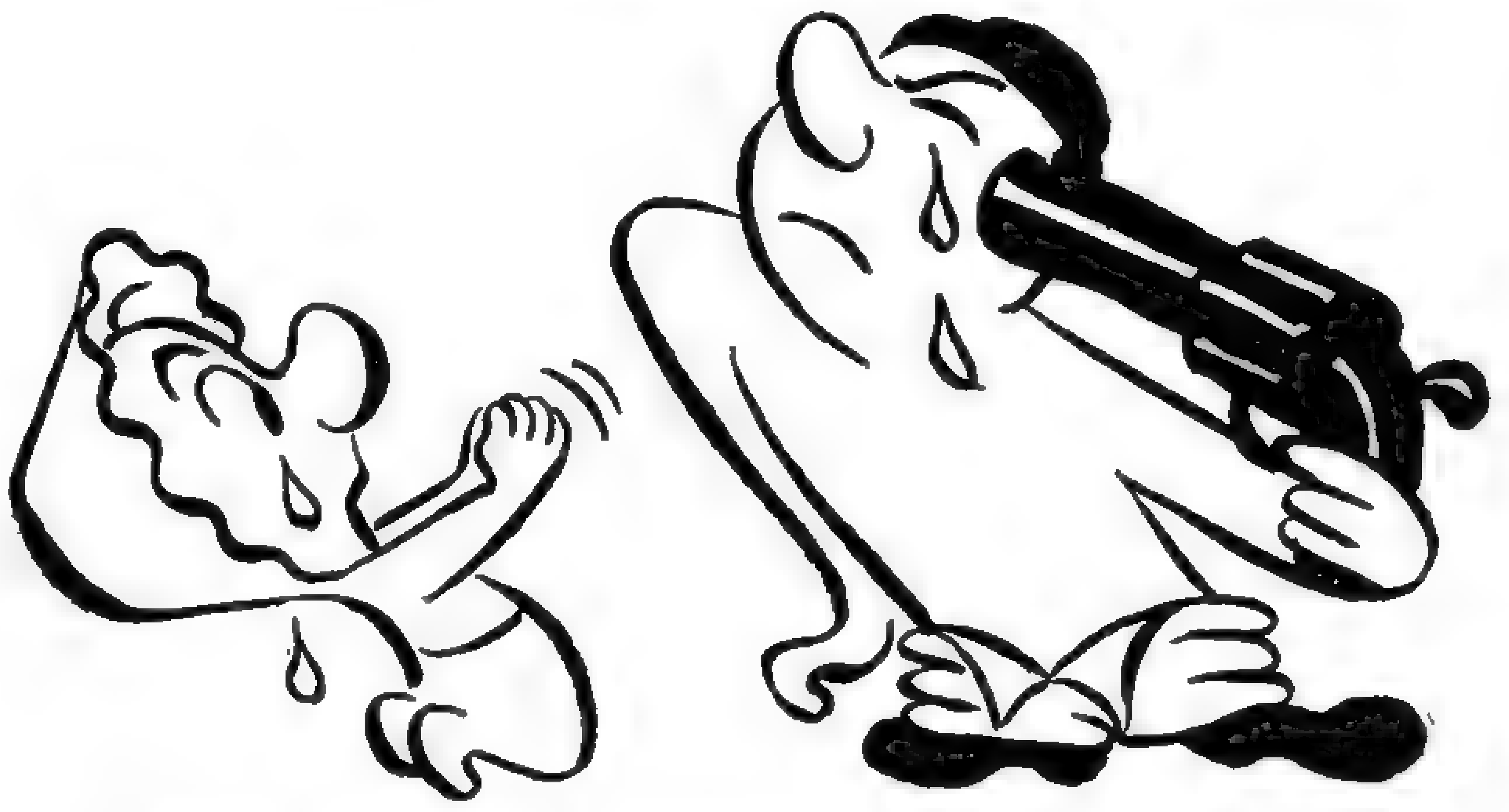
Almost at the same moment something big hits the ship a dull blow in the left wing. You see a hole blossom as the slip stream tears at the metal covering. The ship sags appreciably. The pilots wrestle with the controls to keep the vibrating B-17 out of a spin. Number Two engine is running wild and the dash controls are so shot up that it can't be stopped immediately. This means fire. You are out of formation now and dropping fast through two strata of clouds to 6,500 feet. In the richer, lower air the flames fan out but Number Two extinguisher seems to be functioning. If only you can stick it out for ten minutes longer you can raise the English coast instead of ditching at sea.

And you do!

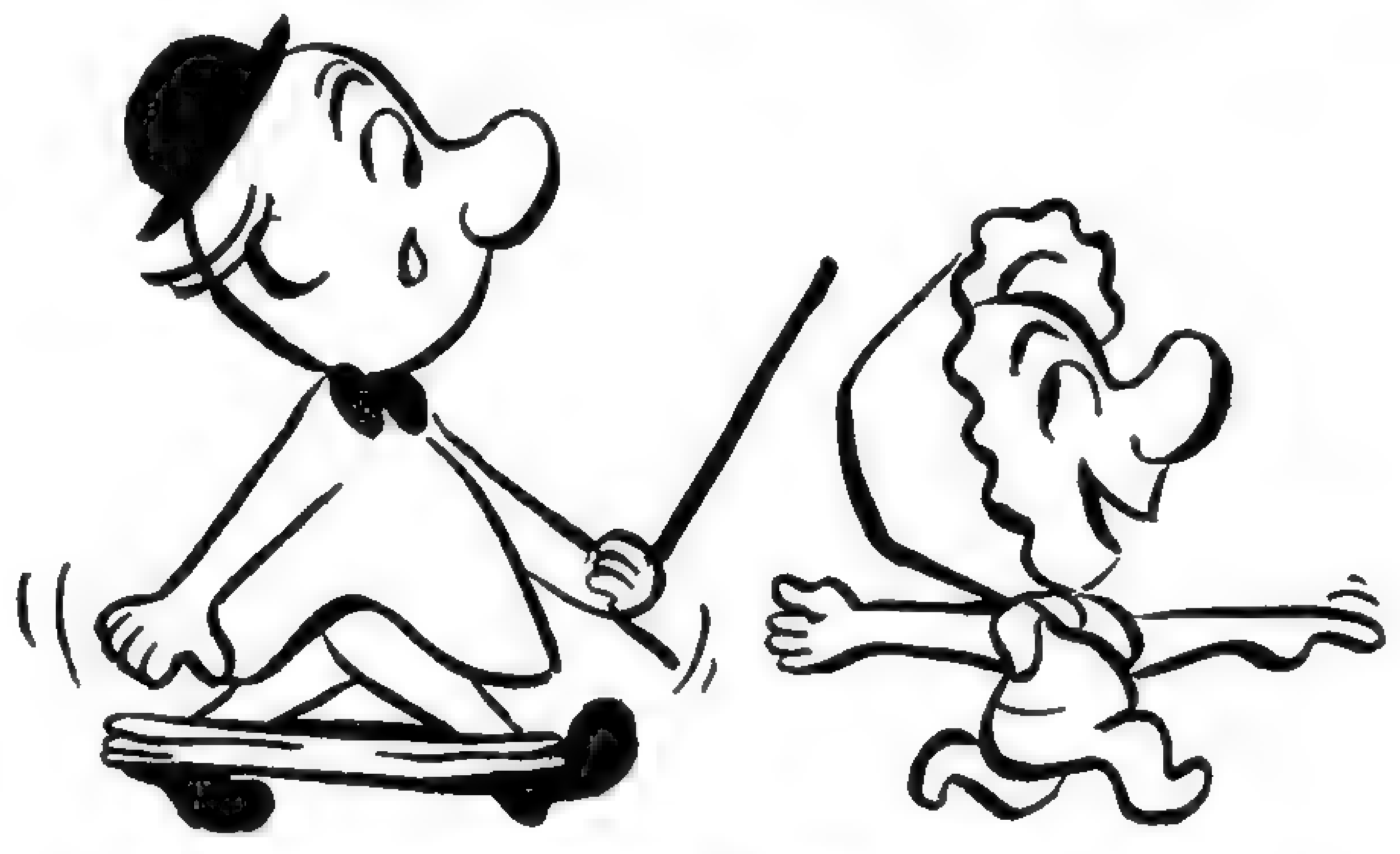
You cross the coast at 3,000 feet with Sparks sending QDM's. Two miles inland another piece of wing flies off and the ship starts to lie down. The Skipper circles a stretch of flat agricultural land. The wheels are down and checked as an approach is made. Immediately on contact the right tire begins to flatten, but the ship is kept upright with left brake and Number Four engine—the only one now unfeathered. You grind to a stop and pile out through the escape hatch, wriggling free of your parachute. Five words which you've read a hundred times on the bulletin board outside of Operations now have a new and wondrous significance for you. Five more beautiful words have never existed in the English language than:

*"All our planes returned safely."*

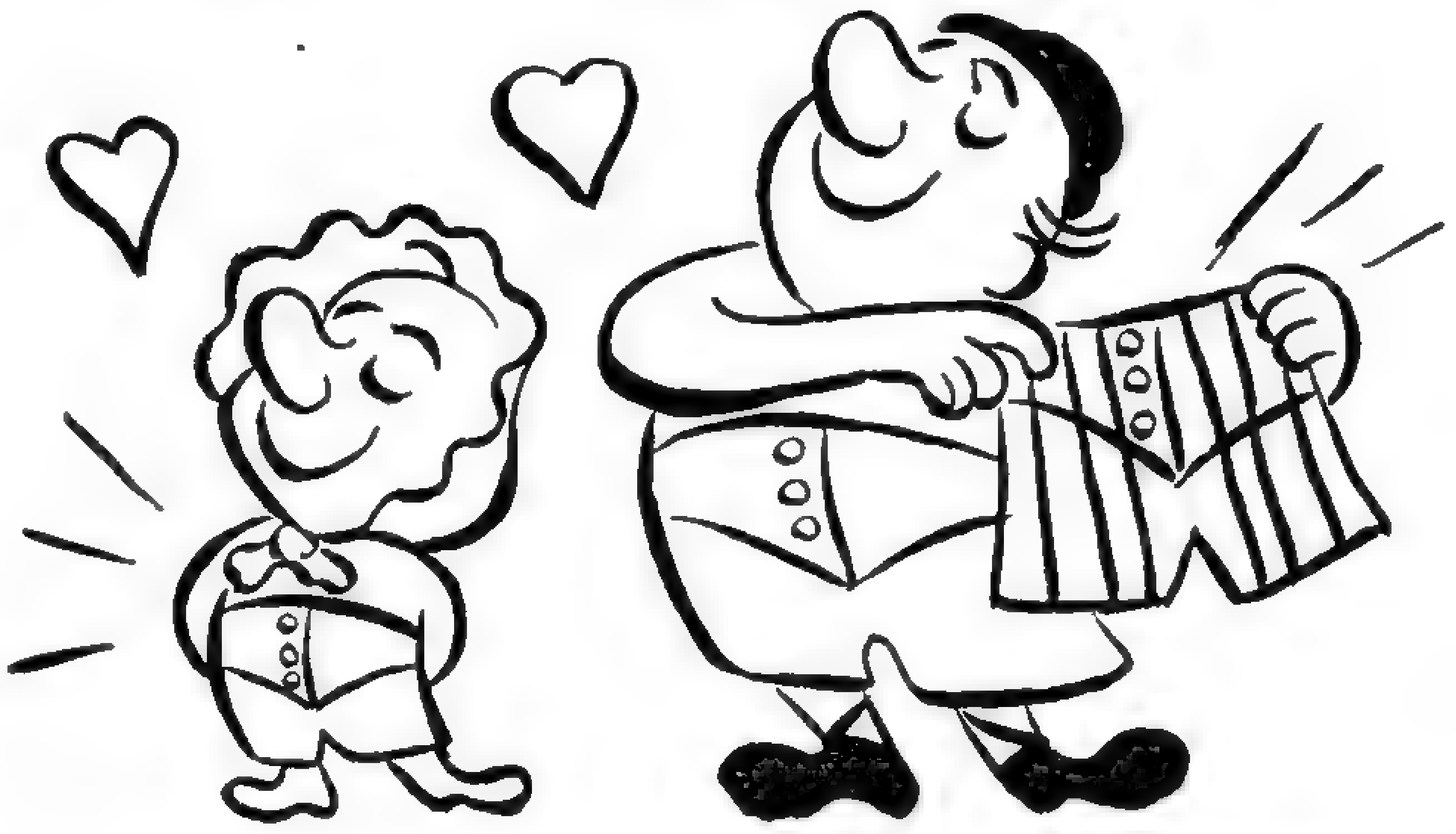
*"Oh, button-bother's so unfair . . .*



*But Father, Father don't despair!*



*Hasten, purchase bonds for war . . .*



*Speed our Grippers back once more!*

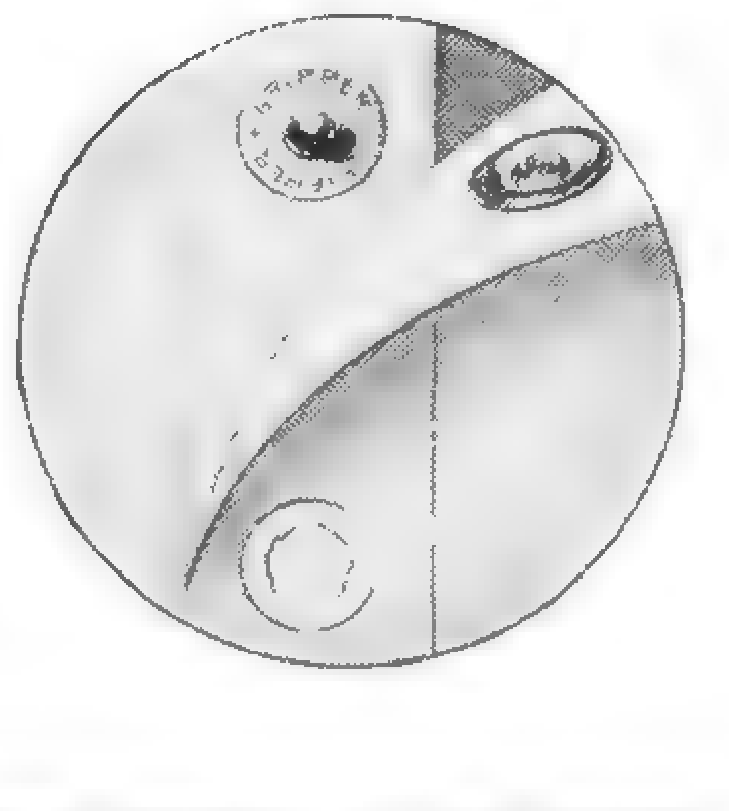
It's worth a little "button-bother" when you realize that every man . . . every machine . . . at Scovill is working all-out for victory. When that day comes Gripper fasteners will be back . . . and on more clothes than ever!

**GRIPPER* FASTENERS**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS



treat yourself to...
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
...and soda
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
CORONET
buy war bonds first!

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y.
Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring
Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

## Bix at Lake Forest

*Continued from page 59*

small hours when Cy went back on the North Shore Electric. The huge, bare trees of Lake Forest shivered in the cold damp wind blowing in from Lake Michigan. The boys slid along behind the bushes, reached the back door which they had taken care to leave open, and arrived at the Academy just in time for the rising bell!

From that day on Bix's life was changed. Not only did his courses in science and mathematics hold no more meaning for him; George F. Sisler, the history professor, described the beauties of Egyptian inscriptions in vain, for Bix was dreaming of the cornet solo of Paul Mares in *Swanee* or the gurgling of the trombone in *Aggravating Papa*.

Even sports, which had been so important to him, no longer interested him. The director of physical education, Ralph Robert Jones, who had hoped to make a star of Bix, forgot him completely, and even today when a certain "Bix" is mentioned Jones can't remember him. The immortal cornetist has been washed from his memory by twenty-five school generations of baseball and football players.

Little by little, Bix dedicated all his time to jazz. He skipped physical exercise to play the cornet; the Academy coach was especially piqued about it, because he often took saxophonist Stewart or drummer Cy Welge along with him.

When none of his pals would allow themselves to be seduced away, Bix the siren, crazed by jazz, would sit alone at the old piano and practice the then-popular tunes of Jelly Roll Morton; or else he would improvise music which no one could have recognized.

The report in "Social Events" of *Caxy* noted that on October 29th, "Bix Beiderbecke, one of our 'home talent' furnished the music which was declared to be unexcelled by his fellow students."

On November 26th a dance was held in honor of the victorious football team. The same magazine again mentioned the excellence of the music in its notice:

> "The gym was very appropriately decorated in orange and black with multicolored Japanese lanterns giving a rainbow of light. L.F.A. banners, pennants, and pillows were, of course, much in evidence while on the wall facing the entrance to the gym, a huge black paper football with the inscription *Champions 1921* served to increase the spirit of celebration.
>
> Under the leadership of two L.F.A. students, Beiderbecke and Stewart, the orchestra turned out feats of musical skill which every one declared excellent. As a privilege, the pianos were allowed to be moved from the balcony, where they generally are, to a corner of the dance floor. This greatly increased the tone and pep of the music and was well appreciated."

At the next party the appearance of *Bix-Wally Orchestra* was noted again, while on the 17th of February, for a third big ball, *Caxy* briefly, but pleasantly, said:

> "Bix-Wally's music lived up to their reputation by turning out wonderful music."

Between times, Bix was a member of the Academy in theory only. He had formed, with Cy Welge, an orchestra called *Cy-Bix Orchestra* in which young musicians from Chicago played. Several times a week they went to Evanston or Waukegan or Milwaukee, thus collecting the dollars which enabled Bix to flee each evening to Chicago where the gods of jazz breathed into genuine trumpets and trombones of gold. At the Academy, Bix's room became nothing more or less than a record library. Students knew that the room in the northwest corner was a temple of hot music and counterpoint.

Bix often skipped classes, study periods and morning exercises and when he did appear, usually after spending the night on a dance engagement or improvising, his sound sleep was disturbed only by the recitation of his fellow students. The school principal soon noticed Bix's frequent absences. Bix was told to appear before John Wayne Richards, the Headmaster. Mr. Richards gave the young sophomore a round scolding and informed him that at the first recurrence of such absences he would be summarily expelled from the Academy.

After this warning Bix looked up Stewart and Cy and the three held an earnest counsel of war. He showed them his list of coming dance engagements in neighboring villages. Stewart submitted meekly to the school's ultimatum while Cy and Bix decided to live the adventure out.

The month of April arrived. The editors of *Caxy* entered an agreement with Bix through which he paid them to publish this advertisement to appear at the end of the school year in June:

FOR YOUR DANCE
CY-BIX
ORCHESTRA
CY WELGE
711 Central Street
Evanston, Illinois
BIX BEIDERBECKE
1934 Grand Avenue
Davenport, Iowa

On May sixth, 1922, there was the big celebration of the Junior Prom, but on that day Bix and Cy had a paying engagement in Gary and couldn't appear at the Academy. Somewhat huffily, *Caxy* reported that "Bill Green and his Northwestern orchestra supplied the best music that had been heard at the Academy for a long time."

This write-up appeared in June alongside Bix's advertisement. Then a farewell party was held in the Academy court. Members of the Senior Class were celebrating their graduation. Stewart and Cy were there but Bix, brave sophomore, was not. He who had rallied the sporting spirit of the professorial corps, he who had been a good companion if not a good student, he who had brought school dances to life, was no longer a student of the Academy of Lake Forest.

It happened thus:

About the middle of May, the Headmaster learned that Bix was leaving the Academy every night to play dance engagements. On May 17th, he tried to call Bix into the office but, as a crowning misfortune, Bix was away from school on that particular afternoon. That evening, John Wayne Richards, returning from a party about midnight, went to see for himself what was going on in Bix's room. The room was empty.

Two days later, Bix again failed to answer a summons. On the 20th, he slept all day, not appearing at a single class or school meeting. So, on the 21st of May, Bix, with his eyes still half closed, marched unhappily into the office of the Headmaster who told him furiously that he was no longer a member of the Academy. Bix didn't cry. He became a little paler than he already was and left the office whistling *Aggravating Papa*.

Bill O'Malley

***"I could just walk, and walk, and walk today, Wilbur"***

Returning to his room, he met Stewart and Cy and told them the news. He gave one big sigh and began to pack up his records and books. He thought, said Bix, that that evening he would go to hear a trumpeter who had just come to Chicago: Louis Armstrong!

Thus it was that in June Bix was not among his friends. He had been expelled from the Academy. But the school annual had been printed and it was too late to cut out the name already bound for immortality.

The teacher, Ed Arpee, who showed me the rare and treasured documents, added:

"This just proves that the best way to become an excellent collegian is sometimes to leave college. But that's a recipe only for geniuses. It's best that the others do their regular four years in the Academy." ##

THE COAT THAT'S RUGGED AS THE ROCKIES

Cougar*

Free and easy on the shoulders, wool virginal, style original ... that's the Cougar Topcoat ... for the season vernal. Still $32.50, at smart men's stores. Write for style folder and name of nearest dealer

EAGLE Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

FREE—Print your name and address on the margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The perfume of promise...

Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)

unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!
JE REVIENS
WORTH

AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
Schick
Injector

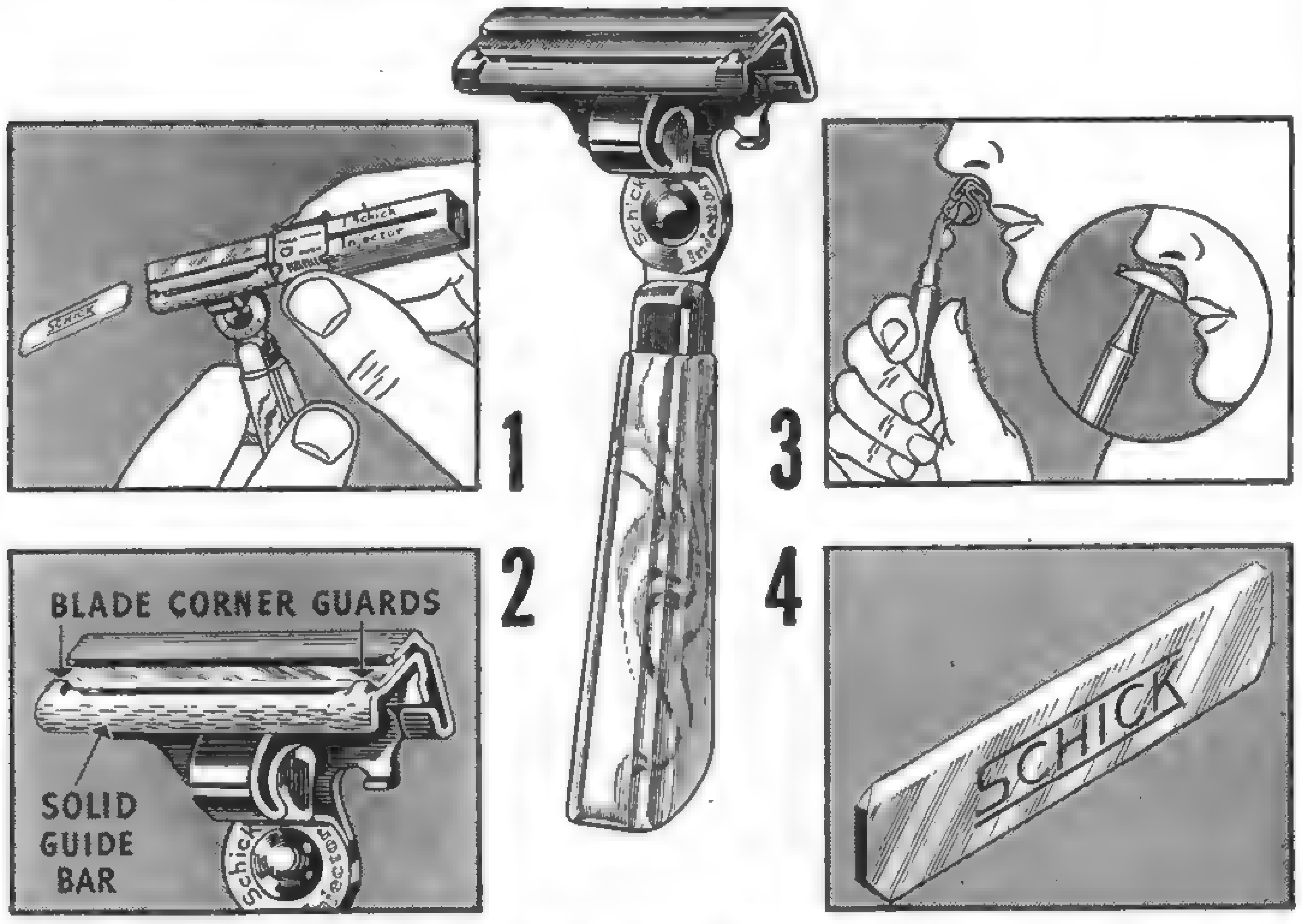
**These quick shaving, easy going Schick Injector Blades Are Back**

If you own a Schick Injector Razor, you're all set. There are enough blades . . . from now on . . . to keep it shaving!

Tell your friends that Schick Blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give or lend it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury.

You see . . . although there are enough blades to go around, now that we're able to meet both military and civilian needs—we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

Anyway, it's mighty good news . . . and worth repeating . . . that keen-edged Schick Injector Blades are back!



**Back to work for the razor that made shaving history**

It's been too long between luxury shaves . . . the kind that Schick Injector design makes possible. Discover again these revolutionary Schick Injector features . . . the only basic improvements in safety razor design in 40 years.

1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change** . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly.* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note the difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

**SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES**

**Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.**

## The Babe at the Senior Ball

*Continued from page 82*

beckoning him, luring him to a quick embrace. And she was here. Now!

Brown felt young again, young and vital and energetic. Abruptly he plunged from the steam room, took a cold shower and shouted to the attendant for his clothes. Then, rushing upstairs, he had locked himself in his wood-paneled office and written a letter.

It was the answer to that letter that was in his pocket. "I'll be waiting in the lobby at four. Hearing from you has made me very, very happy." Then there was the signature—"Cherry."

The same careless handwriting. The same flamboyant strokes of the pen, the same perfume, ethereal, and laden with memories.

* * *

Somehow, Brown managed to get through the day till four. Then with a corsage of orchids, a box of candy, and theatre tickets in his pocket, he seated himself gingerly on a high-backed carved chair under one of the oil paintings which lined the wall.

Quickly his eyes swept the rectangular room. A green-clad bellboy stood by the wide swinging door looking out into the street, his arms folded. The deep armchairs, flanking the tall windows also giving onto the street, were empty. A man was standing before the discreet, marble-topped reservation desk, getting his mail. A nurse and a little girl were staring at the display of an interior jewelry store. A stout, middle-aged woman in a dark, ill-fitting dress, was gazing through glasses at an open book in her lap.

Brown settled back in his chair. Ten minutes passed. Fifteen. He glanced at his watch. Could she have stood him up? Surely not after that note. People came and went. The woman with the glasses still read, her glance occasionally flickering around the room. On one such movement, his eyes met hers, and passed quickly on. He shifted his bundles.

Patiently he waited. He waited an hour and a half. Rising abruptly, he crossed to the desk to pen a scathing note. He thrust the orchids, the candy and the theatre tickets at the startled flower girl and stalked out.

* * *

The next morning, a special delivery letter came while he was at breakfast. With it was a note from his secretary saying that it had arrived late the afternoon before and she thought it might be important.

"Something the matter, dear?" Martha Brown was looking at him solicitously.

"No," said Brown. "Nothing at all."

His eyes stared at the note. On it was written: "What do you mean I wasn't there? *You* weren't there."

It was signed, "Cherry." ‡‡

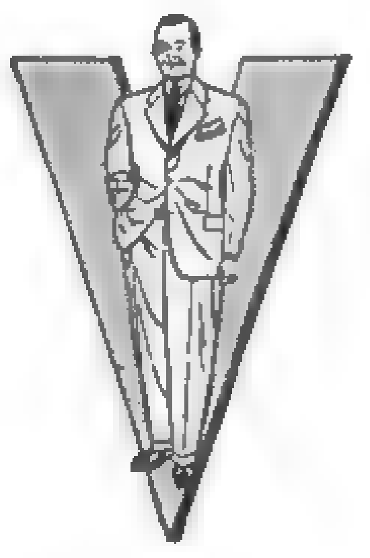
Slim down—big man!

V-LINE

Scientifically Slenderizing

STOUT SUITS

Scientifically designed to make you look pounds lighter . . . to give you new freedom and comfort! Your friends will tell you you're losing weight! Not a regular suit cut in large sizes, but an altogether different and scientific way of cutting, tailoring and styling . . . made just for big men and exclusive with V-Line. Choose from fabrics, patterns and colors, in wide assortment; both single- and double-breasted models.



Your clothier can obtain your V-Line Suit quickly, because of V-Line's famous "In-Stock" service. Or write direct for your nearest store.

**V-LINE CLOTHES CO.**
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

# Comedy from the Field of Sport

Milt McGuire, a Toledo, Ohio, Irishman, came to Penn State in 1943 via the Marines. He formerly played football at the University of Dayton.

This Saturday McGuire was inserted in the line-up after State already had scored twice against Bucknell and the game apparently was "in the bag." As was his wont, however, McGuire grabbed a Bucknell punt and raced 16 yards to the 19 before he was downed. Then he passed to Cenci on the 8 for a first down. State went to the one before losing the ball, whereupon Bucknell kicked out. Again McGuire was on his way and he raced 17 yards apparently into the open before he fumbled and kicked the ball around, before finally losing possession of it to a Bucknell player on the 46 yard line.

Recalled to the sidelines, he sat down on the bench beside Sparky Brown, fullback and captain of the team that day. Sparky chided him for his boot and asked what had happened. Milt, pointing to the stream of people leaving the stands, said:

"Things were getting too damn dull here, Sparky. I just did my darndest to keep the people in the stands!"

—Jim Coogan
*Penn State College*

### Gave 'em a show

During the professional football games in New York I always sit in a box on the field right back of where Steve Owens, coach of the New York Giants, sits. On this occasion Hank Soar was playing in the backfield, way back of the goal line. It was near the end of the game and the Giants were trying to protect their lead. Owens got up and started to yell to Soar to give some particular order. Soar looked over at Owens, his coach, and yelled back loudly enough for everyone all round to hear: "Don't bother me, Steve, I'm too busy!"

Even Owens himself had to laugh. It was so spontaneous and unpremeditated on Soar's part, simply because he was so occupied in what he was doing. Anyone would have laughed to see the expression of surprise on Owens' face, and the expression of, "Shet yo' mout, chile, an' quit bothrn me," on Soar's face.

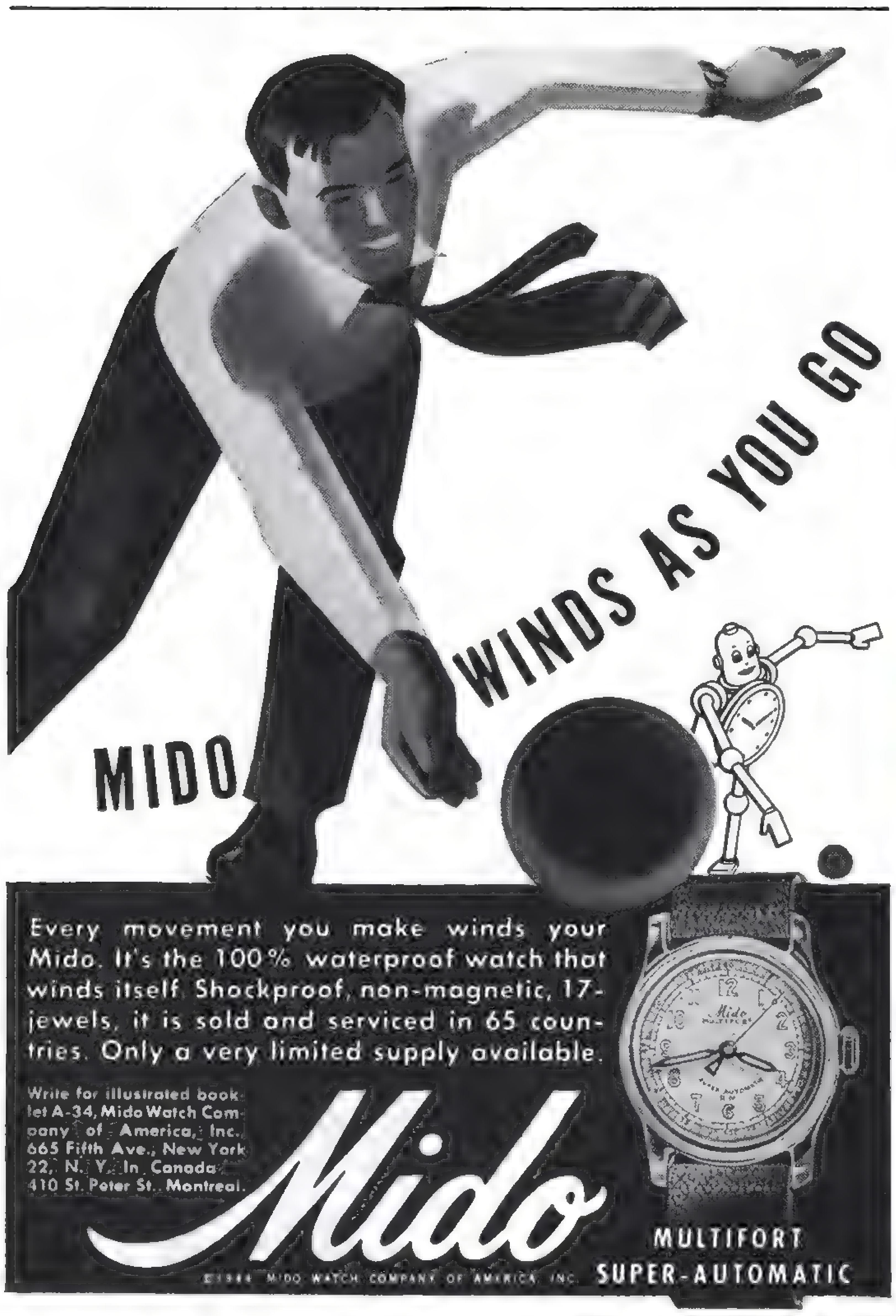
—The Hon. James A. Farley
*New York City*

### Tie Ball

Two country baseball clubs tangled in a county fair championship contest in eastern North Carolina a few years ago.

The game was tight all the way and when the last half of the

*Continued on page 148*



Every movement you make winds your Mido. It's the 100% waterproof watch that winds itself. Shockproof, non-magnetic, 17-jewels, it is sold and serviced in 65 countries. Only a very limited supply available.

Write for illustrated booklet A-34, Mido Watch Company of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y. In Canada: 410 St. Peter St., Montreal.

Mido
MULTIFORT
SUPER-AUTOMATIC

©1944 MIDO WATCH COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.

MASTERPIECE OF THE DISTILLER'S ART
86 PROOF

DON Q RUM

Skilled distillation of superb ingredients is the secret of the quality of Don Q. This masterpiece of the distiller's art assures the finest of flavor in cocktails and tall drinks.

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

CHAMPION ENGLISH BULLDOG PHOTO BY HENRY WAXMAN

*"Man's Best Friend"*

New Era
SHIRTS
*"Your Neck's Best Friend"* *

A New Era casual shirt that wins its V for versatility. Wear it open at the neck for off-duty comfort. For business or dress, just button the collar and put your tie on! $2 and up

*Copyright

NEW ERA SHIRT CO. • SAINT LOUIS
Our Fifty-Seventh Year

## Comedy from the Field of Sport

*Continued from page 147*

ninth inning rolled around, the score was tied.

The team at bat put on a rally and clogged the bases but not before there were two out. The count worked up to two and three on the next batter, and players and fans were tense as the pitcher got ready to deliver that crucial toss.

He sent it over after much ceremony and the batter did not take the bludgeon off his shoulder. Everyone was quiet, awaiting the decision of the one umpire standing behind the pitcher.

That worthy hesitated. Finally he yelled, "Tie ball."

Players on both sides charged out and said it couldn't be, that they never heard of a "tie ball."

The umpire said: "That pitch was a tie if ever I saw one.

"It wasn't high enough for a ball and it was too wide for a strike. It was a tie ball."

There was an old geezer in the little wooden grandstand who had played major league ball. He was called down and the problem laid before him.

"I've been around baseball all my life," he said, "and I never heard of a tie ball, but what the umpire says is official. If he called it a tie, that's what it was. Let the pitcher throw another one and break the tie."

He did!

—Jake Wade
*Charlotte, North Carolina, Observer*

### Too late to mend

In one of our football games last fall, fourth quarter with five minutes to go and Brooklyn College trailing by 40 points, the captain of our team called for time out. Getting the team together in a huddle he exhorted them to get in there and fight and win the game for dear old Brooklyn. His closing homily was: "Anything can happen in Brooklyn." To which a young frosh, playing in his first game for us, piped up:

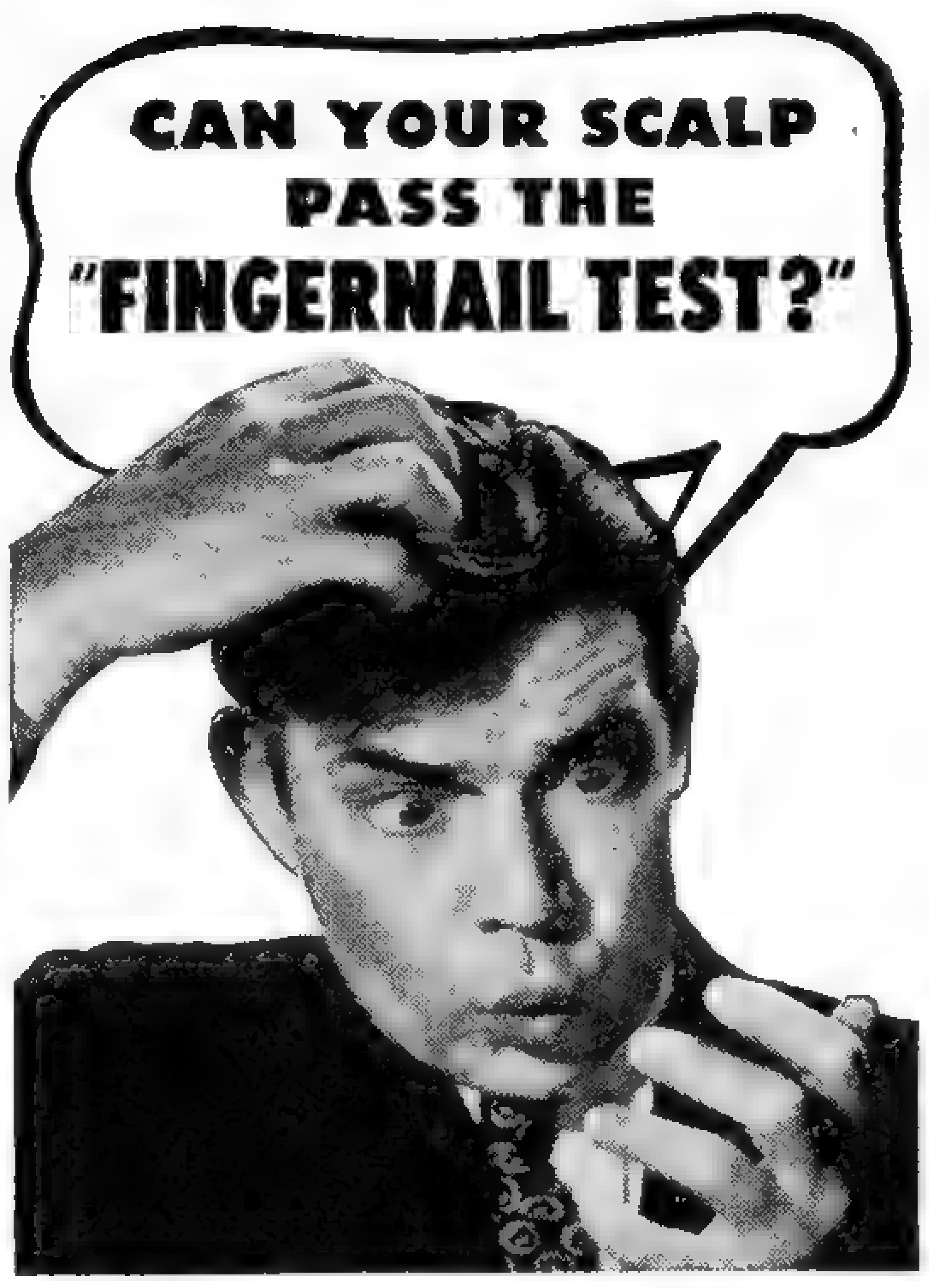
"It already *has!*"

—Richard Boyce
*Faculty Manager of Athletics*
*Brooklyn College*

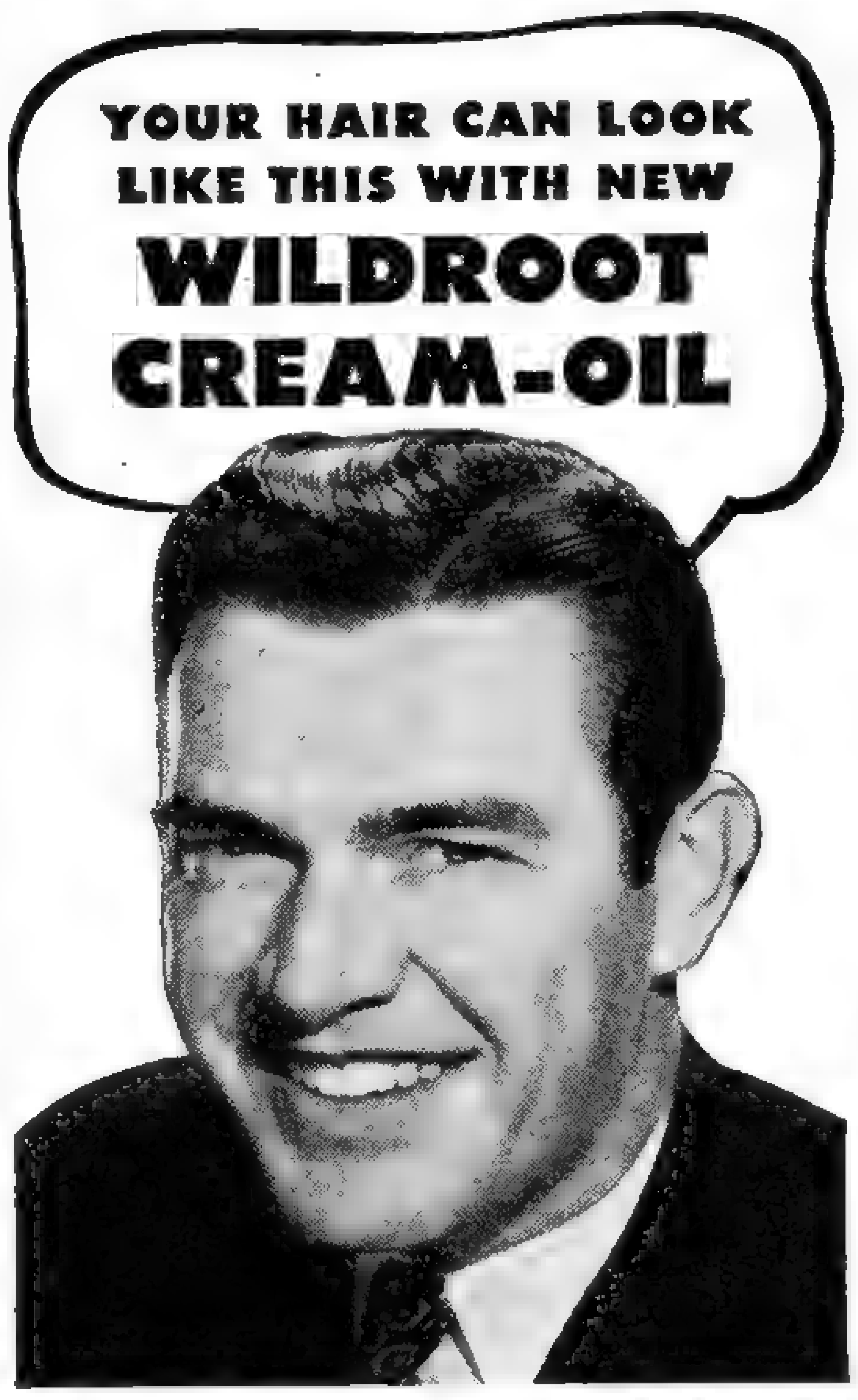
### Three of a kind

During the Notre Dame-Michigan game last fall, White and Czarobski, our two tackles, were handling Bill Daley not too gently whenever they could lay their hands on him, which wasn't too often. Anyway, after they finally had broken through and spilled Daley for a loss and both had brought him to the ground rather heavily, Daley looked up from the ground and said in a sort of wistful voice to both of the big tackles: "Hey, fellas, how about taking it a little easier? Don't forget I like fried mackerel on Friday as well as you do!"

—Frank Leahy
*Notre Dame coach*


CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

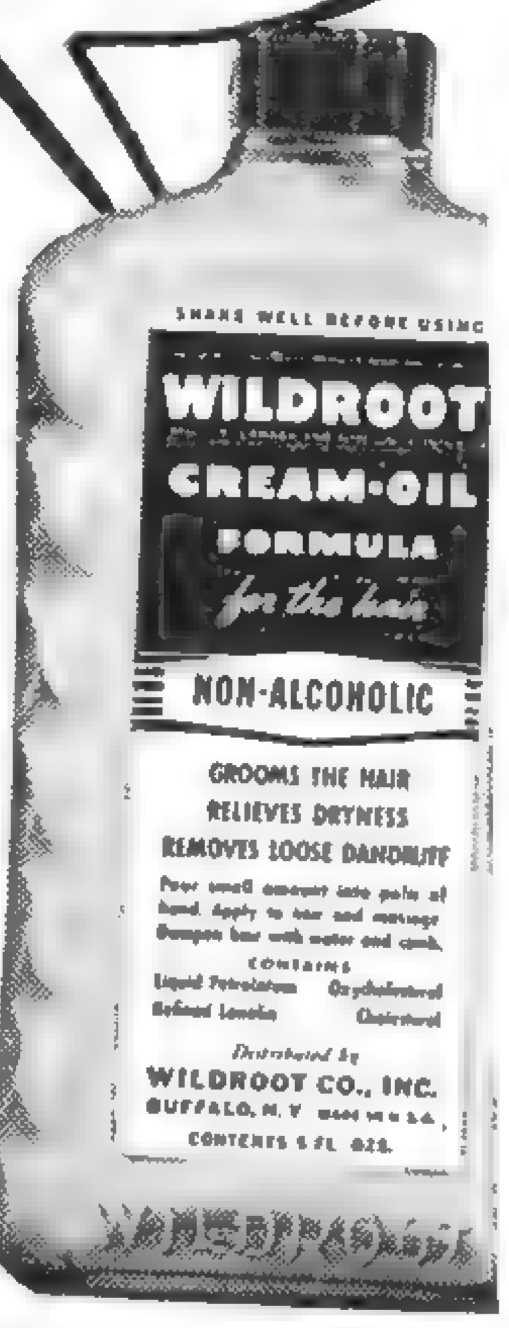
1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.


YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations they had been using. Get a bottle today at your druggists.



NEW!
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

## Bridge Is So Relaxing

*Continued from page 69*

making your game and going set one trick doubled."

"So it did," Mr. Chester conceded as he gathered in the last two tricks. "But that's the rule. And rules were made to be followed is what I always say."

"I do believe you tricked me on purpose," said Felicia with puckered brow. "Let me see the rules, dear." Her eyes were misty and she bit her lower lip like a disappointed child.

"Anyone can make a mistake," said Mr. Chester loudly.

Felicia squinted at the rule card and read aloud: "If the erroneous lead is questioned by either Opponent the suit must be led by the correct hand. Failure to do this—when able—constitutes a revoke. What's a revoke?"

"That," said Mr. Andrews, "is what you call reneging, hon." To Mr. Chester, he added quietly, "So you really weren't risking anything by leading from the wrong hand. If Felicia didn't fall for it, you weren't any worse off for trying."

"Oh, come now," protested Mr. Chester. "Isn't that a rather unfair assumption?"

Mrs. Chester said, "It's your deal," to Felicia.

Felicia laid down the rule card and pouted her lips. "Even if it does seem a stupid rule, John, I guess we have to accept it."

"That's what I always say," Mr. Chester put in heartily.

Mr. Andrews filled his pipe and said nothing. As far as he could see, there was nothing to say.

Felicia didn't seem aware of the constraint about the table. She dealt around a couple of times, then paused to say, "You haven't even told us how Westwood compares to New York, Mrs. Chester."

"There's really no comparison." Mrs. Chester looked at the score. "We're both vulnerable."

Felicia finished dealing the

*Continued on page 150*

*Webbing belt for civilians inspired by the U. S. Army belt.*

Blatz
Beer
BUY WAR BONDS
Fast Becoming AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE
Milwaukee's Most Exquisite Beer

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • *In Our 93rd Year*

**IT IS THE *RATIONAL* THING TO DO!**

"Reasonable, Intelligent, Sensible" . . . are dictionary ways of saying it is *rational* to buy finely made Footsavers. Why? Because you get back more per dollar from eye to heel, to toe, to sole. Better taste in styling. Better fit. Better wear. That is Footsavers' whole story. For proof-of-the-pudding superlatives, ask any man fortunate enough to own this shoe of shoes. *Formal,* illustrated, is a good case in point. $11.50 to $12.95. Footsaver Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

CANADA DRY
CLUB SODA
DELIGHTFUL TABLE WATER
A MARVELOUS MIXER
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
"PIN-POINT CARBONATION"

"Sounds like there's a good host around"

LISTEN!

When Canada Dry Water is used as a mixer, drinks sing out loud...sparkle lasts down to the very last sip.

Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"* produces millions of energetic little bubbles. Even melting ice cannot drown such liveliness!

What's more, Canada Dry's special formula points up the flavor of any drink mixed with sparkling Canada Dry Water. Enjoy this perfect Club Soda next time!

**P.S.** *If you prefer mixers with fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry . . . "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."*

CANADA DRY WATER

*PIN-POINT CARBONATION–the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

## Bridge Is So Relaxing

*Continued from pages 69-149*

cards. She glanced at her hand and passed without being reminded it was her bid. The other three passed and threw their hands in. Mr. Andrews winced when he saw Felicia's cards. She had passed with four honor tricks.

He made two clubs on the next hand, and then dealt himself a bust. His only face card was a jack at the top of six hearts, with a doubleton spade, a singleton club, and four small diamonds. He passed and hoped for the best.

He winced again at the self-assured tone in which Mr. Chester bid one spade. Felicia overcalled with two clubs, but the roundness of her blue eyes told him she didn't have much. Mrs. Chester bid two diamonds and he passed.

Mr. Chester promptly bid three clubs.

Felicia looked up and blinked disapprovingly. "But you can't do that. I bid clubs first."

Mr. Chester regarded his hostess with twinkling eyes. "I'm aware that you are the original club bidder, my dear lady."

"His club bid," wearily explained Mr. Andrews, "simply is a means of telling his partner that he has a blank or the ace of clubs—guaranteeing to her that he can take the first trick in that suit."

Felicia puckered her forehead. "Is that what you mean?"

Mr. Chester nodded. "It's called an informative bid."

"I should think there'd be a rule against it," Felicia protested. "Why, you might just as well tell your partner what you've got."

Mr. Chester laughed heartily and winked at Mr. Andrews.

"It's perfectly legal, hon," Mr. Andrews assured his wife. "Go ahead and bid."

"Oh, I pass. How *can* I when he's already bid my clubs?"

Mrs. Chester raised her husband to three spades.

Mr. Chester studied his cards and bid four no-trump. His wife followed the Blackwood Convention and informed him she held a single ace by bidding five diamonds. Mr. Chester hesitated only momentarily, then plunged into a grand slam in spades.

Felicia said, "Seven spades? My, that's an awful lot. I believe I'll—yes, I'll double."

Mrs. Chester redoubled.

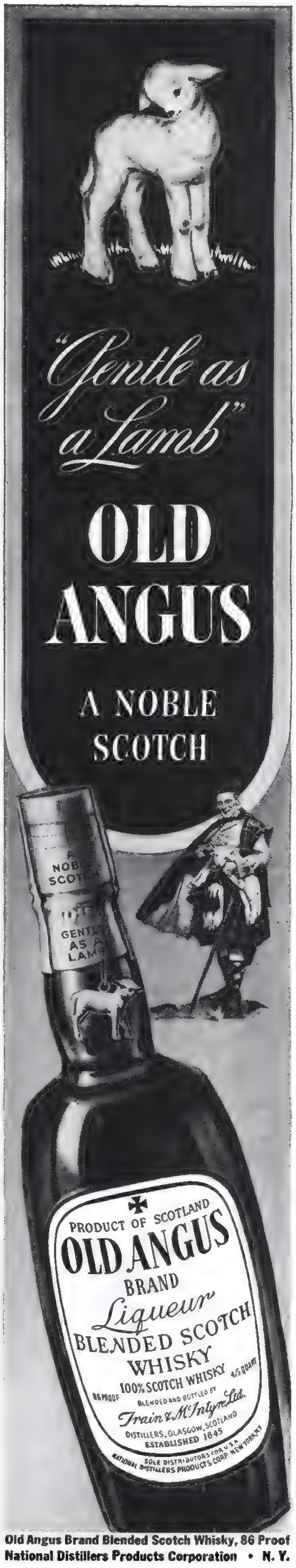
Mr. Andrews made some hasty mental computations. Fifteen hundred points for a grand slam, vulnerable. Eight hundred and forty for seven spades redoubled. At two cents a point—

He told Felicia gently, "It's your lead, hon."

She led the king of clubs. Mrs. Chester laid down four trump, a singleton heart, the ace, king, queen, and jack of diamonds, and four small clubs.

Mr. Chester studied the dummy. He told his wife with satisfaction, "Perfectly bid, my dear."

He took the first trick in his


A NOBLE SCOTCH
GENTLE AS A LAMB
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Train & McIntyre Ltd.
DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1845
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP. NEW YORK

"Gentle as a Lamb"

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

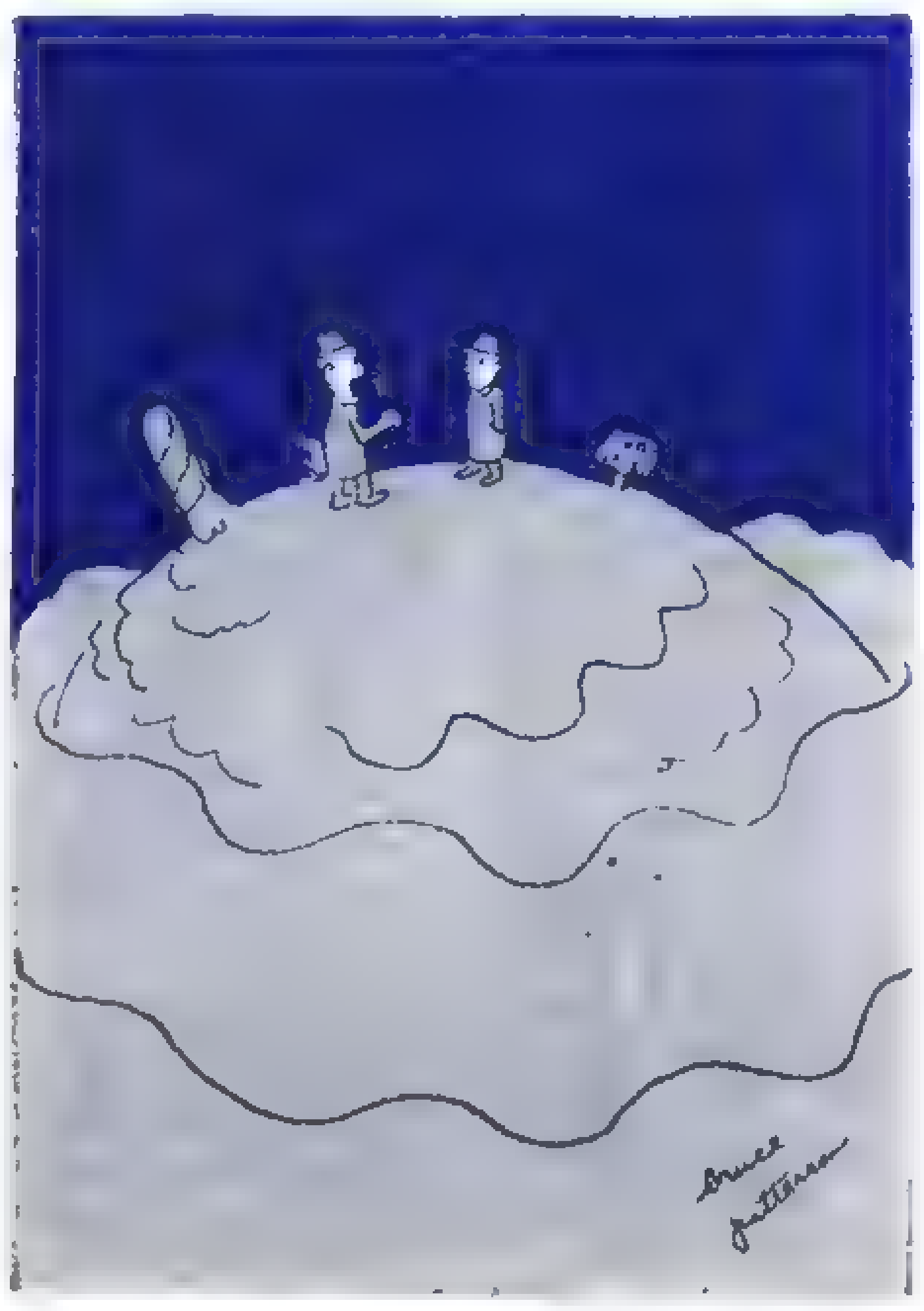
Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation • N. Y.

hand with the ace of clubs. He hesitated an instant with narrowed, calculating eyes, then led the ace of hearts to the singleton in dummy with the intention of trumping a couple of hearts from his hand before leading trump.

Felicia trumped the ace of hearts.

Mrs. Chester gasped. "Throwing away a grand slam! If you had led trumps—"

"But I couldn't afford to," Mr. Chester protested. "I had to trump two losing hearts, and I needed the other two trumps for re-entries into my hand." He stared disbelievingly at Felicia's trump atop his ace. "I thought it was safe enough. Good heavens, there were nine hearts out!"



*"Just think, after the war this development will be just a few minutes from the city by helicopter"*

"Save your post mortems," Mr. Andrews said with savage calm. "It's your play from the board."

Mr. Chester played the singleton heart from dummy, and Mr. Andrews followed suit.

Felicia smiled happily and led the queen of clubs. She gathered in that trick amid silence and then led the jack and ten of clubs.

Mr. Chester and dummy followed suit on both leads while Mrs. Chester watched the debacle with folded arms and tight lips.

Then Felicia led the king of hearts.

Mrs. Chester made a squawking sound and pointed an accusing forefinger at the card.

Mr. Chester nodded and said, "You revoked, Mrs. Andrews," in a tone that had lost its joviality.

"Did I?" Felicia puckered her brow at him. "that's the same as reneging, isn't it? When did I renege?"

He controlled his voice, spacing his words as one would in speaking to a small child or an idiot: "You didn't follow suit on my first heart lead. You trumped my ace. And by getting in the lead illegally you were able to take three club tricks you'd never have got otherwise."

"You can see that," he added excitedly to Mr. Andrews. "See here." He showed his hand, consisting now of the five high trumps,

Continued on page 152

Edwin Clapp
The Edwin Clapp Shop

Shoes
that are making history

Along the far stretches of the world's battlefronts, boots and shoes by Edwin Clapp are "in the service." Throughout America, Edwin Clapp footwear is making history of another kind, — history of quality and character, fulfilling a 90-year old tradition of Clapp craftsmanship — producing the many skills required to fashion Edwin Clapp fine footwear of today.

★ EDWIN CLAPP AND SON, INC. ★ EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS. ★

"There is a natural aristocracy among men"

Some men belong anywhere they care to go—no club, no business contact, no social group is closed to them. Clothes alone, of course, don't make a man successful, but successful men know the importance of fine clothes. The quality—the lines and the good taste—of a man's suit is one of his most valuable social and business assets. And one of the surest marks of excellence in a suit is a Skinner label in the lining. William Skinner & Sons, New York. Est. 1848.

Skinner's QUALITY RAYONS

*For color picture of Spunray girl write Dan River Mills.*

**"TAKE IT FROM ME, PRIVATE JONES!"**

Don't look now, soldier, but this little old civilian would like to say "Hi ya" and "Good luck!" Everyone of us back here knows the terrific job you're doing and, fella, don't think we don't appreciate it. The shirt I'm wearing? Oh *that!* That's a Spunray*, one of the pleasant little things that will be waiting for you when you come back home.

*Spunray is a two-ply, 50% rayon and 50% cotton comfort fabric for leisure shirts, dress shirts and ensembles.

VAT-DYED FOR COLOR FASTNESS
SANFORIZED† AGAINST SHRINKAGE
TEBILIZED FOR CREASE RESISTANCE

Spunray is made by DAN RIVER MILLS, Danville, Va.
New York Office: 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
†Shrinkage less than 1%

SPUNRAY
COMFORT SHIRTING

WASHABLE WITHOUT SPECIAL CARE

## Bridge Is So Relaxing

*Continued from pages 69-149-151*

a singleton diamond and two small hearts. "I planned to trump my two losing hearts in dummy, lead you both out of trump, and then throw off my three losing clubs on dummy's diamonds. It was a perfect hand—a perfect grand slam. You must concede me that."

"It's too bad," Mr. Andrews agreed.

"Do they get two of my tricks?" wailed Felicia. "That's the penalty for reneging, isn't it? It says so right here on this rule card. I lose two of my precious tricks. Instead of setting them four, we set them two. I'm sorry, John."

"That's quite unfair." Mr. Chester was breathing hard. "You wouldn't have taken any tricks if you hadn't revoked. You took three club tricks only by stealing the lead. The grand slam is rightfully ours."

Felicia shook her blonde head and puckered her brow regretfully. "I don't see how we could give it to you according to the rules. We've still got two tricks after we pay the penalty. I'd *like* to give it to you, but rules were made to be followed is what I always say. How much is two down, redoubled, John?"

Later—a great deal later—after the Chesters had gone without saying when they'd be back for more neighborly bridge, Felicia snuggled close to her husband in the darkness and touched his arm timidly. "Would you be terribly angry, dear, if I told you I reneged intentionally?"

Mr. Andrews held his breath for a long moment and then let it out in a low whistle. "That's practically cheating, hon."

"I don't care. Even if you hate me forever. They were just trying to win a lot of money with their old rules."

"It's as bad," Mr. Andrews told her sternly, "as it was for me not to call attention to your revoke when Mr. Chester said there were nine hearts out and I could count only six in my hand." He found his wife's fingers and squeezed them companionably. ##

*Mr. Andrews* (dealer)
♠ 6-2
♥ J-9-8-7-6-4
♦ 10-9-8-6
♣ 7

*Mrs. Chester*
♠ 9-8-7-5
♥ 5
♦ A-K-Q-J
♣ 9-6-5-3

*Mr. Chester*
♠ A-K-Q-J-10
♥ A-3-2
♦ 5
♣ A-8-4-2

*Mrs. Andrews*
♠ 4-3
♥ K-Q-10
♦ 7-4-3-2
♣ K-Q-J-10

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

What do they do in the Infantry?
They march, they march, they march.
Onward and onward determinedly
When the order is, "Forward—*Harch!*"
It's plenty hard on hosiery
So send your lad a box
Of sturdily made for the Infantry
Tan-ribbed Westminster Socks.

What do you do in *civilian* life?
You walk, and walk, and *walk!*
Without any fanfare of drum and fife,
Without complaining talk.
Now if you hope to walk through life
With plenty of stylish flair,
It's wiser to buy Westminster Socks
That wear, and wear, and WEAR.

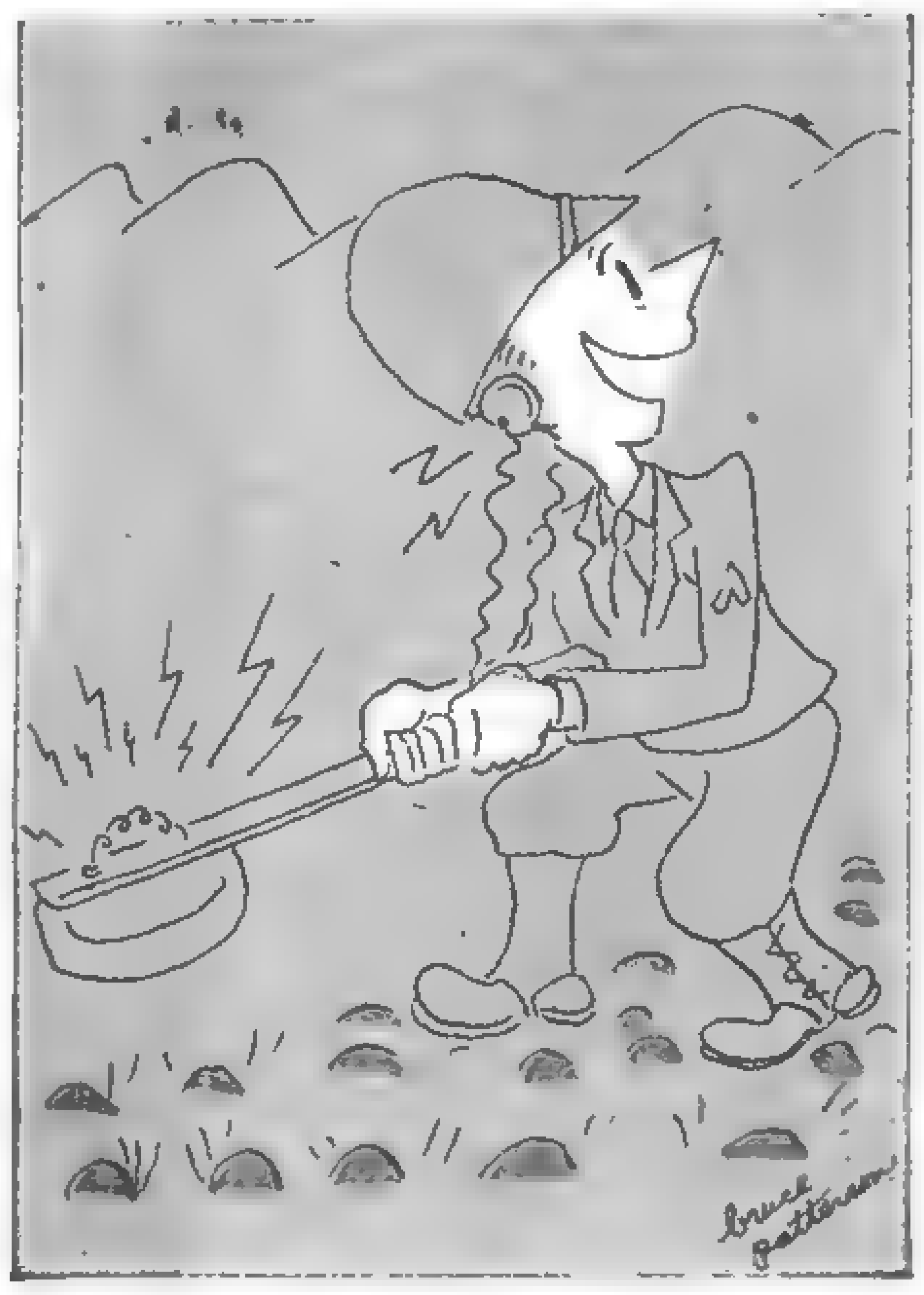
Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

## The End of an Era

*Continued from page 54*

live like princes was that princes couldn't afford to live like the Harrison Williamses.

War or peace, Mrs. Harrison Williams still glides through her Shangri La bedroom overlooking Fifth Avenue and Central Park with the surprised innocence of Bambi's bride. Her everyday bed is still crowned by throne-like drapery of heavy white silk, and the soft rug for her perfect feet is pearl white and the window drapes are heavenly white, too. On the quaint white wall-brackets around the white walls in the room are artificial flowers and plants created from precious stones by Carl Fauberge, once jeweler to the court of the Tsar. It is possible that as Mrs. Williams is summoned from her slumbers in the morning, she often gazes at these possessions with fear—fear that the future will be so standardized that there won't be time to create *beauté á la Fauberge.* She wonders, perhaps, if there will ever be anything as painfully exquisite as the shining pink tourmaline rosebud on her wall with its beautiful emerald stalk resting in a miniature crystal vase, anything quite as breathtaking as the jade-stemmed hyacinth that sparkles in the morning sun.

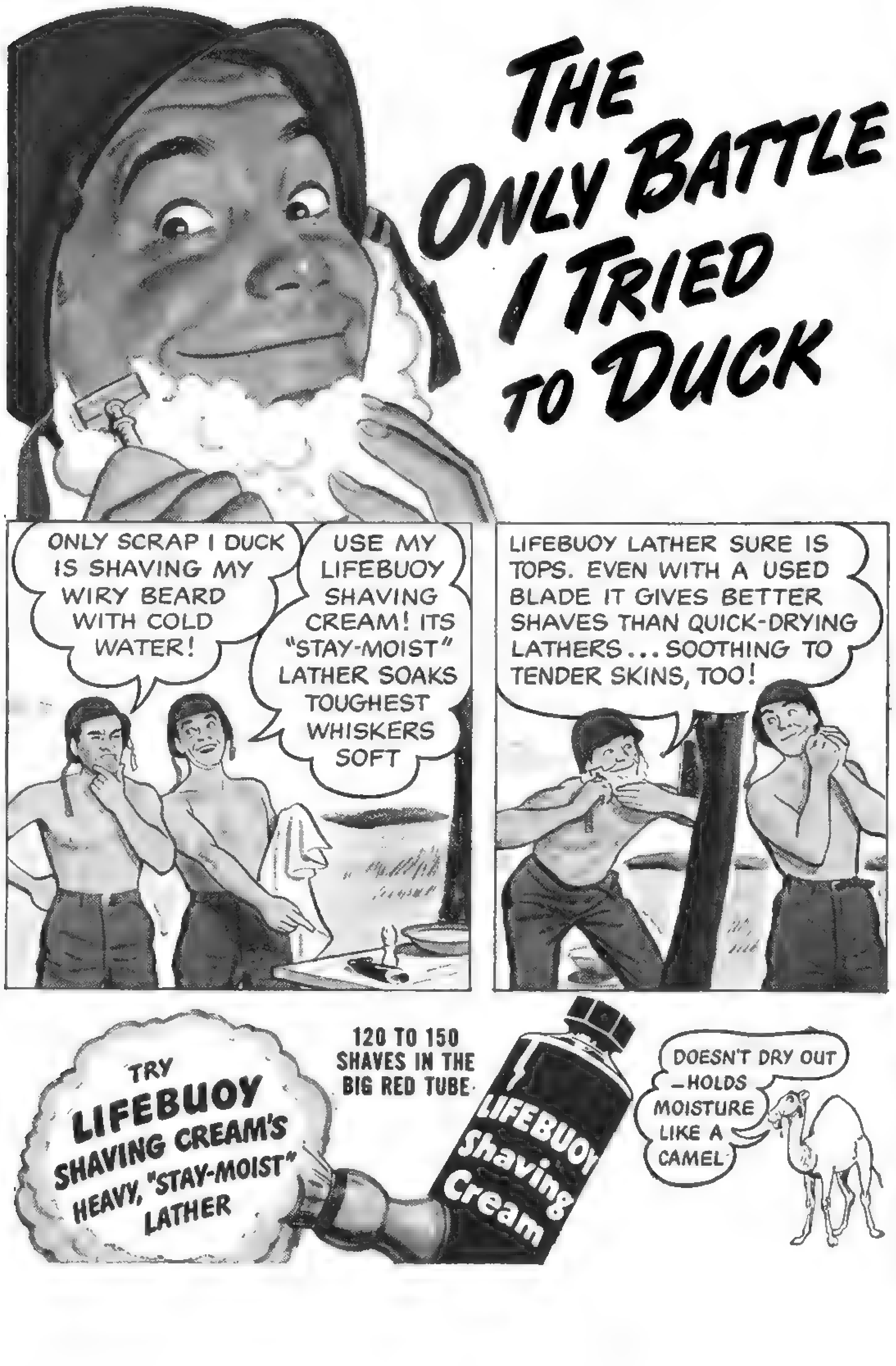

bruce patterson

*"Mines phooey—I've found gold!"*

Mrs. Williams' infatuation with the exquisite and the rare probably fathered the story that she makes a daily ceremony of eating a fresh gardenia for tea. Actually, she loves flowers too much to do any such thing. For years the hothouses and gardens of her Long Island estate turned out prize-winning blooms for the flower shows of the silk-and-sable set. Horticulturists still remember her better for her prize-winning shaggy-rose-red tulips (1934) than for her pink tulle evening gown entirely covered with mother of pearl sequins (*circa* 1933).

Another canard against Mrs.

*Continued on page 154*


THE ONLY BATTLE I TRIED TO DUCK
ONLY SCRAP I DUCK IS SHAVING MY WIRY BEARD WITH COLD WATER!
USE MY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM! ITS "STAY-MOIST" LATHER SOAKS TOUGHEST WHISKERS SOFT
LIFEBUOY LATHER SURE IS TOPS. EVEN WITH A USED BLADE IT GIVES BETTER SHAVES THAN QUICK-DRYING LATHERS... SOOTHING TO TENDER SKINS, TOO!
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
DOESN'T DRY OUT —HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL

ARMY E NAVY
AWARDED TO PLANT 2 OPTICAL DIVISION
Jewels of Today
ARGUS EYES FOR VICTORY
PRECISION OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS BY
argus
INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES, INC.
ANN ARBOR MICHIGAN

FINE AMERICAN CAMERAS
•
PRECISION OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS
•
AVIATION RADIO EQUIPMENT
•
BUY WAR BONDS

PACK IT in your BARRACKS BAG

BUY WAR BONDS

**MC** Military Caps

*with the exclusive patented*

"SHAPE-SUPPORT"*

EXCLUSIVE SHAPE SUPPORT · ASSURES LASTING SMARTNESS · PAT

Here's one of the most popular improvements ever made in Military Caps. A rigid support attached to the front of the spring-like crown-conformer, holds the crown taut at all times and gives it a smart flare in front. The whole "Shape-Support" unit can be removed in a few seconds to collapse the crown so that you can easily pack your cap in your barracks bag, or wear it with the crown soft. You'll like M-C caps for this exclusive feature, as well as for their superior quality and workmanship. Ask for them.

*Ask to see M-C Military Caps in all regulation materials for Officers and Enlisted Men in the* ARMY, NAVY AND MARINE CORPS.

**Mid City**
UNIFORM CAP COMPANY
2330 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 8, Ill.
*WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF QUALITY CAPS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN*

## The End of an Era

*Continued from pages 54-153*

Williams was one often dished out by the catty at Cannes and the canny couturiers along the *Rue de la Paix* who could never satisfactorily explain to their other wealthy customers why they ranked after Mrs. Williams in the yearly best-dressed derby. They would invariably whisper, after the results had been announced, that Mrs. Williams' wardrobe could not be maintained for less than 50,000 dollars a year. Her frank reply was, "Absurd, how perfectly silly, I never spend that much on clothes. Why, with all the entertaining and traveling I do, I don't spend more than 20,000 dollars a year on clothes." But that was before France's fall.

Considering the position to which the superwoman legend had elevated her, Mrs. Williams has always managed to stay relatively free of the kind of gossip that ruined many an international reputation. She had to be as careful as a Roosevelt, for anything she said, saw, did or wore was meat for the hungry headline writers. In 1938, for example, she came back from Europe with forty-four trunks and a stray, unpedigreed dog. She mentioned to ship reporters that she meant to keep it. Next day a New York paper headlined: MONA WILLIAMS STARTS OWN BREED OF MUTT.

At Palm Beach she publicly entertained such dubious personages as Prince Otto von Bismarck, a blatant pro-Nazi, and his brother Count Albrecht von Bismarck. Among Mrs. Williams' friends are Lady Mendl, Lady Cunard, Prince Serge Obolensky, the Duc de Vendura, Sandra Rambeau, Barbara Hutton, Cecil Beaton, and the Vichy Ambassador to the U.S., Gaston Henri-Haye. Despite her associations with royalty, dog-eared or otherwise, Mrs. Williams has never had an urge to have any other title than that of Mrs. Harrison Williams. She does not even like to be called "aristocratic." She once told a reporter that "it is absurd to consider aristocracy in a nation of dollars. An aristocracy means birth, names, land passed from generation to generation without entailment, as in the old South. It can never be anymore. In America, money takes the place of aristocracy. It is all we have to build anything upon."

Fortunately for such a point of view, the Harrison Williamses have plenty. In Wall Street, where his reputation as a man of money eclipses that of his wife's as a woman of fashion, Harrison Williams has always been regarded as a financial wizard. A one-time bicycle manufacturer, he ran an original investment of 2,072,000 dollars in public utilities up to holdings valued at 612,000,000 dollars. This ability to multiply profits is one boon to happy marriage not mentioned by Dr. Marie Stopes. The Harrison

AN OLD-WORLD TASTE *you can now enjoy again*

Van Merritt BEER

MADE IN U.S.A.

*"The Bouquet of Old Holland"*

The formula for Van Merritt Beer comes from Holland—and is faithfully followed here in America (at Burlington, Wisconsin), to give Van Merritt its distinctive "continental" flavor and bouquet. Brewed from choicest ingredients, including famous Wisconsin artesian well water. Enjoy and serve Van Merritt Beer. No imported beer ever tasted better!

*Sole U. S. Agents*
Sellers Company, Ltd., Chicago, Illinois

Williamses have never had a public fight about money. Seventy-year-old Harrison Williams never had to care how much money his wife lavished on anything. Mona, however, took care to keep her extravagances legendary and not statistical. Once, when the story leaked out of Paris that she had purchased 3,750 dollars' worth of cocktail jackets at 750 dollars apiece from Schiaparelli, Mrs. Williams became furious.

The clothes of Mrs. Harrison Williams are now designed by Fira Benenson of Bonwit-Teller. Mrs. Williams' wants are simple. For evening she favors a pastel colored lace gown. She doesn't like short evening dresses. For daytime she likes a simple dress with a square neck-line, preferably a model that can be worn with or without a fitted jacket. When she finds a dress that measures up to her standards, Mrs. Williams orders it in several different fabrics.

*Grey woolen greatcoat, inspired by military overcoat, is worn by Columbia's star, Janet Blair.*

At forty-six, Mrs. Harrison Williams looks thirty-six. Her face, always arresting, has lost none of its remarkable delicacy, none of its perfect poise. She has surprising blue eyes, wide-set, and blue-gray hair (which fashion writers love to call "premature") done in Michael Strange fashion. She wears no colored nail polish, uses a pink make-up, has her skin toned by the famous Dr. Laszlo. To keep her figure she eats just one dish at lunch. She has regular massages, and at one time was a diet-disciple of Dr. Gaylord Hauser, Garbo's friend. If the day ever comes when she has to order a ready-made dress, she will have to ask for a tall twelve. Her shoes, one of her special penchants, are usually pointed at the toes. Johnny Schlumberger, who made a special wrap-around shoe for Mrs. Williams, is now in the Army, but she has a goodly stock on hand. Besides shoes, she likes

*Continued on page 156*

CHANGE TO
REIS
Scandals
REIS
REIS
REG. U. S. PAT OFF.

*"He just walks in . . . admires his* REIS *Scandals in the mirror and walks right out again"*

UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS

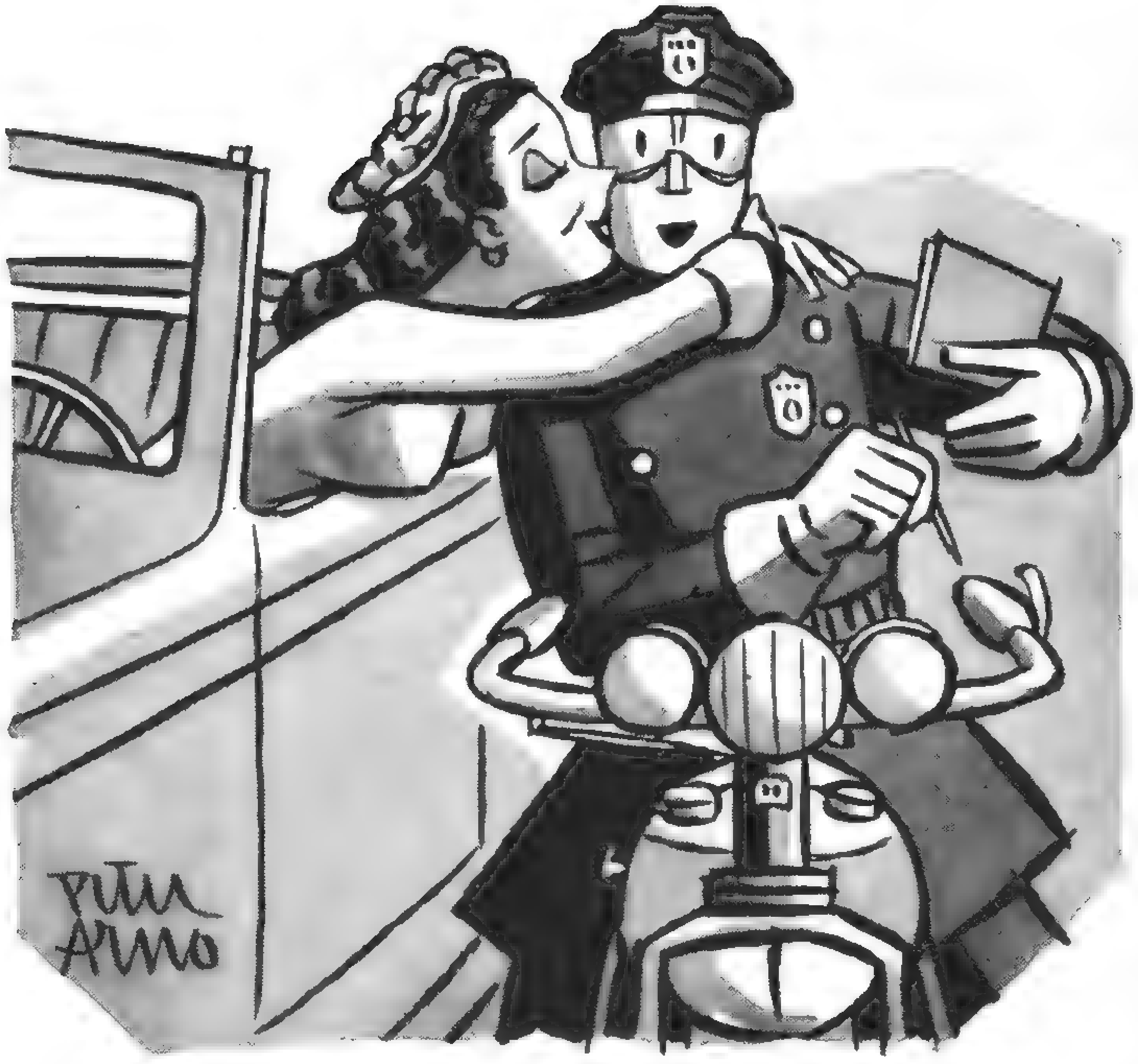
SPORTSWEAR
HOSIERY

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY · 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

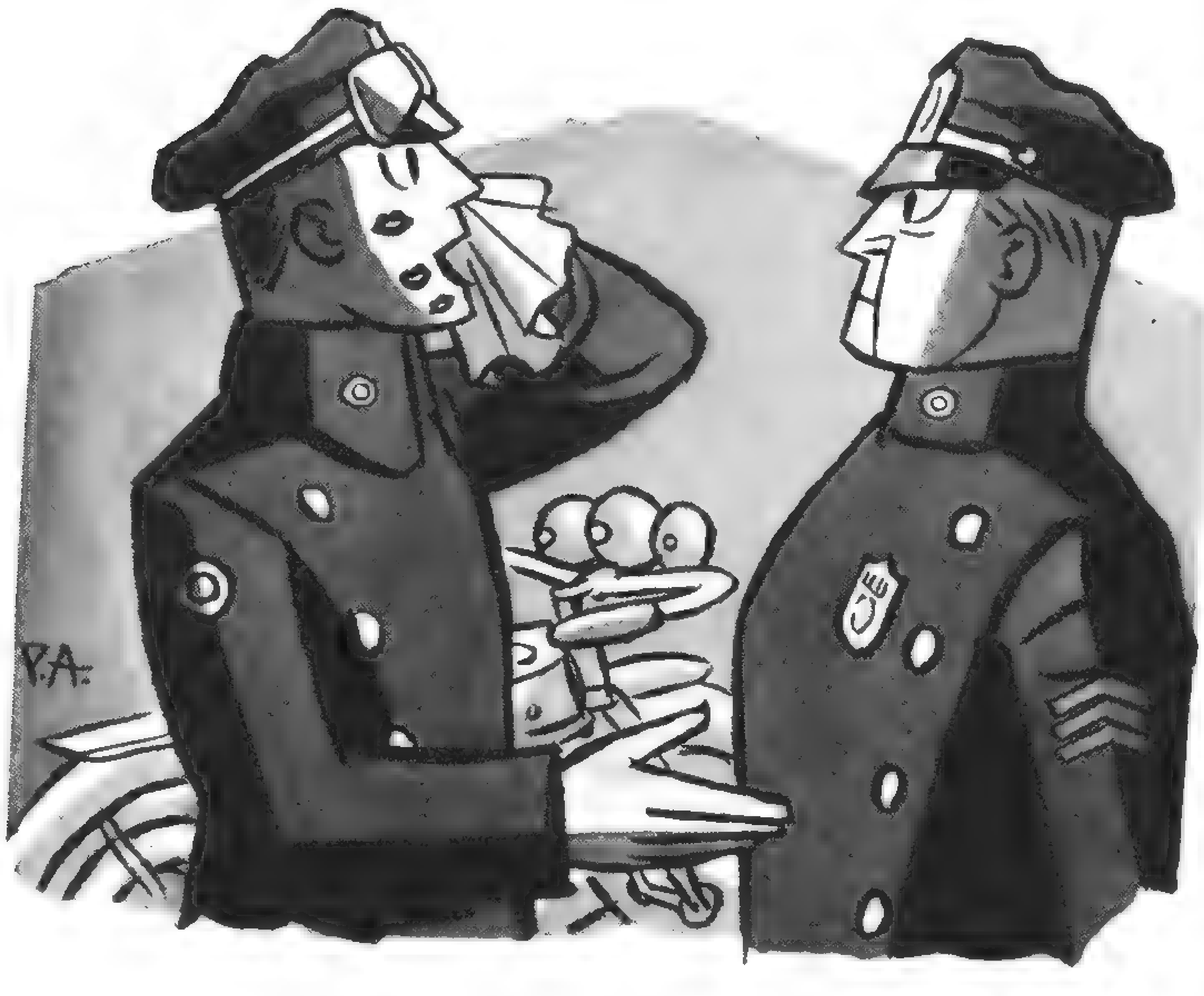
Let it pour in '44
1944 JANUARY 1944
1944 FEBRUARY
AUGUST 1944
DECEMBER 1944
Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS
Tailored by Tailors

It will be a weather-happy year for you, in a smart, rain-resistant PLYMOUTH WEATHERPROOF! Smartly tailored and "weathertested" for complete protection. PLYMOUTH quality guarantees you top-notch performance in sunshine or rain. Tailored for the man who takes pride in his appearance — preferred for over 35 years by discriminating men everywhere. Remember – rain or shine, a PLYMOUTH's fine! Sold at leading stores all over the country.

PLYMOUTH
MANUFACTURING
COMPANY
100 Hampshire St.
BOSTON 20, MASS.
New York - Chicago
San Francisco



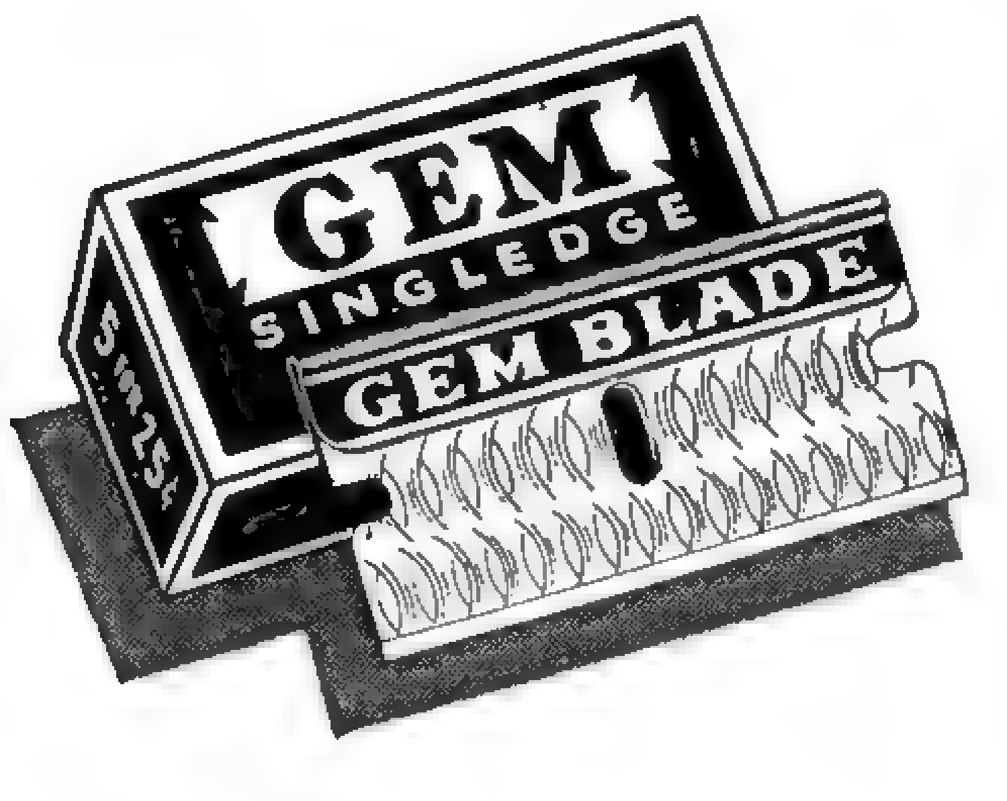
"Thank goodness! I've been trying to get you to arrest me ever since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"



"Gee Sarge, don't blame me! You were the one that told me about Gem Blades!"

*Steel is still on the critical list. We must all continue to conserve it by making our razor blades last longer. We dare not relax our effort now.*

*Buy only your share of blades. Make every blade give you extra shaves by protecting its edge, by drying it thoroughly after each shave. You'll use less blades—you'll save precious steel.*



AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW" WITH

GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp.

## The End of an Era

*Continued from pages 54-153-155*

sunshine, genteel dancing, wine, perfumes, tennis, swimming, pearls, emeralds, rubies and the color white. Desires cross her mind's eye like slides in a stereopticon machine, but those that cannot be immediately visualized or purchased are often discarded. Typical is her recently expressed ambition to "learn all the languages."

To a fine set of superlatives like best-dressed, wealthiest and most beautiful, it was only natural that someone should add "smartest" in the sense of brainiest. People abroad were told that Mrs. Harrison Williams was America's most brilliant woman. Then people in America heard that abroad Mrs. Harrison Williams was considered our brainiest woman. And so the two continents deceived each other.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Williams dabbled in things sociological and political. Due to close friendship with Ambassador Henri-Haye and her culture-cord to Mother France, her one-twelfth home, Mrs. Williams tossed a benefit for Vichy in 1940 which led to picketing and newspaper comment. When questioned about her motives, Mrs. Williams appeared not to know just which side was Vichy and which side was De Gaulle—a sin of omission she generously shares with some members of the U.S. State Department.

Further back in the dark ages, during the Hoover regime, she became incensed at the Administration's do-nothingness. She and a few like-minded friends wanted to do something about it. "I thought of starting my own political party," she declared. "Really, I was ready to proceed with a 'New Nationalist' party as we were going to call it."

In the end she gave it up because it would have taken too much time and effort. She protested by voting for Roosevelt and continued to think he was "marvelous" for several years. Looking back, she was soon glad she hadn't left the world of fashions, gardens and drawing rooms for politics. It was, she decided later, out of character, a sphere of activity "so foreign to my nature."

Today, all this and Capri, too, are far away. The superwoman legend of Mrs. Harrison Williams is losing its minnesingers and some of its glamor. Items about her son, now grown up and married, creep into the papers. Taxes are ruinous. Time and history and the OPA are catching up with the real Mona Strader Schlesinger Bush Williams. She could walk alone without her great estates, without her royal friends, dog-eared and otherwise, without so much money. But no woman, not even Mrs. Harrison Williams, can maintain a legend on only three pairs of shoes per year. ##

Dagger

JAMAICA RUMS

WRAY & NEPHEW
DAGGER PUNCH
BRAND
1 Dark
JAMAICA RUM
8 YEARS OLD
4/5 QUART · 97 PROOF
SCHIEFFELIN & CO. NEW YORK

These truly fine Jamaica Rums... mellow and smooth with delightful flavour and fragrance... give zest and distinction to any rum drink.

**THREE DAGGER**
86 PROOF

**ONE DAGGER**
86 PROOF

**DAGGER PUNCH**
97 PROOF

Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica, oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies. Est. 119 years.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

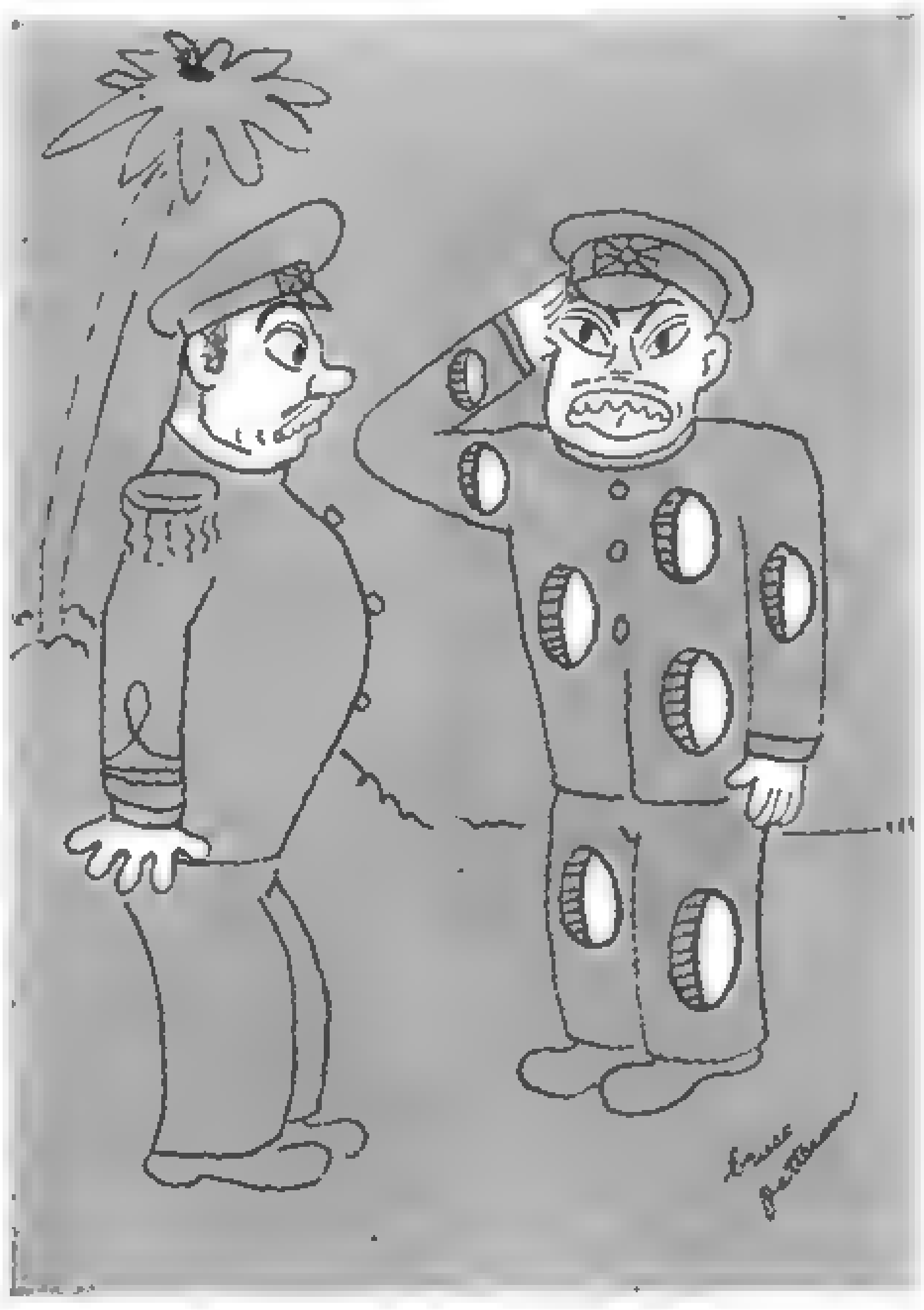
## Honorable Composer Big Click

*Continued from page 45*

coat. There was the slightly nauseating odor of fish that always hovers about a Jap crowd. An old man in a ceremonial kimono with protruding underdrawers and bare feet in wooden getas was talking to a naval officer who picked his faulty teeth. The little Annamite cabin boys from Tourist Class were serving trays with Scotch whiskey, Cognac brandy, French wine, Jap Kirin beer.

Etienne-Marcel skillfully held up an Annamite and stored a tray behind his bass. The *commissaire* came over for a briefing. "This is an audience of musical experts," he said. "The old gentleman in kimono is Mr. Oshima, editor of *Ongaku-Sekai*, musical monthly. Next to him is Captain Takata of the Musical Section of the Imperial Household Department. Over there is Professor Ikeda, secretary of Dai-Nippon Composers' Association, talking to Mr. Aoki of Ryuginsha Publishers. And there are two men from the Osaka Broadcasting Association. I hope you won't disappoint them."

"What is he up to?" Artie said when the *commissaire* had gone back to his guests. "Does he want to become director of the Tokyo School of Music?"



*"We have met the enemy and we are theirs"*

We had two rounds of Cognac behind the bass fiddle and went to work, playing Darius Milhaud's *Three Rag Caprices* and Debussy's *Voiles* and *La Fille aux cheveux de lin*, arranged for small orchestra. The listeners showed the half-bored, impatient attitude of boxing fans during the preliminaries. The applause was lukewarm; a subdued restlessness was about the place. We went out on deck to get some fresh air. Artie lighted a cigarette, gazing across the piers and hangars toward where he thought was the Imperial Hotel and a red-head. Nobody spoke a word. Presently we were joined by the *commissaire*. He

*Continued on page 158*

UNIVERSAL

GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1894

*Priced from $55 to $200 at selected jewelers*

UNIVERSAL GENEVA WATCH CO. • 630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. • GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Copyright 1943, Universal Geneva Watch Co., N. Y.

Another Regal Tie Sensation!

Regal Cravats
"Royal-Aire"
New! Smart! Colorful! $1.
WORSTED and RAYON RESISTS WRINKLES

Plaids
Stripes and
18 Solid Colors
Khaki and Black
for Men
in the Service

FOR VICTORY BUY MORE WAR BONDS

If your dealer cannot supply you with Royal-Aire ask him to show you other Regal Ties . . . Famous For Two Generations For Style and Wear . . . $1.00 and up.

Don't Say Neckwear.. Say "Regal"

Regal Foulards . . . Regal Crepes . . . Regal Poplins . . .
Regal Homespun . . . Regal Du-All-O

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO., ST. LOUIS, Manufacturers

Lord & Taylor
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Condon's
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Marott Shoe Store
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

COES & STODDER
BOSTON, MASS.

CHISHOLM BOOT SHOPS, Inc.
CLEVELAND and TOLEDO, OHIO

PIDGEON'S
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

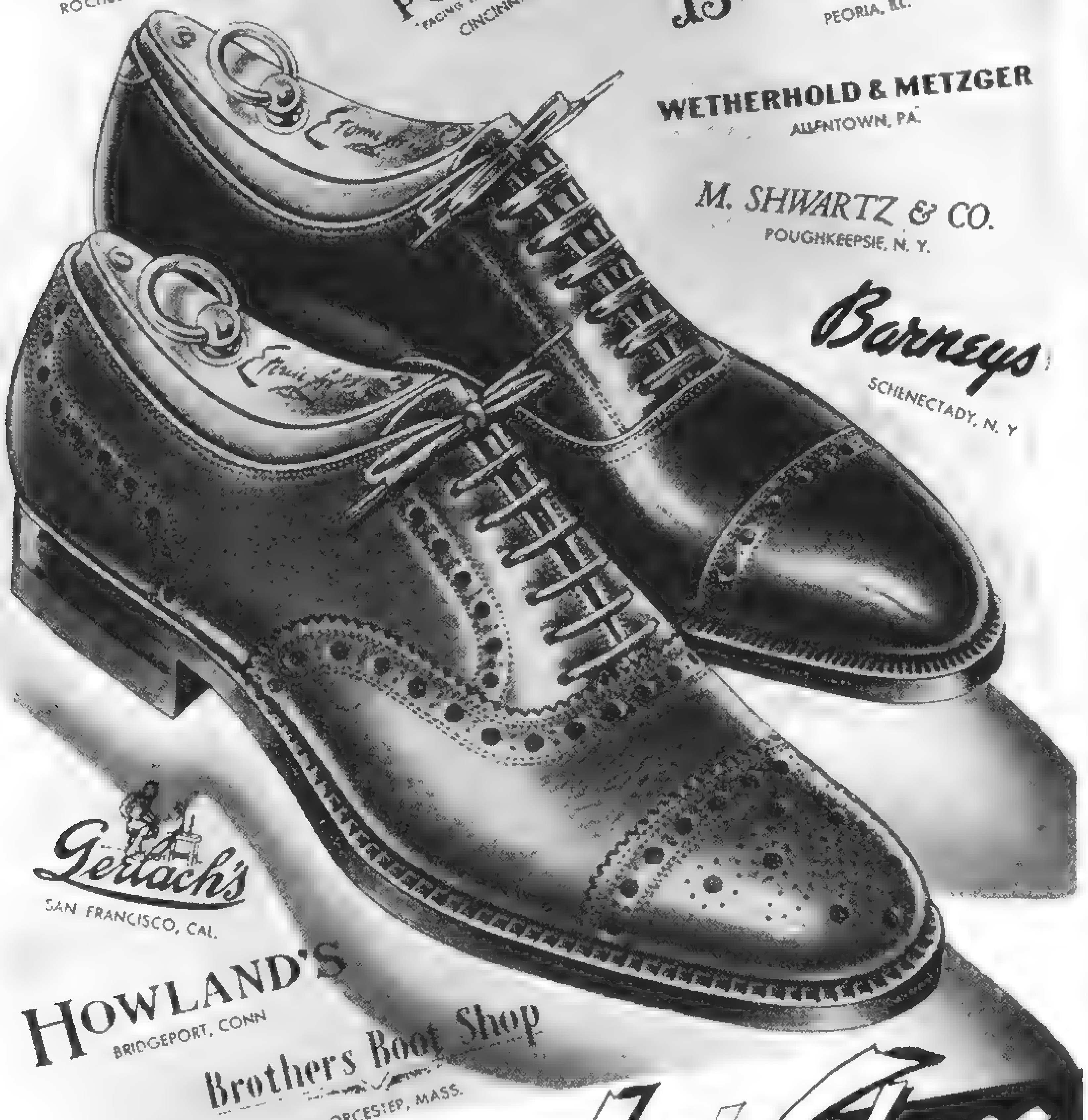
POTTER'S
"FACING THE FOUNTAIN" CINCINNATI, OHIO

BLOCK AND KUHL CO.
PEORIA, ILL.

WETHERHOLD & METZGER
ALLENTOWN, PA.

M. SHWARTZ & CO.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Barneys
SCHENECTADY, N. Y



Gerlach's
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HOWLAND'S
BRIDGEPORT, CONN

Brothers Boot Shop
WORCESTER, MASS.

Etonic Arch Shoes

SOLID COMFORT MODERN SUPPORT

SOLID COMFORT skillfully styled in the fashion of the season . . . sold only in the finer stores from Coast to Coast where exact, accurate fitting is assured. A few of these stores are listed for your convenience.

Made in the Bootshop of
CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY
Brockton 62, Massachusetts
*Custom Bootmakers since 1876*

PARKER & DIEMER
NEW YORK CITY

Hass
NEW YORK CITY

Whitney's
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

GERTZ
JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND

WYMAN
BALTIMORE, MD.

C.B. Rodney
HARRISBURG, PA.

S.G. Holmes & Son
McALESTER, OKLA.

SIMMONS-STANLEY
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Morse & Haynes Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

AUERBACH'S
CAMDEN, N. J.

F. B. Guild, Inc.
LAKE PLACID, N. Y.

JAY'S
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

STIGLITZ
DETROIT, MICH.

Fitch Shoe Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

ROAMER'S
BAYONNE, N. J.

Ben Sherman
HASTINGS, NEB

John W. Kane
WILMINGTON, DEL.

HERCO
BALTIMORE, MD.

MILLER-TAYLOR
COLUMBUS, GA.

HERBERT Smart
MACON, GA.

M-B BOOT SHOP
GARY, INDIANA

Nissen's
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

ARMSTRONG'S
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

The Palace
TOPEKA, KAN.

Charles Ford Company
WATSONVILLE, CAL.

Prouse's
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Merwin Dobyns
LONG BEACH, CAL.

SYD. K. KAHN
MARYSVILLE, CAL.

Devlin Shoe Den
STOCKTON, CAL.

Walters
GARDEN CITY, KAN.

BENROSS
NEW YORK CITY

*Also featured by 150 shoe stores in Greater New-York City and by 38 stores in Greater Chicago.*

# Honorable Composer Big Click

*Continued from pages 45-157*

carried a hand-written score.

"I want you to play this next," he said airily, trying to sound amiable. "A simple thing, composed by a friend in Saigon. You won't have any difficulty playing the composition at sight. The audience will be very interested."

He thrust the music into my hands, leaving me in silent rage. Drawing up the program is the orchestra leader's sacred prerogative. Now a man who scarcely knew the difference between a door-key and a viola-key was giving orders!

The composition was titled *Interlude Indochinoise*, Arrangement for Small Orchestra, by Kanji Ueno. Artie whistled softly. Etienne-Marcel said, "So, we are plugging this piece for his honorable Jap friend, Ueno. *Tiens!* If that isn't the Bolero!"

We looked at the score. Kanji Ueno had done a good enough job of camouflage but the source of his *Interlude Indochinoise* unmistakably was Ravel's *Bolero*. The same repetition of a single theme, in unvarying rhythm, becoming a gradual crescendo. Kanji Ueno even used a similar theme.

"Imitating American fountain pens, French vermouth and Belgian paintings," Etienne-Marcel said with disgust. "And now stealing Ravel!" He took the score, tore up the sheets and threw them across the railing. They were floating on the dark, oil-stained water in an easterly direction, perhaps toward Pearl Harbor.

"Good!" Artie nodded approval. "And what now?" From the salon the *commissaire* beckoned.

We took up our places on the platform. The *commissaire* stepped in front of the piano and bowed deeply. "Gentlemen! I have the honor of bringing to your attention the work of Mr. Kanji Ueno, the young, promising composer living in Saigon. This is the first performance of his new composition *Interlude Indochinoise*, arranged for small orchestra."

There was loud applause. The listeners leaned forward in their chairs in anticipation of a musical and, above all, patriotic treat. Mr. Oshima, the old man in kimono, slipped off his sandals and pulled up his bare feet under his kimono, playing with his toes in utter concentration.

Etienne-Marcel helped himself to another glass of Cognac and stepped forward. "*M. le commissaire* will permit me to add a few words of admiration," he said. "The piece we are going to play will give you the thrills of Indo-China's jungles, a musical painting of great suggestive force. This discriminating audience will recognize the ultra-modern harmonies and rhythms of this daring creation of the Japanese genius who only recently emerged from obscurity into the light of the appreciation of connoisseurs. I dedicate

Drueke
POCKET GAMES

All of the old favorites, plus many exciting new games — 20 in all — each in its book-like cover, uniform 4½ inches square size, packed in ready-to-mail carton. Pocket games are an original Drueke innovation, and are the tops in quality and craftsmanship.

DRUEKE — True Key to the Finest in Games

BINGO Hardwood playing boards for six hands; wood counters; hardwood master board; full set of caller's numbers. A Drueke original..$1.00

GIN RUMMY No fumbles, no errors — special wood trays keep game fool-proof. Score pad, rules, pencil included; cards 50c extra. $1.00

MICHIGAN RUMMY Nifty 3-color layout, with counters and rules, compartment for cards. A swell game for two or more. $1.00

CHESS SETS Beautifully sculptured chess men of modern American design have made the Drueke name famous. To own a Drueke Chess Set is to find new enjoyment in this favorite pastime.

CHESS BOOK Complete 32-page Chess Primer, 25c. Pocket size. Chess laws, technical terms. At your dealer or send direct.

SEND HIM A GAME A MONTH

Limited Saddle Brown Leather editions, de luxe quality, $3.50 each

WM. F. DRUEKE & SONS
DEPT. E, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

ME?..I'M NO HARDY MOUNTAINEER

"Call me a tenderfoot if you like . . . I'll admit it. Lived in the city all my life . . . chained to a desk for more years than I can remember. Sure I love the outdoors . . . break away for a week of fishin' or huntin' whenever I can. But when I go . . . I go in comfort . . . in a Red Head outfit."

For over twenty years Red Head has served the in-and-out outdoorsman . . . the city born and bred sportsman who prefers roughing it in comfort . . . whose outfit is usually the envy of every hardy mountaineer, lumberjack, or what-not. Take Red Head Sport Shirts . . . they've got all the snap and style well dressed men demand . . . plus full roomy comfort designed to cushion the bumps of roughing it.

Right now, of course. Uncle Sam has first call on the fine fabrics that go into the making of Red Head Sport Shirts . . . so buy war bonds today and put Red Head Sport Shirts on the top of your post-war shopping list.

RED HEAD SPORT SHIRTS

"SPORT TOGS TO FIT THE SPORT"

this first performance to the memory of my immortal uncle, Johannes Brahms."

There was a moment of stunned silence. Captain Tanaka of the Imperial Household Department stopped picking his teeth and said, "Brahms? Brahms?" Etienne-Marcel stepped down and ceremoniously handed the captain a visiting card. Both men bowed deeply. Mr. Aoki, the music publisher, started writing in a notebook. The *commissaire* seemed flabbergasted. Etienne-Marcel, deadpan, came back to the platform. I had a cold, burning feeling inside as though I'd swallowed the sword of Admiral Togo.

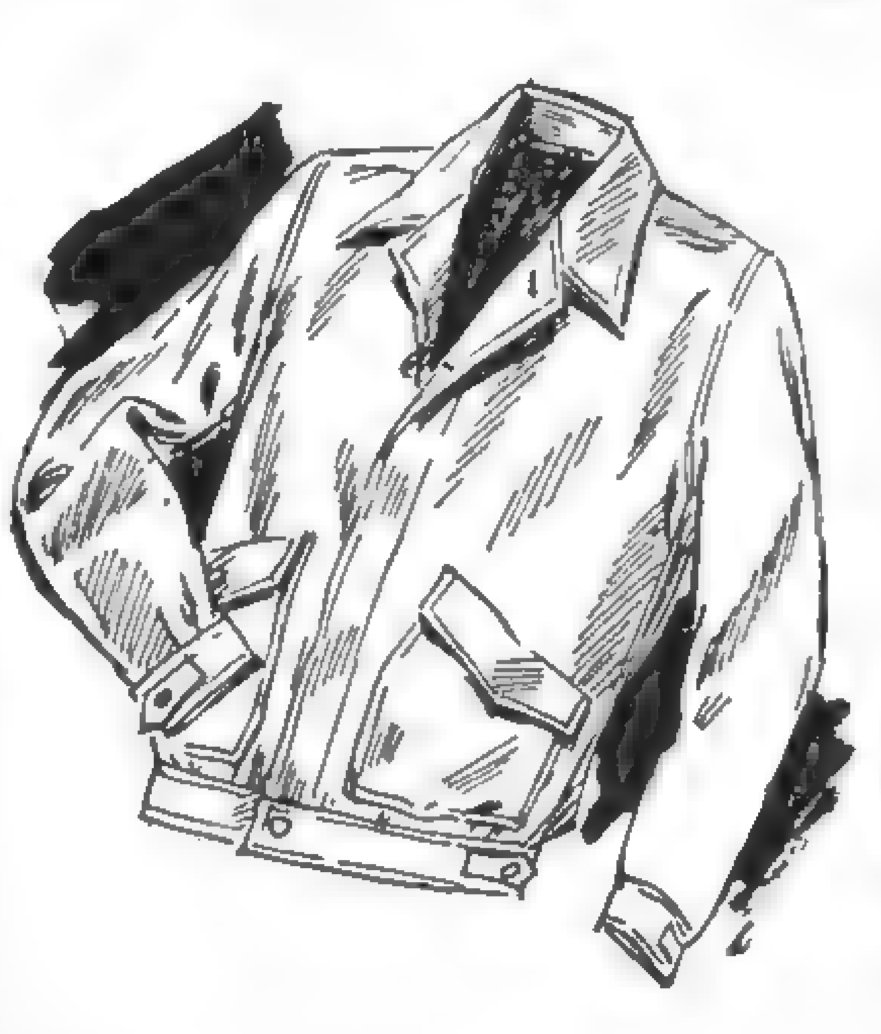
"We are playing in the key of C flat, 2/4 time," Etienne-Marcel whispered. "Let me do a few solo tricks. I'll give you a sign when to come in. From then on it's everybody on his own."

"But what are we going to play?" Artie asked.

"Just improvise. Ultra-modern, and strictly jungle."

Artie nodded in delight. Before I could say a word, Etienne-Marcel launched into a sensational glissando, winding up with The Roaring Lion and The Howling Tiger, and throwing in a brand-new sound effect that may have been The Snoring Rhinoceros.

The listeners were transfixed. Etienne-Marcel gave us an imperceptible nod. I took a deep breath, like a parachutist on his first leap, and attacked the key of C flat, with Artie producing a series of rhythmical, discordant clashes that would have made the young Stravinsky turn green with envy. It was unmistakable genius, with perhaps a dash of *Alexander's Ragtime Band.* We were careful to emphasize a strong rhythm and made frequent changes, looking deeply concentrated.



*A jacket for many purposes made of lightweight worsted.*

After five minutes of this I put down my violin and stole a glance at the audience. Mr. Oshima's toes were wriggling, keeping time with the accentuated rhythms of Artie's bass chords. Captain Tanaka absent-mindedly used his toothpick in his wide-open mouth. The music publisher wrote feverishly in his notebook, and the three-hun-

*Continued on page 160*

*Don't EVER turn to a strange man and say, "Ya know, Lifebuoy is swell for 'B.O.'"*

**Even a child** soon learns that people don't like to talk about "B.O." In fact, if you have "B.O." you're often the last to know it. You lose out on friends, good times, romance—*and never know why!* And no one is safe —at any time! Even in winter, because of heavier clothing, stuffier rooms, people perspire freely. So use Lifebuoy in your daily bath to *stop "B.O."*

*The Case of*
**THE WELL DRESSED BUSINESS MAN . . .**

It's no mystery that the "well dressed" business man gets the order. When he goes into a prospect's office and sets his smart Stebco portfolio on the desk, it's no wonder he comes out with the business.

A man is judged by his accessories and the first impression a good looking Stebco case can make, may often be the difference between a "yes" or "no" answer.

Be sure you have just the right portfolio "touch" Be sure it's a Stebco. You'll recognize it by the little Stebco man when your dealer shows you the case. Ask him to show you a Stebco case today!

*If your dealer doesn't carry STEBCO write for information Today!*

**ZIPPER MULTI-POCKET**
4-F-16—17" x 12½" — *Modern carrying case with zipper closure and six pockets for efficient organization of sales data, papers and books. Made of long-wearing, water-repellent herringbone twill in blue or olive drab colors with genuine cowhide binding and handles . . .* $13.00

**BRIEF BAG**
16-10F—18" x 14"—*Excellent for heavy duty uses. Constructed of long-wearing, water-repellent herringbone twill in blue or olive drab colors with genuine cowhide binding and handles. Three pockets, wide frame opening and re-enforced bottom . . . . .* $16.00

**STEIN BROS.**
*Manufacturing Co.*
231 SOUTH GREEN STREET CHICAGO

*Fine Brief Cases and Portfolios* STEBCO *Since 1918*

PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN OFFICER IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

EYES front and center . . . to a picture of a typical American officer in this global war. The uniform is natty; the face is determined; the cap is jaunty and debonair. It is the Bancroft "Flighter" with the Curve Control Visor, top favorite with our fighting leaders. Nearly half a century of specialization in military headwear stands behind the "Flighter", and every smart officer knows that it pays off in extra style, service and satisfaction.

BANCROFT
"Flighter"
® T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In Elastique, Tropical Worsted or Genuine Palm Beach Cloth
$7.50
*Excluding device and backstrap*

BANCROFT
*Military Caps*

At better stores everywhere — Bancroft Cap Company, Boston, Mass.
Write for free booklet: HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR BANCROFT CAP

### Honorable Composer Big Click

*Continued from pages 45-157-159*

dred-pounder in tail coat slid down from his uncomfortable western chair and crossed his legs in reverse to his thighs.

Some lesser experts in the rear registered complete bewilderment. This music wasn't to be taken lightly. It was different, ultramodern and written by a compatriot. To all seeming our weird improvisation, aided by a little mass suggestion, had caught on.

Then I saw the *commissaire*, to the left of Captain Tanaka. His wide-open eyes popped out of a bloodless face and his Adam's apple was moving up and down convulsively. He seemed on the verge of collapse. For a moment I was almost sorry for him.

Artie showing signs of exhaustion, I adjusted my instrument and took over. Somehow an old Czechoslovak folk song, *Těce Voda Těce* went through my head—perhaps I'd been thinking of home. Idly improvising on the beautiful melody, I was roused by Artie's whispering, "Are you crazy? Get off that melody!" I changed to the cacophonous sounds of the Indo-Chinese jungle, and just in time, for some listeners seemed to be getting suspicious. Joined by Artie and Etienne-Marcel, I went into a fortissimo climax. We ended with an impressive C major whole tone scale, in unison.

The audience burst into wild applause, Captain Tanaka crying, "*Banzai!*" The fat man on the floor pounded on his chair. I bowed, modestly, and Etienne-Marcel and Artie bowed with me. It was too bad that Kanji Ueno from Saigon wasn't here to enjoy the greatest triumph of his career.

The *commissaire* seized my wrist. "I'll put you into the brig," he muttered. His hands were wet. He seemed to have aged in the past quarter hour. "I'll blacklist you from the entire French Merchant Marine and—"

"Pardon me," Mr. Aoki, the music publisher interrupted. "Congratulations for bringing to our attention most gifted Japanese composer, *M. le Commissaire*. And to you, gentlemen, for excellent rendition of most difficult composition. Altogether from memory. Truly astounding! May I see score, please?"

"Sorry, we don't have it," Etienne-Marcel said, wiping his forehead. "We studied the piece in manuscript with Mr. Ueno."

"*M. le commissaire* will undoubtedly be able to get you the score from Mr. Ueno," Artie added politely.

"I shall be deeply obliged," the publisher said to the *commissaire* who snapped for air and nodded, incapable of uttering a syllable.

The old fellow in kimono showered me with a torrent of Japanese words, fanning himself with his derby.

"Mr. Oshima requests humbly you repeat second part," the pub-

*One man tells Another*

*"Personna is the Blade to Buy"*

*"But they cost more, don't they?"* "Sure. But when it comes to smokes and drinks, you buy the best. Why be penny wise about razor blades? Personnas cost only a few cents more a month. And you're sure that you'll get a better shave every time you pick up your razor if there's a Personna blade in it."

10 FOR $1.00 *and worth it!*
GIFT BOX OF 50, $5.00
PERSONNA BLADE MAIL:
*10 blades on folder with space for your letter* . . . . . . . $1.00

PERSONNA
*Precision Double Edge Blades*

*If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to:*
PERSONNA BLADE CO., INC., 599 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, 22

Spiffy
COLLAR STAY
FOR MEN IN SERVICE AND AT HOME
INVISIBLE UNDER COLLAR

SELF ADJUSTING SPRING
25¢

Worn by millions of men the world over

HOLDS COLLAR POINTS DOWN
- Keeps collars smart & trim
- Prevents collar curl
- Lengthens life of shirt
- On and off in a jiffy

BEFORE
AFTER

AT POST EXCHANGES and MEN'S SHOPS
CREST SPECIALTY CO.
663 Washington Chicago

lisher translated. "Most beautiful melody, he thinks."

"Yes," several voices cried. "Please repeat. Encore, encore."

I explained, regretfully and with truth, that we were completely exhausted. Mr. Oshima's parchment-colored face was twisted in an ugly grimace of disappointment. Two young men pushed forward, hissing through their teeth as they asked Etienne-Marcel for his autograph. He signed Etienne-Marcel Brahms, *neveu*. At last we were able to dodge further enthusiasm and left.

The *commissaire* was waiting outside. "You are confined to your quarters until the *commandant* returns," he said, hoarsely.

I had my answer ready. "Certainly. We'll just go in there for a moment and Etienne-Marcel will make another speech."

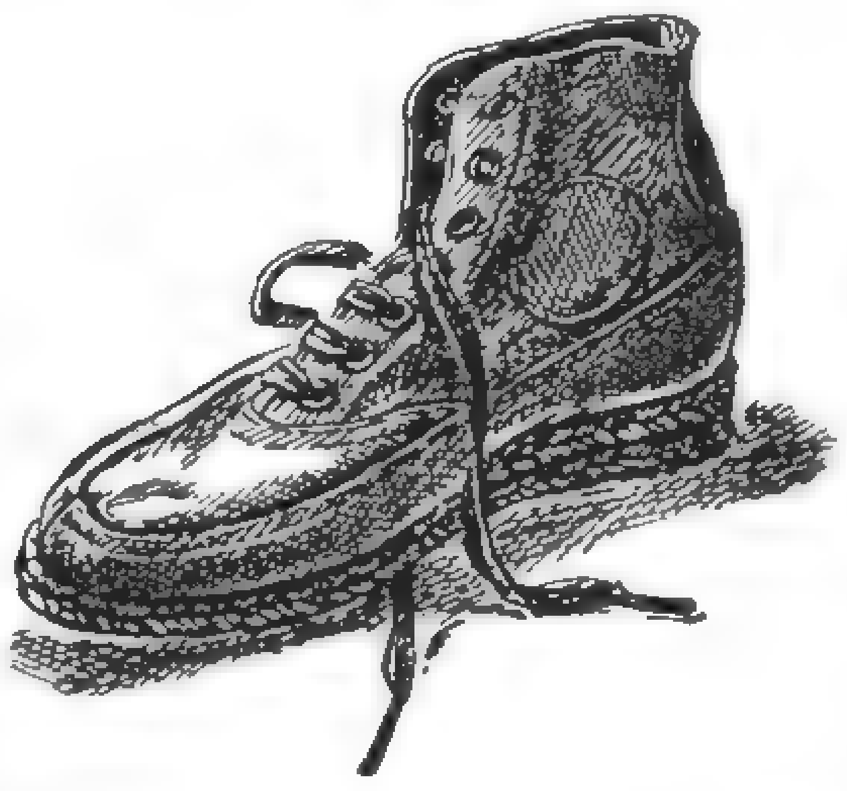
He swallowed hard and ran his trembling fingers through his hair. "Go away," he finally said. "Perhaps you'll get run over in Tokyo."

The following day the music-conscious *Jiji Shimpo* carried a two-column story of the "sensational premiere." Reporters called me up at the Imperial asking details about Kanji Ueno. I sent them to the *commissaire*. Mr. Aoki announced that his publishing firm was honored to bring out *Interlude Indochinoise*. The Central Symphony Orchestra was reported interested in the score and the Osaka Broadcasting Association cabled to Kanji Ueno, offering him the job of music director.

Captain Tanaka told the *Jiji Shimpo* a Japanese order was to be awarded to the *commissaire*.

On the trip back the *commissaire* never called us into his office. In Marseilles he requested to be transferred to another liner. We never saw him again.

A few months later I met Etienne-Marcel at the *Quat-z-Arts* in Paris. He showed me the newly-published score of *Interlude Indochinoise* by Kanji Ueno which he had just received from his son in Tokyo. There was no trace of Ravel's *Bolero*. This time the Honorable Ueno's inspiration could clearly be traced back to Claude Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*. #



*New hiking shoe, originally made for military purposes and now available for civilians, has deerskin upper and impregnated rope sole.*

THE **MARLY**
CORDUROY JACKET
STAR OF THE
*Ayrostar*
FASHION
FAMILY

PRECISION-STYLED

There's the touch of tomorrow in the trim, slim lines of Marly. And more than a little of old-fashioned comfort, long hard wear, and versatile usefulness in its supple, attractive, durable CORDUROYAL. Full-lined, beautifully tailored, and weatherized by Cravenette. You'll wear it everywhere! In Sand, Saddle Brown or Lovat Green.

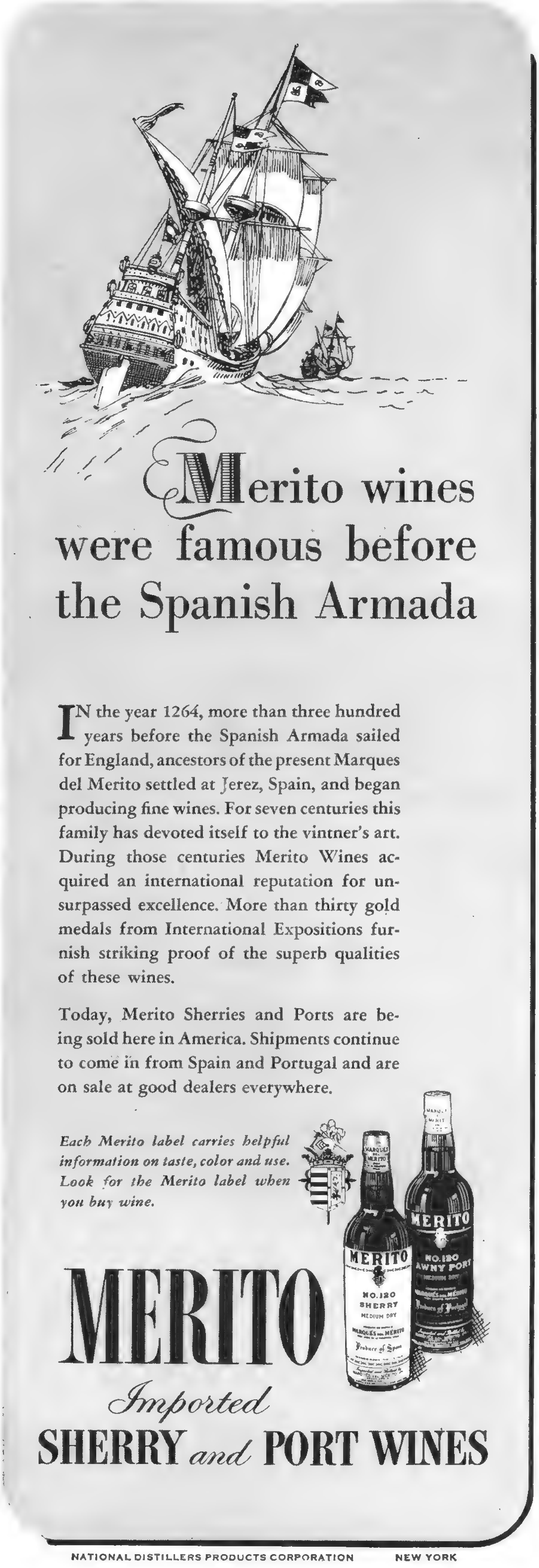
$13.50

IT'S A ONE-COAT WARDROBE

AT BETTER STORES

CORDUROYAL ARISTOCRAT TRADE MARK OF CORDUROYS

*Ayrostar*
ORIGINAL by ARROW IMPORTING CO., INC.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO



## Merito wines were famous before the Spanish Armada

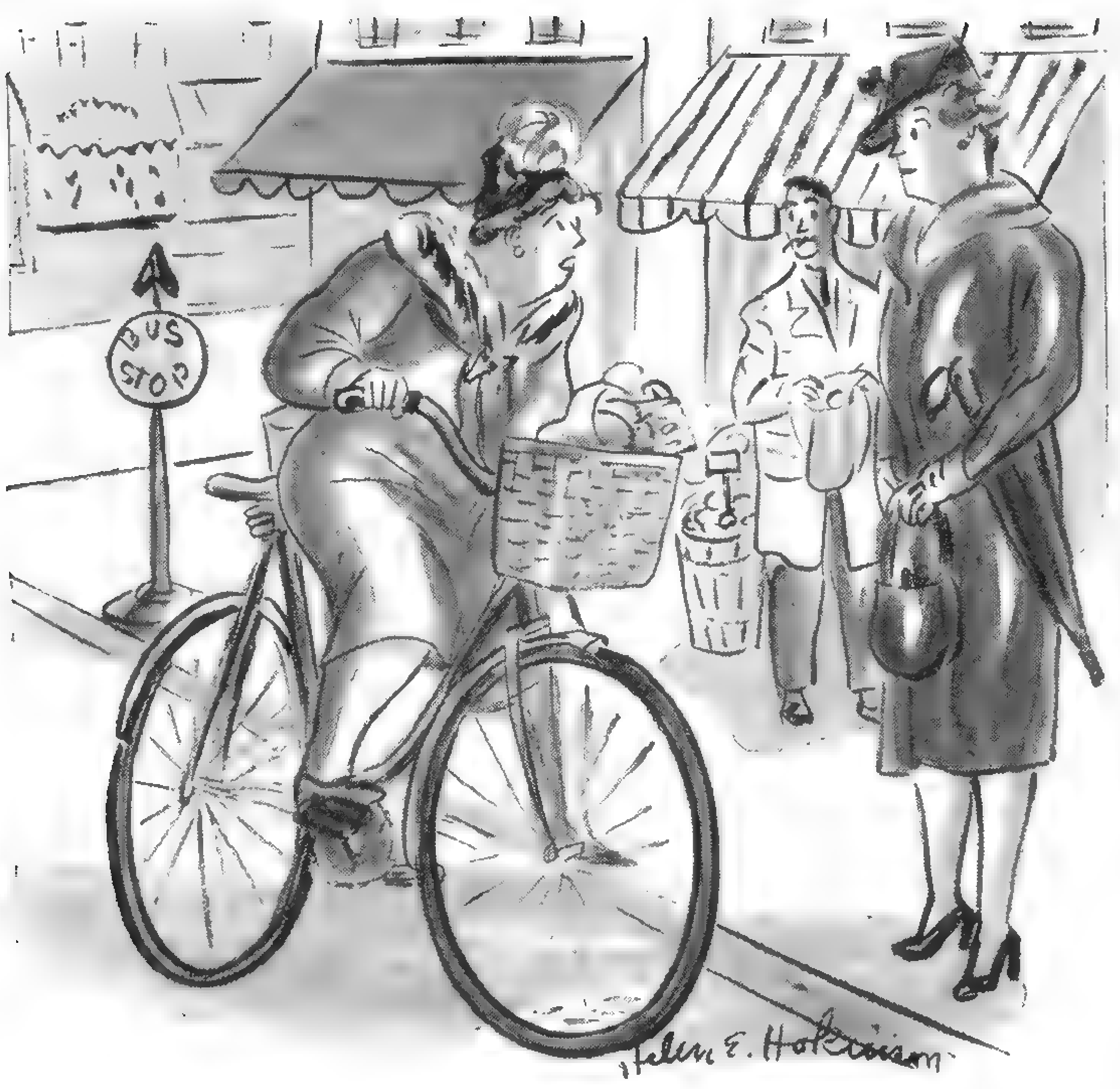
IN the year 1264, more than three hundred years before the Spanish Armada sailed for England, ancestors of the present Marques del Merito settled at Jerez, Spain, and began producing fine wines. For seven centuries this family has devoted itself to the vintner's art. During those centuries Merito Wines acquired an international reputation for unsurpassed excellence. More than thirty gold medals from International Expositions furnish striking proof of the superb qualities of these wines.

Today, Merito Sherries and Ports are being sold here in America. Shipments continue to come in from Spain and Portugal and are on sale at good dealers everywhere.

*Each Merito label carries helpful information on taste, color and use. Look for the Merito label when you buy wine.*

MERITO
*Imported*
SHERRY *and* PORT WINES

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION NEW YORK



*"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"*

Gaining weight? Feeling not quite up to par?
Perhaps it's because your wartime meals
Include too many starchy, vitamin-poor foods
What to do about it? Reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Any normal person can lose excess weight
Following the plan in the new Ry-Krisp book
Which also includes low-point menus and recipes
For delicious meals the whole family can enjoy

Your family will enjoy Ry-Krisp, too
Its rich rye flavor perks up wartime meals
And its whole grain goodness helps tone you up
Yet each crisp slice has only 23 calories

## High Register Colorist

*Continued from page 87*

scape, rather than that of portraiture.

Arthur had been listening to music all his life; around 1935 it took hold of him in an almost violent but fruitful and inspiring way. It filled some of the empty spaces of his life, it gave him his most dominating hobby, and it led to a revolution in his manner of painting.

He learned to play the violin and the viola, he listened to music in all its forms, on records and the radio and at concerts. So refined became his perception of values that he could tell, when listening to violin music on the air, whether it was Szigeti, Milstein or Heifetz who was playing. He himself learned to play the whole range of violin music, only the later compositions of Beethoven excepted. He began to form a record library, exchanging paintings for records. He himself began performing with amateur groups—playing with small orchestras in the neighboring towns of Stamford, Norwalk and New Canaan. But the most fruitful development of this new hobby was the revolution it fathered in his way of painting. Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* and Gluck's *Alceste* were the direct inspiration of two of his paintings. Other music has set him dreaming his way indirectly toward other canvases.

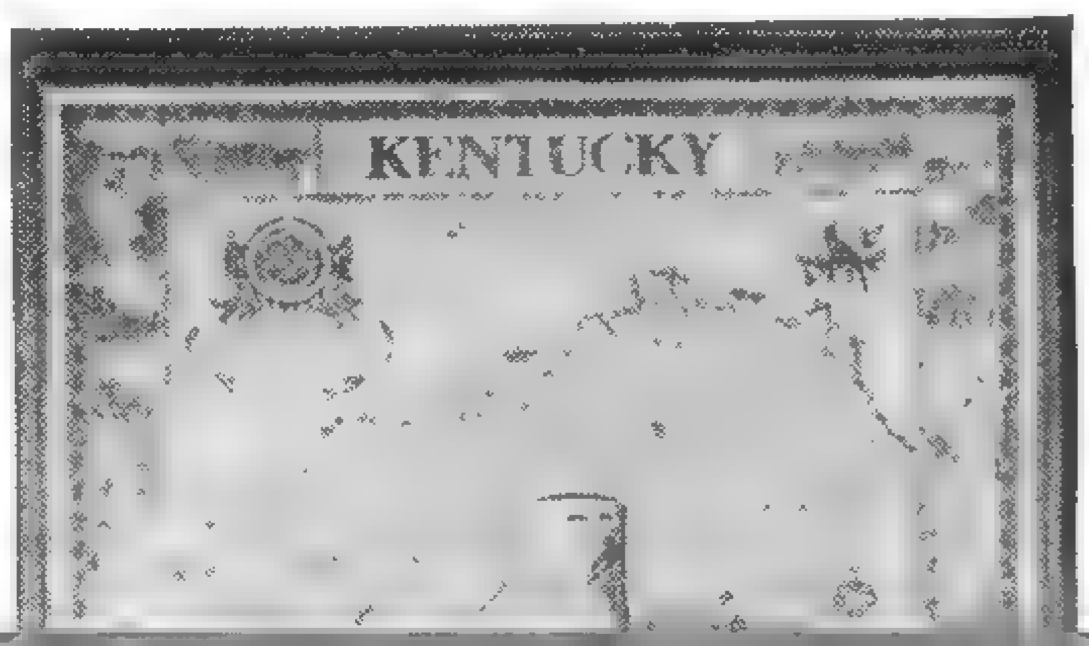
As he learned to move from the world of grey monotone toward color, music taught him to harmonize the colors which had formerly shrieked, but to harmonize them on the treble scale rather than on the base.

Music opened for Revington

WHEN FINE AMERICAN WATCHES CAN AGAIN BE MADE *Hamilton* WILL MAKE THEM

***Sorry you can't buy*** that Hamilton Watch today. Hamilton is making precision timepieces for Uncle Sam only now. But, when American watches can again be made, Hamilton will once more make America's preferred gift watch—a watch worth waiting for.

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY



this movie hero was showing at a local theatre in a villainous pirate role, Arthur, coming onto the beach out of the surf saw a child's eyes widen in wonder and fright, and heard the child screaming in terror as it ran quickly toward its mother.

He is a burly, solidly-built young man, perhaps a bit overweight, blond-haired and blue-eyed, with large and generous features, the nose Roman, beak-like. He is sociable, convivial, fond of good talk as well as good music, and inclined to dilute his food with the stronger waters, albeit in moderation. With the years he has become patient and philosophical. Formerly, he sometimes panted a little to achieve a quick and smashing success. He thought, then, that if he painted a very good picture, he would be acclaimed, the picture would be sold, and all would be beer and skittles.

He never had the desire to make a killing as a commercial artist. Since his early impatient days he has come to realize that once you have determined your general direction, time must take its course.

He has played with the lighter side of art by designing sets for amateur theatricals in Norwalk and for the annual shows of the Silvermine Guild.

After music, his chief hobby consists of collecting old American coins and currency, beginning with the first issuance of money from the time of the Revolutionary War. Incidentally, he has read deeply in American history and his knowledge of it is anything but superficial. His love of American history probably has its roots not only in his family inheritance but in his deep regard for his native land. There is a strange fusion of the primitive and the sophisticate, of the American scene painter and of Gauguin and Van Gogh, in the art of Revington Arthur, the American who has never left the country of his birth, and whose roots are deep in the soil. ⵌ

41
Bruce Patterson

★ RONSON ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

"Where Performance Must Be Perfect"

Our armed forces the world over need their RONSON lighters as vitally as their watches. That's why all RONSONS made today go to our boys in service abroad.* They know that, for *perfect performance* under the severest conditions, they can rely on their RONSONS. The famous "one finger—one motion" action, the safest, most convenient made, is precision-built for long, dependable use.

Come Victory, and may it be soon, RONSONS that rendered distinguished service on the war fronts will give their owners added years of peacetime enjoyment on the home front.

**As our entire current output is supplied to authorized Government Military Agencies for shipment overseas, the huge civilian need for RONSONS must wait for postwar production.*

*Servicemen and Civilians, please do not send lighter orders to us. To present a RONSON to a boy serving outside United States continental limits, send him $5 to buy his own.*

*TO CIVILIAN AND MILITARY OWNERS—if your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark 2, New Jersey) for servicing at minimum cost.*

Press—It's Lit!
Release—It's Out!

Buy genuine RONSON 'FLINTS', WICKS and RONSONOL (Fuel)—Tops for all lighters!

*BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS*

"*The wallet I've always wanted*"

LADY RUGBY—Tiny, yet spacious. 4 clever pockets. Expandable coin purse. Assorted, vivid, contrasting colors. English Morocco, Imported Indian Goat, etc. $1.50 to $6.00.

Rare is the gift that is truly *wanted*. You can't guess wrong when you give a Rugby. Beautifully made, trimly tailored, with many exclusive utilitarian features. Every wallet hand-turned, hand-creased, hand-crafted from cut to finish! Rugby value means your money's *most!* Many styles for men and women.

$1 to $15

*Save Your Money To Buy Bonds*

BRIGADIER—A Rugby masterpiece, beautifully hand-made, hand-creased, leather-lined. De luxe English styled; pliant, top-grade, richly worked leathers. Nothing finer in a billfold. $7.50 to $15.00.

CAPTAIN—English two-tone style billfold. 7 neatly fitted pockets for lots of cards, photos, coins. Indian Goat, Calf, Riviera and British Morocco, etc. Black or Brown. $5.00 to $10.00.

COMMANDO—Superbly made "2-in-One" wallet, with separate compartment for 9 passes, cards, etc., and 4 practical pockets for all purposes. Levant, Black Saddle, Pig Grain, Indian Goat and British Morocco. $3.50 to $7.50.

At Leading Men's Furnishings, Leather Goods, Drug and Department Stores

*Stylists in Fine Leatherwear*

RUGBY PRODUCTS CORP., 1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

BUY
WAR
BONDS

No Two Men
Are Alike

Man is an Individualist . . . . his Figure proves it! If you've ever been to a Turkish bath, you'll see what we mean.

It's BALANCE in a suit that corrects a low shoulder, a sway back, a big tummy, or what have you! Your local Royal Tailor is the perfect answer to your figure problem.

Royal Made-to-measure Clothes are expertly tailored of fine imported and domestic fabrics . . . soft construction thru-out, with the "Shape" built right into the garment. These are some of the features that characterize Royal Clothes.

Resplendent color in the new rich patterns seem to say "Can Spring Be Far Away". Royal Made-to-measure Suits and Topcoats for men, start at $35. We make Tailored Suits and Slacks for women, too!

Established
1870

Copyright 1944

THE ROYAL TAILORS
INCORPORATED

## A Disreputable Interlude

*Continued from page 81*

me dear Captain, and risked a knife in the ribs for the sake of the innocence of a poor taverner's daughter."

"It was a privilege," returned John Paul.

"We'll have a drop of refreshment in a few minutes, Captain, but I'll not strike a light if ye'll excuse the dark—and Teresa can see in the dark. Feel around there for a bench, Captain, and set yerself down."

John Paul discovered the bench and soon heard gurglings and tinklings. An unseen hand touched his right hand and raised it, and his fingers were opened by slim fingers as smooth as silk and a cool glass was placed in his unresisting grasp. While he sipped that excellent rum and water, the fingers of his idle left hand become entwined somehow with those other fingers. In this darkness and silence he accepted and absorbed a second and even a third glass. He felt his old self again. A lost ship and cargo were nothing for John Paul to cry over. The seven seas and the ports thereof were full of ships and cargoes, but there was only one John Paul.

The inner darkness was exchanged for the outer. Again the captain followed the cook without question. He felt fine and dandy, as if the world were his oyster and he had the knife for opening it right in his fist again.

He said, "King Hob, ye're a great man and ye must have the eyes of a cat into the bargain."

"Sir, if mine are the eyes of a cat, then our guide's must be the optics of an owl," replied King Hob.

"Our guide? Have we a guide besides yerself?"

"Sir, madam has spared nothing."

"D'ye mean Angostura Sue herself is taking us somewhere to safety?"

"Sir, she is risking one dearer than herself—even the apple of her eye!—in your behalf."

"D'ye mean that girl is taking us somewhere?"

King Hob checked and turned so suddenly that John Paul barged into him.

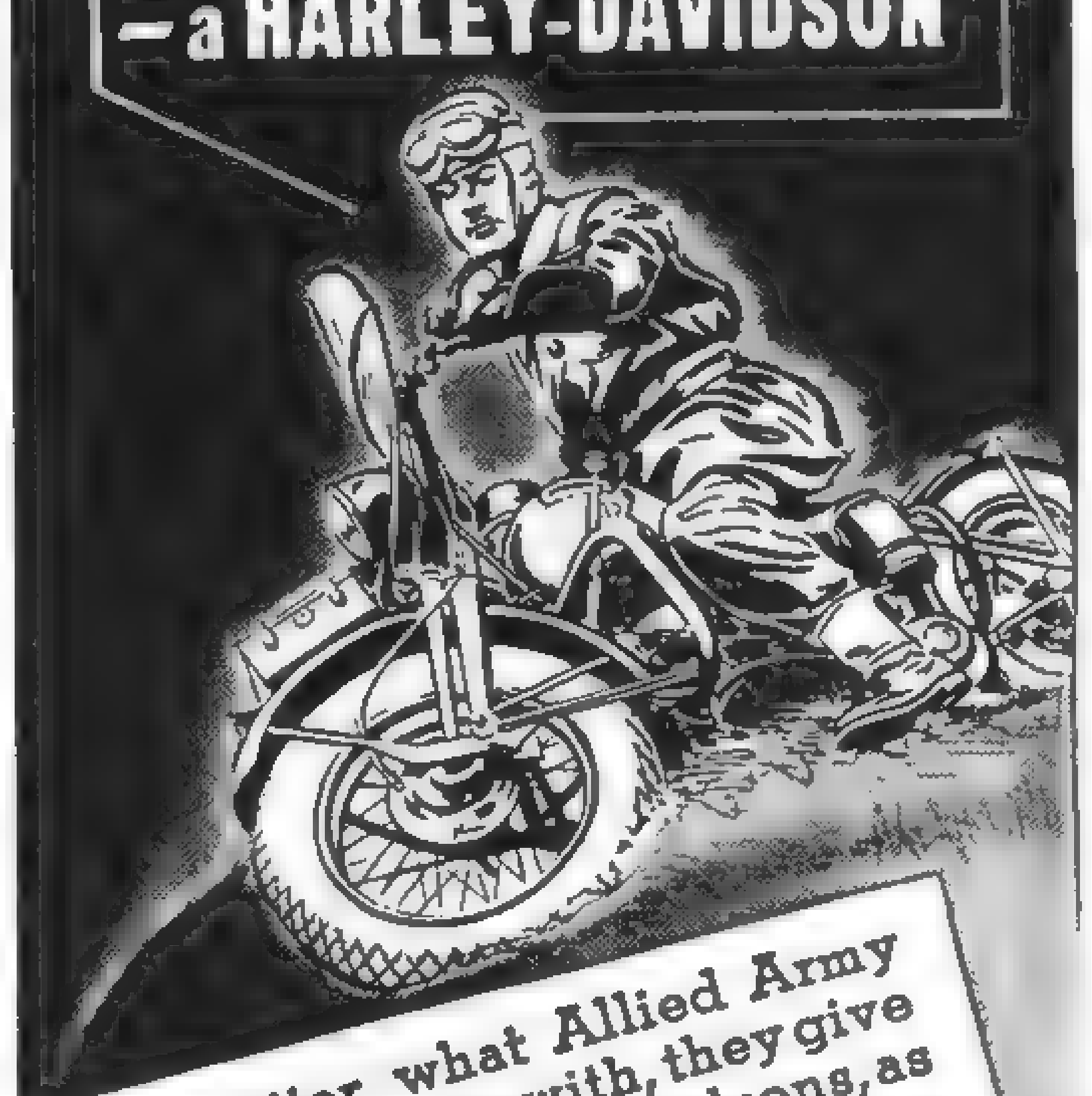
"Yes, Sir, and I warn you to have a care!" he whispered urgently.

"D'ye mean ye've lost yer trust in them already?"

"Sir, I have every reason to believe that Angostura Sue is a woman of her word and that she means well by you—by her own lights. It's you whom I do not trust in this peculiar situation. I beg you to control the reckless impulses of your generous heart."

"Trust me to look after my heart; and you keep yer eye on yer undertaking to save my skin, an' tell me where the devil we're heading for, if I'm not being too nosy."

"Sir, we are heading for a secret


"I'm Riding the Best Motorcycle Over Here —a HARLEY-DAVIDSON"

NO matter what Allied Army the fellows are with, they give the nod to Harley-Davidsons, as this letter postmarked "Canadian Army Overseas" shows—

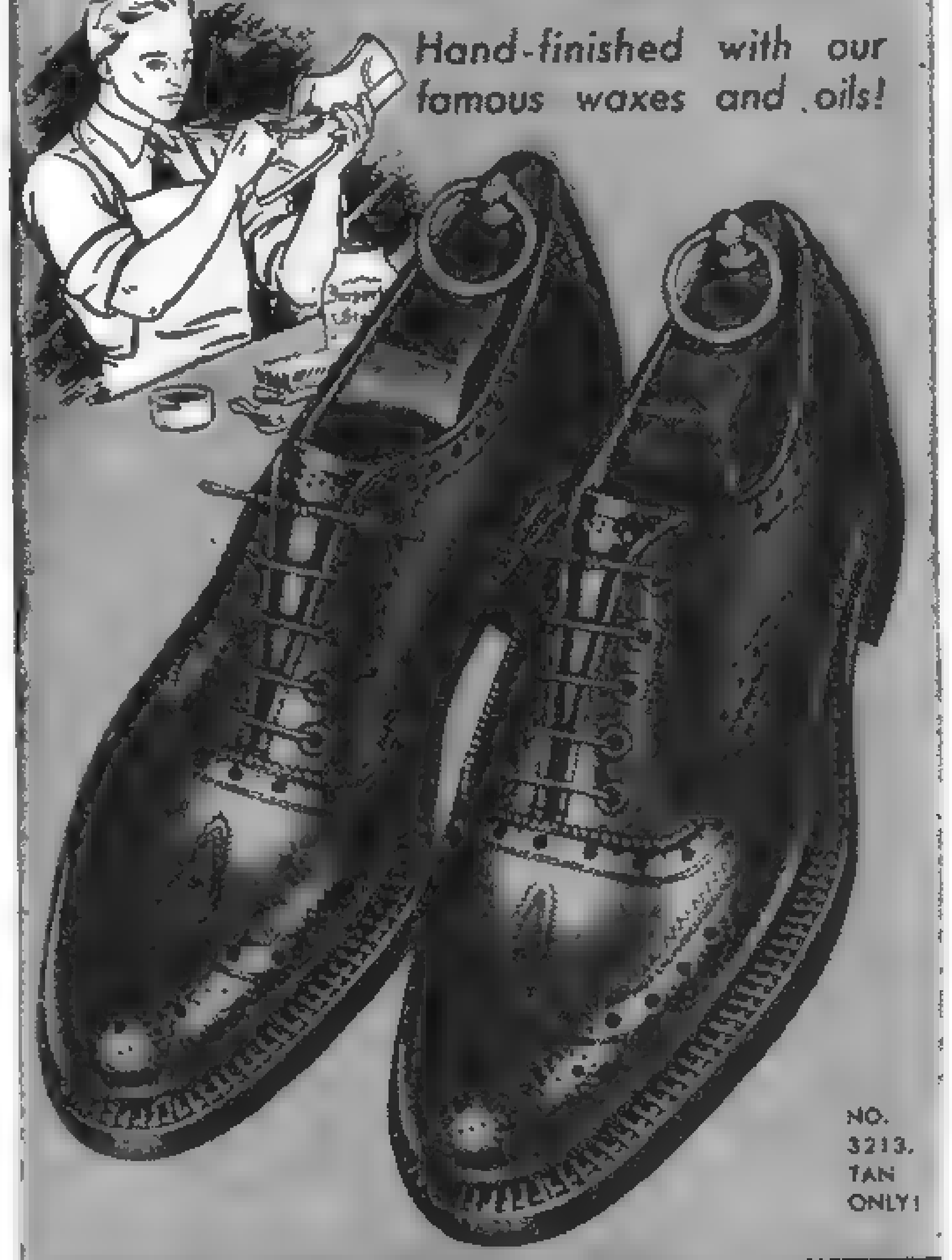
"I enjoy reading the ENTHUSIAST when I'm not riding. It brings back the good old days when I had my Harley-Davidson 45. I'm riding the best motorcycle over here and that's a Harley-Davidson. When I get back home I'm going to get another Harley-Davidson so I can have some more fun riding with old pals once again."

That's the "tune" of thousands of letters from riders all over the world. *Buy War Bonds*—and get your new Harley-Davidson right after the war.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycling stories and pictures.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLES


NO. 3213. TAN ONLY!

Flagg Bros GENUINE "Longhorn Leather"
BRAWNY BROGUES
Hand-finished with our famous waxes and oils!

EXCHANGES GLADLY MADE. YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

$5.40

SIZES 6 to 13, WIDTHS A TO EEE!
- LONG WEARING FLEXIBLE RUBBER SOLES!
- QUARTER LINED WITH GENUINE "STEER BUCK"!

Flagg's "Longhorn Leather," is your assurance of endurance!

ORDER BY MAIL

FLAGG BROS.
920 EWING AVE., NASHVILLE 2, TENN.

SHOE SIZE ☐ WIDTH ☐
CHECK ☐ CASH ☐ C.O.D. ☐

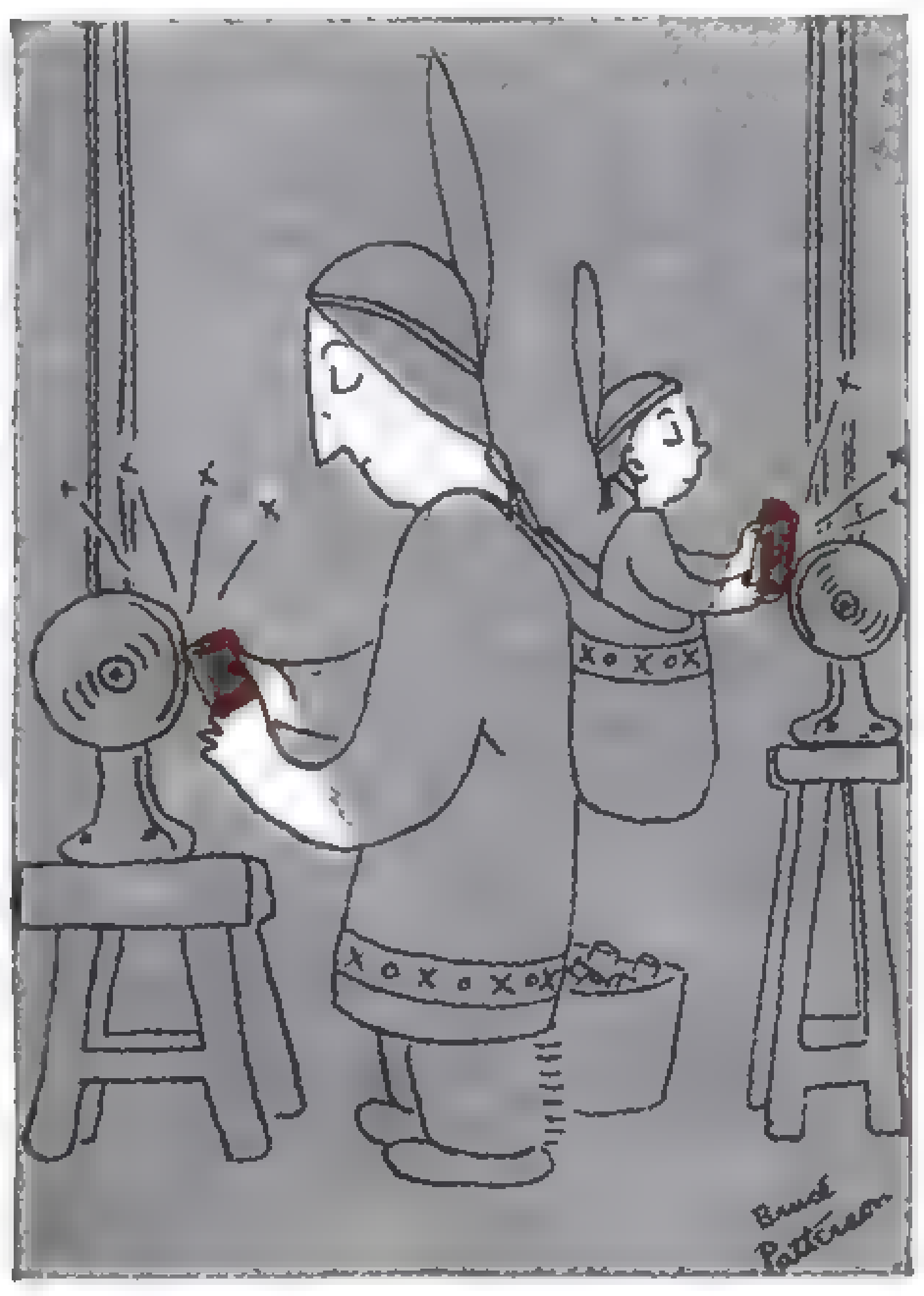
Current RATION STAMP Must Accompany Every Mail Order . . . Include 25¢ Extra for Postage.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

cove, well-known to our guide; from there we may hope to escape by sea, probably to Barbados, within twenty-four hours or a week, unless some untoward delay in the routine sailings of a certain inter-island trader upsets madam's calculations."

"Good, my friend! I'm in yer hands. Heave ahead!"

They traversed the jungle-clad mountain and reached the secret cove an hour or so after daybreak. The flaming new day was but a sea-green twilight there, for trees and vines crowded down to the water's edge. The girl turned to them with a little gesture of welcome and smiled shyly at King Hob for several seconds and then at John Paul for a fraction of a second. She looked cool, unwearied and beautiful.



"We have arrived," she said.

The big cook replied ponderously that the discovery of their destination in the dark seemed to him nothing less than miraculous.

"But I know the way," she protested modestly.

Her glance slid and met John Paul's gaze again for an instant. "And I can see in the dark," she added.

That was the kind of challenge never refused by young Captain Paul. He stepped toward her and bowed with a flourish.

"In that case, Miss Teresa, you must have seen what you were doing and must know what you did," he said, consideringly; and then he pressed his hat to his heart significantly.

He thought, "King Hob is perfectly right."

"Witchcraft," he murmured. "You move by magic, in darkness as in light. The performance of miracles is not difficult for such eyes—and such fingers."

Teresa smiled and a faint, rosy bloom tinted her smooth cheeks, but she did not meet his gaze. She dropped her eyelids, then dropped and turned her head slightly on that perfect neck. She was a picture of lovely maidenly modesty there in the sun-lanced, tide-green jungle twilight.

They waited all day beside the narrow sea-inlet, in the shade and cover of the hanging jungle fringe. They had food and drink, which

*Continued on page 166*

A Ring Such as Dreams are Made of...

Multi-Facet* DIAMOND RINGS

Multi-Facet Sonnet $110**
Multi-Facet Symphony $250**

40 Extra Facets cut around edge of Multi-Facet Diamonds assure greater brilliance (proved by laboratory tests) intensify true color and help to prevent chipping.

Only the most brilliant of diamonds can fittingly symbolize your devotion. Now, Multi-Facet, product of the latest advance in diamond cutting, brings such a ring within your reach. Cut with 98 Facets—instead of the usual 58—Multi-Facet Diamonds provide a maximum of brilliance. In exquisite, specially-styled mountings—from $110—at representative jewelers.

*Write for important free book "E2—Story of the Diamond"*

LOUIS A. ROSELAAR
*Diamond Cutters for 4 Generations*
551 Fifth Avenue, New York

*Reg. App. for U. S. Pat. Off. *Design Pat. App. for **Plus Fed. Tax

Remember this One?

FAT CUSTOMER: "I'd like a *B.V.D. to wear around my gymnasium."
SALESMAN: "Just how big is your gymnasium?"

*B. V. D. AND *RUGGERS ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE B. V. D. CORPORATION

Now B.V.D. comes out in the open!

Yes—today B.V.D. means top value in *leisure wear* as well as underwear. You'll find that familiar B.V.D. label on style-setting shirts, pajamas and swim trunks. Look for it especially on the smart new Ruggers shirts—good-looking, beautifully tailored—ideal for war jobs and for your precious free time, too.

YES—TODAY IT'S B.V.D. FOR

Clothes that work Overtime!

"STURDIGAB"
*Ruggers Shirt by B.V.D. Soft but strong rayon gabardine, warm, worsted-like texture. Flexible Fit Collar—open for work or buttoned and worn with a tie. Tested and guaranteed washable by American Institute of Laundering. $4

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"
UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • SWIM TRUNKS

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

GALEY & LORD'S
Fieldclub*
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS

CRAMERTON MILLS INC.

Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

IF IT'S A ZIPPO IT'S WINDPROOF

We'd love to sell you a ZIPPO, but we can't today. The government has drafted the entire output for use of our boys abroad and on the high seas. No individual orders to service men or civilians are allowed at present . . . so hang on to the one you own, it's as precious as a diamond. Keep it in good repair . . . buy genuine ZIPPO Hard Flints (fit most lighters) and ZIPPO Fluid — from your dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour St., Bradford, Pa.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: *This engraving* ZIPPO MFG CO. BRADFORD, PA ZIPPO PAT 2032695 MADE IN U.S.A. *is stamped on every genuine ZIPPO*

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

## A Disreputable Interlude

*Continued from pages 81-165*

Angostura Sue had supplied and King Hob had carried. They had fine Spanish cigars from Havana, furnished by the modest beauty, who had fetched them along in a cypress box wrapped in oiled silk. King Hob struck fire and got a light, and John Paul lit up from the King's cigar, then Teresa lit up from the captain's. The girl smoked as delicately and naturally as she breathed. She smiled often, but spoke infrequently. After her smoke, she slept. The cook led the captain a little way aside and gave him a sermon worthy of a bishop on the mingled subjects of behavior, temptation, responsibility and caution. John Paul tried to laugh him off, but the solemn moralist had his say out, and mostly in words of three or more syllables. After that they, too, slept—from exhaustion.

A little after nightfall they heard the sound of oars on thole-pins close inshore. Teresa told her companions to keep silent until her return. She was gone all of fifteen minutes, by John Paul's guess.

She returned and touched each with a light hand, and told them, in a happy voice, that all was well and to follow her and ask no questions. John Paul obeyed like a shot, following so closely as almost to step on her and leaving King Hob to bring up the rear. He stumbled into a boat and such potent ghosts of departed fishes as to stagger him. It was a native fishing craft, devil a doubt of it!

He and the girl and the unseen man at the tiller crowded the stern sheets. He heard Teresa speak with authority, but in the language of the aborigines, which he did not understand. Oars and thole-pins creaked again. A water monkey gurgled.

"Drink with me, my captain," invited Teresa, softly.

A cup was placed in his hand, and he drank it dry. The empty cup was withdrawn.

"And we drink together once more," she whispered.

The cup was in his hand again, and again he drained it.

He felt sleepy. Had he a touch of fever?

John Paul was in a hammock when he awoke. Light came through a transom above a narrow, closed door in the bulkhead on his left. Though tempered and dimmed, it was the wavering light of sunshine flashed from the tops and flanks of short seas.

"Blue water," he told himself. "And a tall ship. But what the devil! How'd I come here?"

He felt for his precious belt. It was still in place between his skin and his shirt. He sat up, conscious of a throb of pain behind his eyes, unlaced the waterproof contraption of tarred canvas and examined its contents. A few private

NOW a smarter
Billfold for Women
EXCITING ROYAL ARABIAN KID
TOOLED 14K GOLD LEAF TRIM
LOVELY! UNUSUAL! DIFFERENT!

FOR THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS HER WAY AROUND

● What woman in the world can resist this beautifully soft, milk white, genuine kidskin billfold that's so fascinatingly chic and useful! It's new, exclusive It's Moire-lined and edge-stitched, 3¼" by 3¾", with 14 karat gold leaf trim. Opens to convenient bill size, with extra compartments for stamps, photo, card case, etc., yet amazingly thin. And it comes in a smart velvet protective case worthy of its beauty. She'll carry it with pride in handbag or purse, it's stunning for evening wear, and it's really so lovely she'll be thrilled and delighted. Yet imagine for only $7.50. See, examine and you'll say it's as splendid a leather creation as you've ever seen.

WACs, WAVES, Spars, Marines are simply delighted with this billfold, so a wonderful gift for them, too. Many also buy to send to Navy men for their white dress. SENT POSTPAID, $7.50, in velvet case, on receipt of remittance—or C.O.D. if you prefer. But supply is limited, so hurry.

Lanchaud's

410 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 5, ILL.

Flagg Bros GENUINE "Longhorn Leather"
MOCCASIN Styles

Hand-finished with our famous waxes and oils!
$4.45

EXCHANGES GLADLY MADE. YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

- SIZES 6 TO 12 ... D WIDTHS
- LONG WEARING FLEXIBLE RUBBER SOLES!
- SLIPPERS INDOORS . . . SHOES OUTDOORS!
- HAND-FINISHED, RICH MAHOGANY SHADE!

ORDER BY MAIL

Flagg's "Longhorn Leather," is your assurance of endurance!

FLAGG BROS.

920 EWING AVE., NASHVILLE 2, TENN.

SHOE SIZE ☐ WIDTH ☐
CHECK ☐ CASH ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Current RATION STAMP Must Accompany Every Mail Order . . . Include 25¢ Extra for Postage.

NAME ..........
ADDRESS ..........
CITY .......... STATE ..........

papers and ship's papers, his navigator's certificate, seven English guineas, four French and three Spanish gold pieces—all correct. Bewildered, he replaced the belt and descended from the hammock. He found his shoes in a corner and his sword-belt and cutlass hanging from a peg. Except for the cutlass, he was unarmed; for King Hob had been carrying his pistols and ammunition in a bag along with his sextant and shaving kit. Thought of that bag caused him to finger his bristly chin and cheeks, for he was vain of his appearance. He stepped from that narrow berth into the main cabin. It was alive with swaying sunshine from an open skylight and open companionways forward and aft. A purple tree orchid in a wicker basket and a water-monkey of red, sunbaked clay swung in the skylight. John Paul noted the large table and large armchair, both lashed down to ringbolts in the deck; the wide lockers around the sides of the place and a copper chartcase rolling in a rack overhead; the fine barometer and equally find chronometer against the forward bulkhead; and, with increasing interest and concern, he gazed at scores of muskets, cutlasses and half-pikes which stood and hung in orderly array against the port and starboard bulkheads.

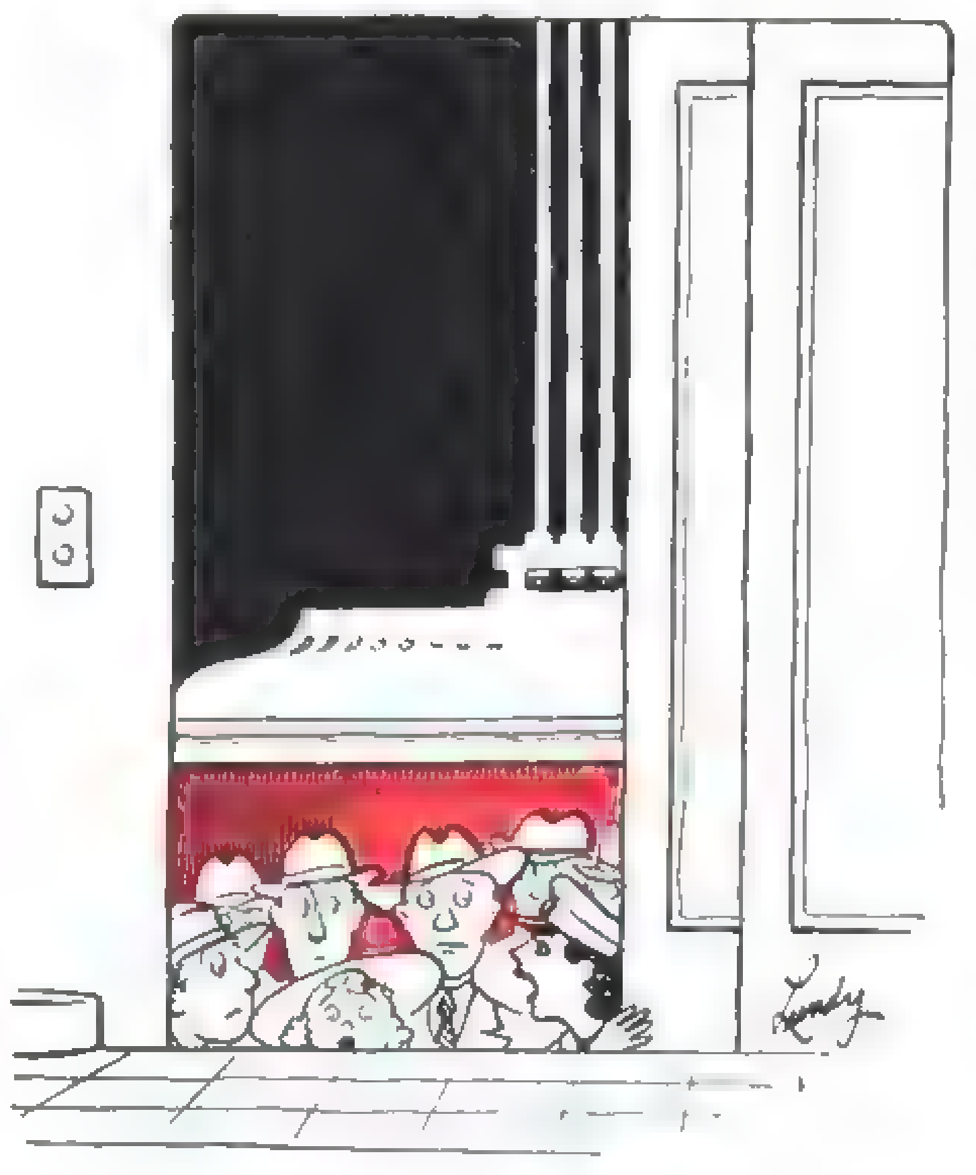
"Man-o-war style," he muttered. "A smart privateer, at least. What's the meaning of it?"

He took a step toward the forward companion, but checked at a sound and turned his head. He saw a narrow door on the port side move and open a little way and a face look out. Eyes of midnight purple met his eyes and widened and brightened, darkened and brightened again and again as if fairy candles were being moved back and forth behind them. She advanced to within a pace of him and lowered that luminous gaze.

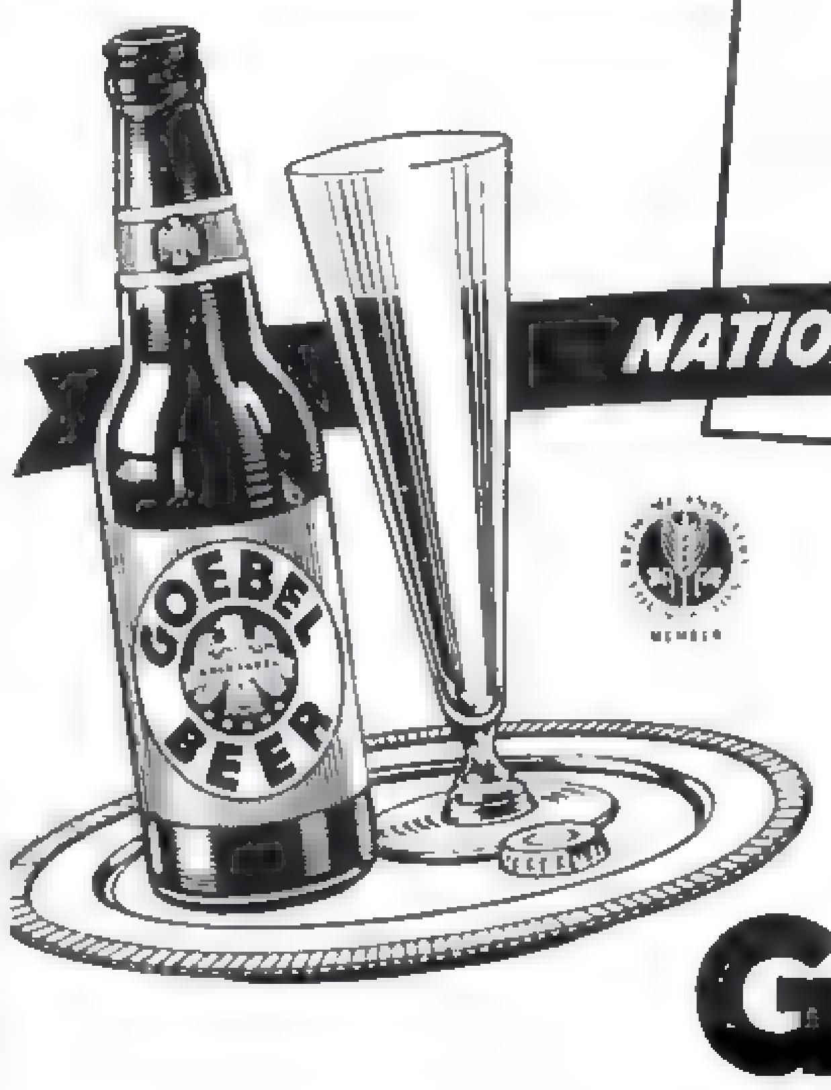
"It is you!—Glory be to God!" she whispered.

He knew her, but hadn't voice enough even for a whisper. It was that girl Teresa, more lovely than a dream. He made an effort to

*Continued on page 168*



*"Step up, please"*



# *On Atlanta's Peachtree Street*

*it's Brochette of Oysters at the Biltmore*

**RECIPE**

*for brochette of oysters as prepared by the Atlanta Biltmore*

Roll oysters and thin pieces of sweetbread in finely chopped parsley. Season with salt, pepper, powdered thyme. Slice parboiled bacon very thin, roll a slice around each oyster and piece of sweetbread.

Put four to six rolls on skewer, dip in beaten egg, roll in fresh bread crumbs, fry in deep hot fat (about 375°) until golden brown. Serve on toast, garnished with quartered lemon, lettuce, sliced tomato and dill pickle. Allow one or two skewers per serving.

**NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE**

Would you like to try a taste so good that it has won America? Just remember to always ask for . . .

**GOEBEL BEER**

AVAILABLE IN 7 OZ., 12 OZ. AND 32 OZ. BOTTLES • GOEBEL BREWING CO., DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN

PROPER HARDNESS IN STEEL MEANS EXTRA SHAVING COMFORT AND

**LONGER LASTING BLADES**

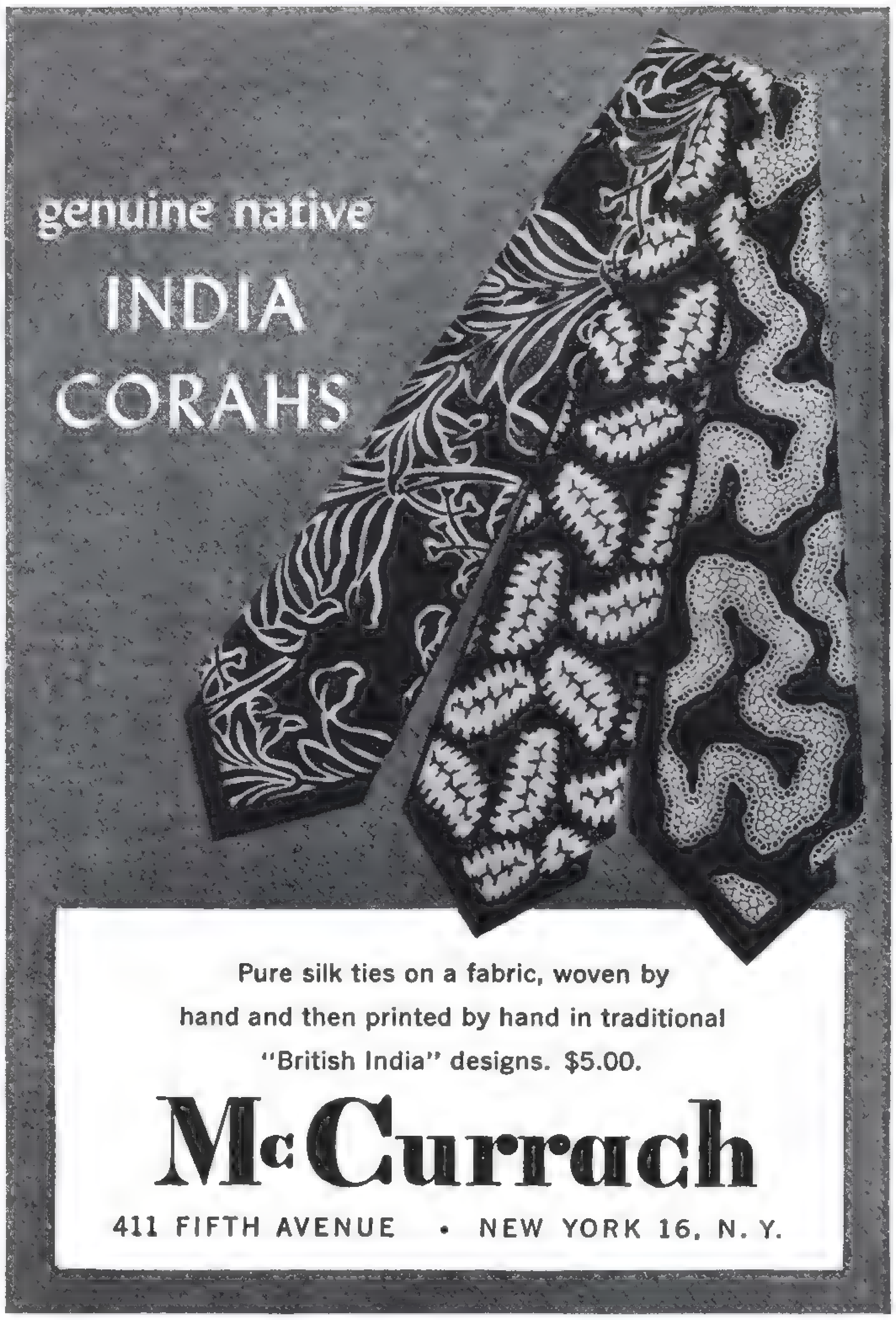
Now is the time to save time...and critical steel...by using longer-lasting PROFESSIONAL razor blades . . . which give smoother, longer-lasting shaves. PROFESSIONAL blades are scientifically treated and precision tested for hardness and durability ...two important elements insuring complete shaving satisfaction! Ask for PROFESSIONAL blades to-day!

INSTRUMENT FOR TESTING THE HARDNESS OF STEEL

FIVE BLADES for 25¢

**Professional** PRECISION-MADE ★ RUST-RESISTANT **BLADES**

PROFESSIONAL BLADE CO., NEWARK, 2, NEW JERSEY



genuine native INDIA CORAHS

Pure silk ties on a fabric, woven by hand and then printed by hand in traditional "British India" designs. $5.00.

**McCurrach**

411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

LEWIS
HARRIS
UIST
BARRA

EVERY YARD OF GENUINE HARRIS TWEED IS HAND-WOVEN IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES

• Far across the Atlantic, in the wind-swept isles of the Outer Hebrides of Scotland, Harris Tweed is woven by the crofters in their own cottages today as it has been for generations.

Harris Tweed is a registered trade mark which, under rulings of the British Board of Trade and the Federal Trade Commission, refers only to virgin Scottish wool tweed, hand woven in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland.

Look for the Trade Mark on the Cloth
Look for the Label on the Garment

HAND WOVEN
HarrisTweed
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
Nº 353757
COPYRIGHT 1937
GRANTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BOARD OF TRADE TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH

*Issued by The*
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
10 Old Jewry, London, E. C. 2, England

*Harris Tweed assures wear, distinction and style.*

*Supreme*
AMONG WATERPROOF WATCHES

CROTON 14-kt. GOLD
"AQUAMEDICO"—$100

Distinguished, handsomely styled 17-jewel, 14-kt. gold timekeeper, preferred by discriminating men. It's waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic — with sweep second hand, luminous dial, unbreakable glass. At better stores. . . .

*Croton*
WATCHES
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

*Write for free booklet.*
*Croton Watch Co., 48 W. 48th St.,*
*New York 19, N.Y.*

# A Disreputable Interlude

*Continued from pages 81-165-167*

find his voice and he spoke.

"What ship is this?" he blurted.

She shook her bowed head.

"And where is King Hob?"

"I do not know. My head, it was tied in a bag. I am given a bitter drink. I sleep—and wake in a hammock—and I am here."

She pressed her hands to her face. Captain John Paul stepped close to her.

"We've been kidnapped," he said tonelessly. "By a French privateer?—or a common pirate? Well, the letter-of-marque would be the best for you. I hope to God 'tis so! But for myself?"

If this ship were an enemy privateer, he would be treated as a prisoner of war; and he pictured his captivity in some pestiferous hellhole of French Guinea.

Teresa was sobbing by now, with her hands still pressed to her face. He laid a gentle hand on one of her quaking shoulders.

"Don't cry," he begged her. "They'll not harm you—not if she's a French letter-of-marque. And she's too smart for a pirate, I reckon."

John Paul and the girl were startled by a wheezy chuckle. He stepped away from her and turned with his right hand on the shark-skin grip of his cutlass and the heavy blade jerked loose and a handsbreadth withdrawn. He caught his breath at what he saw, the most massive and bulging human figure he had ever beheld. The shoulders were like a hill topped by a short neck like a Martello tower, and the keg-like head had a face to match, bearded to the eyes with curled and glossy whiskers. Red lips, yellow teeth and gold earrings flashed from that sable jungle, and the eyes were crinkled in mirth.

"'Vast heavin'!" exploded a gusty voice. "Thar bees no call for cold iron, nor yet hot shot. Cap'n Paul, meet Cap'n Magraw."

In a daze, John Paul slammed the cutlass home and shook hands.

"Happy to meet ye, Cap'n Paul," continued the amazing man. "An' happy to meet yerself in this sociable an' friendly manner, Cap'n Magraw, sez you. Now set ye down. An' you too, young lady. And I'll take the chair Chips built special for me."

He sat down in the great armchair at the table. The girl pressed her hands to her eyes again, after one look at him. John Paul gaped like a booby, for he knew the reputation of Captain Magraw.

"Maybe ye've heard of me, Cap'n?" enquired the mountainous one, jovially.

A confusion of thoughts churned in John Paul's brain. His lips moved, but nothing came of it.

"And I have heared of smart young Cap'n Paul," continued the other. "So, when a stinkin' little fishin' boat runs aboard me—and I diskivver that master-navigator himself in her, overtook by strong

KEEP IT FULL
FOR THE LONG PULL!

Willing Willa writes wilful Willie Wednesdays! Wonderful words . . . written without woe. Willa wishes Willie would write willingly. What wonderful words writes Willa? . . . "Dearest Stupid: Why won't you learn to fill your pen properly? Then I could read it *all* . . . not just the splutters for kisses!"

Of course Willa's right! Proper filling makes pens willing . . .

**ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!**

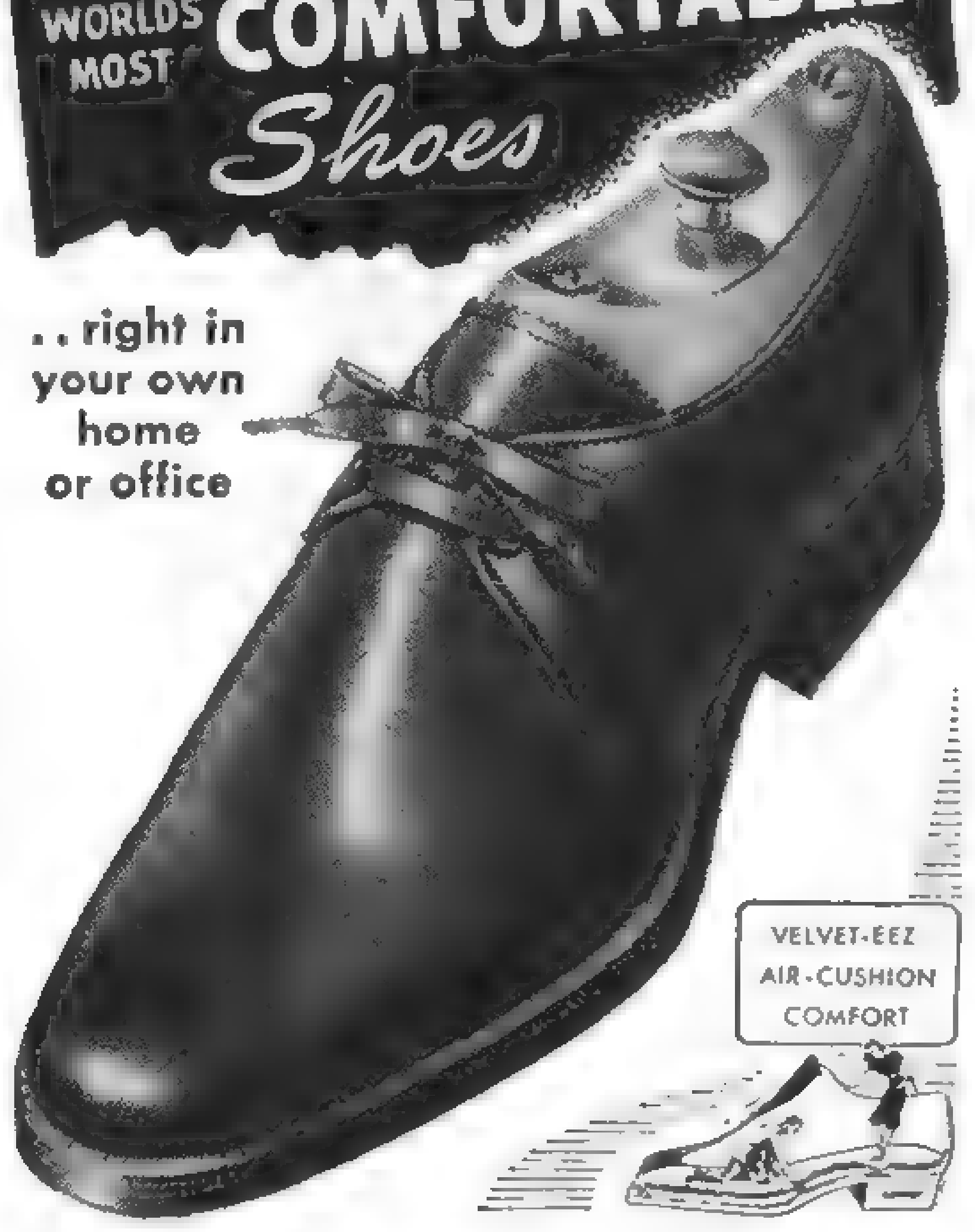
An Inkograph Pen will give perfect satisfaction for many years—equal to that you expect from the highest-priced fountain pen—*provided you fill it properly.* If you haven't received one of our instruction sheets from your dealer, send us a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope and we will mail you a copy.

Beware of imitations—Only by getting the genuine can you enjoy *all the advantages* offered by Inkograph. Look for the name Inkograph on every pen.

*Please do not order pens by mail. Go to your dealer.*

*DeLuxe Model* INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. 13

Choose MASON'S
WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE
Shoes


. . right in your own home or office
VELVET-EEZ AIR-CUSHION COMFORT

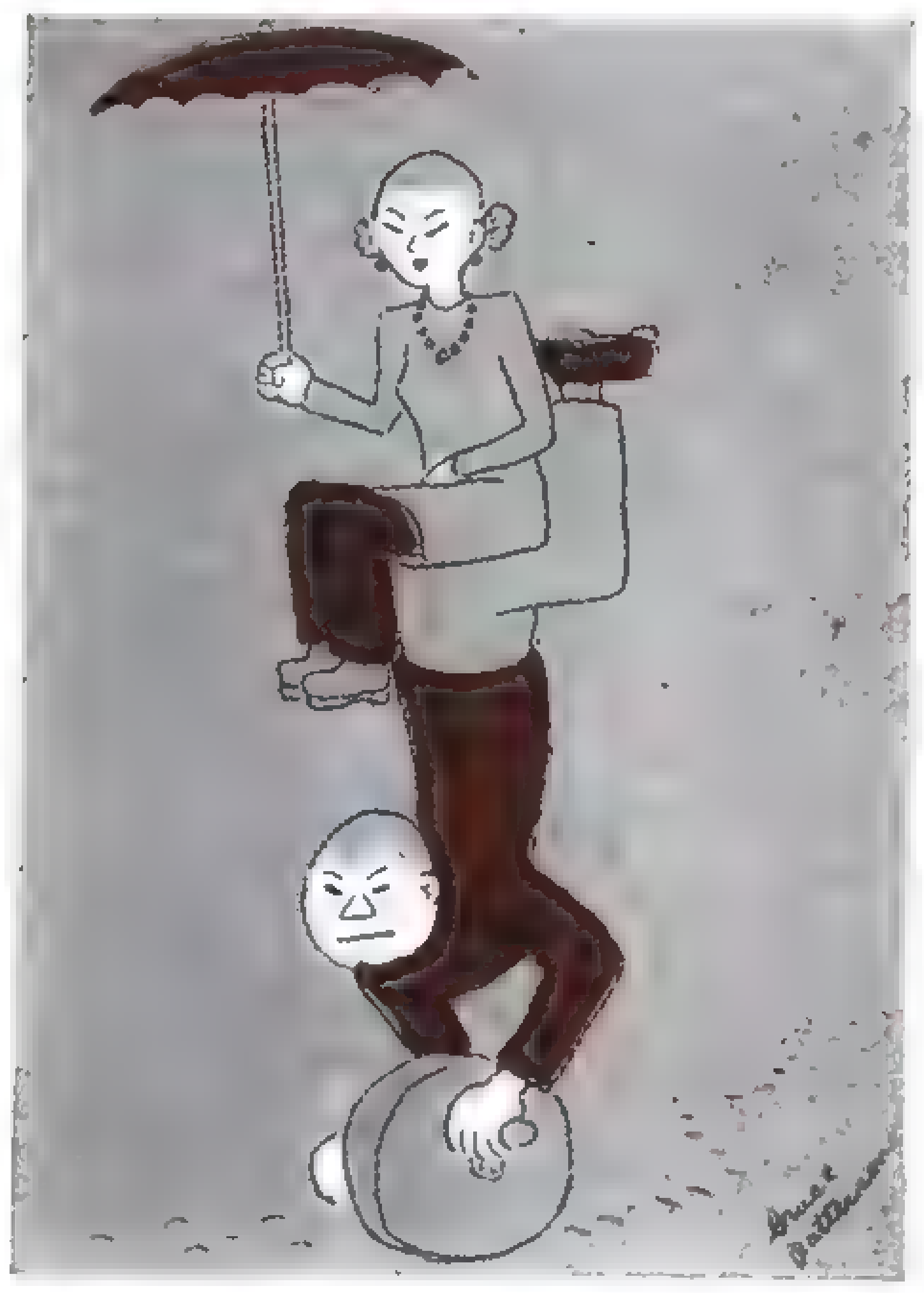
YOUR MASON MAN . . .

is a factory-trained EXPERT in giving you the utmost in COMFORT. He brings you Luxury Shoes at Economy Prices, because he is the direct representative of the greatest Factory of its type in the world. Drop us a line, and we'll have him call and demonstrate how you can cradle your feet on 10,000 tiny Air Bubbles—you'll never be satisfied with ordinary shoes again. You'll be under no obligation to buy—send us a letter or post-card TODAY.

MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. M-224, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin
Affiliated Companies
Consolidated Shoe System . . . Victor Thomas Shoe Co.

drink or maybe dead fish, I make so bold as to fetch ye aboard and away, and yer runaway sweetheart along with ye, for 'twill never be said o' Jerry Magraw, he ain't romantical. But set ye down, Cap'n—and the young lady too—and we'll have a drap of refreshment."

He turned his great face up to the open skylight and shouted, "Lay aft, Sylvester!"



Sylvester came a'running. He was black and lanky. He wore a breech-cloth and a hastily donned starched white jacket with brass buttons.

"A bottle 'o Canary wine for the lady an' the usual for the gentlemen," ordered Magraw.

"I don't understand this," said John Paul.

"'Twas a act o' Providence, ye may lay to that," said Magraw. "Here was me short a navigator, owin' to the sudden death of our Mister Smith, when along comes yerself, like a answer to a prayer."

"What d'ye want of me?" asked John Paul.

"Axed like a gentleman! Navigation bees wot I want o' ye, Cap'n—that and yer edifyin' society."

"Or else?" asked John Paul.

The other sighed and turned his glance on the young woman.

"Need ye ax?" replied Magraw, in a voice of sad resignation.

"I got forty-two pirates aboard," he continued gently. "Forty-two devils, Cap'n, wot fears neither God nor King Jarge nor Old Nick, but only Cap'n Jerry Magraw. A word from me, and they could be trusted in a young ladies' sementery; a diffrunt word from me and hell busts loose. Sign on with me, Cap'n, and yer sweetheart bees as safe here as in church."

Captain John Paul signed on with that notorious pirate Jerry Magraw, of the topsail-schooner *Cornucopia*, without further talk.

The pirate proved as good as his word. Teresa had her berth to herself and shared the fine after-cabin with John Paul, Captain Magraw and Sylvester, the steward. Magraw treated her with ponderous courtesy, the steward treated her with servility and young Captain Paul became the

*Continued on page 170*

Richard Decker

*"Sleepwalking my eye! She smells Sir Walter Raleigh!"*

ASLEEP OR AWAKE, there's no mistaking the grand aroma of Sir Walter Raleigh—especially when it's in a pipe that gets cleaned *regularly!* Yes, mild, cool-burning Sir Walter is in a class by itself when it comes to sniff-appeal ... 'cause it's a blend of the choicest, mellowest Burley tobaccos money can buy. Today, try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH**
**PIPE TOBACCO**

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

**"I just had to come back to show the boys my Fruit of the Loom Nightshirt."**

He thought there was nothing like Fruit of the Looms this side of Heaven . . . smartly tailored by Weldon. Nothing to bind or chafe. With the unconditional Fruit of the Loom guarantee. $2.95

FRUIT of the LOOM
*Nightshirts by Weldon*

LUBIN-WEEKER CO., INC., 1270 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
*Sherries & Ports*

A tradition of excellence for nearly 150 years

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

A Great Sweater for the Great Outdoors

get an **argyle** by

**Revere**

For hiking . . . early victory gardening . . . for all outdoor activity, this smart Revere pure wool sweater thwarts chilly spring breezes.

The broad-shouldered masculine lines and bright, eye-catching colors, topped with a practical V-neck, make Argyle a sweater that makes you look as good as you feel.

The soft-to-touch richness of virgin wool, the striking pattern and casual luxury tell you that the Argyle, like all Revere sportswear, is the finest.

ARGYLE • Sizes 36–46 • About $6.50

*Better Department Stores and Men's Shops everywhere feature these two famous labels*

Revere

"travelo" KNIT JACKET 100% VIRGIN WOOL REVERE KNITTING MILLS INC. MALDEN, MASS.

REVERE KNITTING MILLS, INC.

Malden, Mass. • 302 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 835 Merchandise Mart, Chicago

DUTCH MASTERS
THE MASTER CIGAR
"LET'S BE FRIENDS"

When you offer a man a Dutch Masters, it's just like saying, "Let's be friends." For when two smokers share the treasured company of truly great cigars, a single match can light a life-long friendship.

DUTCH MASTERS

## A Disreputable Interlude

*Continued from pages 85-165-167-169*

moonstruck lover as King Hob's warnings faded from his conscience. Teresa kept out of sight of the crew, but walked the poop deck at night on John Paul's arm. As for the young navigator, he shot the sun and stars, charted courses, stood the late Mr. Smith's watches and let his generous heart go its reckless way. Magraw praised his work and called him Johnny.

After ten days and nights of sailing in peace and fair weather, there was a chase and a capture. There was no fight worth mentioning. Teresa kept to the cabin, most of the time with her fingers in her ears. John Paul kept to his station until the grapnels were thrown and the pirates sprang among their victims like wolves among huddled sheep. Then he descended to the cabin with a bloodless face and helped himself to rum with a shaking hand.

That was a rich prize, and Captain Magraw celebrated by drinking himself into a crying jag.

"I bees nought only a big soft baby at heart, Johnny," he blubbered.

"What's Tessy?" he asked.

The girl was in her berth.

"Ain't she sweet, Johnny?" he continued. "An' smart, too. Sue's smart, an' Tessy takes arter her Ma; and ye'll admit her ole man ain't no fool neither, Johnny."

"What d'ye mean?" asked John Paul. "Who's Sue? D'ye mean Angostura Sue? And if so, what d'ye know of her?"

Captain Magraw laughed heartily, though tears still glistened in his whiskers.

"She bees me own wedded wife, or as good as wedded anyhow—an' Tessy bees me own darlin' daughter—yer sweetheart Tessy, me lad—that I know," he crowed.

John Paul stared, dumbfounded. Magraw patted his shoulder.

"Sue's idee—but ye be Tessy's choice, Johnny, me lad," he said, smirking his good will. "Sue bees all for respectability, but yer sweetheart's all for love. And respectable ye'll be—an' rich, too—'stablished in Virginy like a landed gentleman and his beautiful lady. Wimmen's all for respectability an' gentility—even the best of 'em. So ye'll set a course for Tobago, me lad; and I'll put ye two love birds back ashore in Smugglers' Cove. Our Tessy knows the way home from thar; an' my Sue will be waitin' for ye with a priest and a parson an' all the fixin's for a respectable an' water-tight weddin', ye can lay to that!"

"So it was all a trick, was it?" asked John Paul, in a dazed voice.

"Aye, Johnny, a trick wot saved ye from trial for murder by them rift-raft mutineers and puts a beautiful wife and a genteel fortune into yer arms," replied Captain Jerry Magraw.

John Paul tried to think straight, but his was not a case for straight

PAL HOLLOW-GROUND BLADE AFTER 3 SHAVES
ORDINARY BLADE AFTER 3 SHAVES
PAL U.S.A. HOLLOW GROUND
PAL
DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE
THE Camera shows you WHAT YOUR FACE CAN FEEL

From actual, unretouched photomicrographs, enlargement 20 diameters after the same man used each blade 3 times.

Pal hollow-ground blades are Flexible in your razor. Shave with no "bearing down", no scraping. Just a "Feather Touch" and off come the meanest, toughest whiskers that ever grew.

That's why PAL HOLLOW GROUND Razor Blades
SAVE tender SKINS
SAVE delicate Blade Edges

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

Fit all regular razors perfectly

Andover CLOTHES

Always a step ahead in the style parade

Andover Clothes, Inc.
841 W. JACKSON BLVD. • CHICAGO 7, ILL.

thinking. He had killed his late mate. He had signed on and served with pirates. He loved and was to marry a pirate's daughter and live like a gentleman on bloodstained gold. He was glad that King Hob had been left behind, for he could imagine what that strait-laced, high-minded African would say. He did not hear a door open, nor his love's approach, but he felt her smooth, soft arms on his shoulders.

"I played a trick on you to get you, my Johnny," she murmured.

Still with his hands to his brow, he asked, "Where is King Hob?"

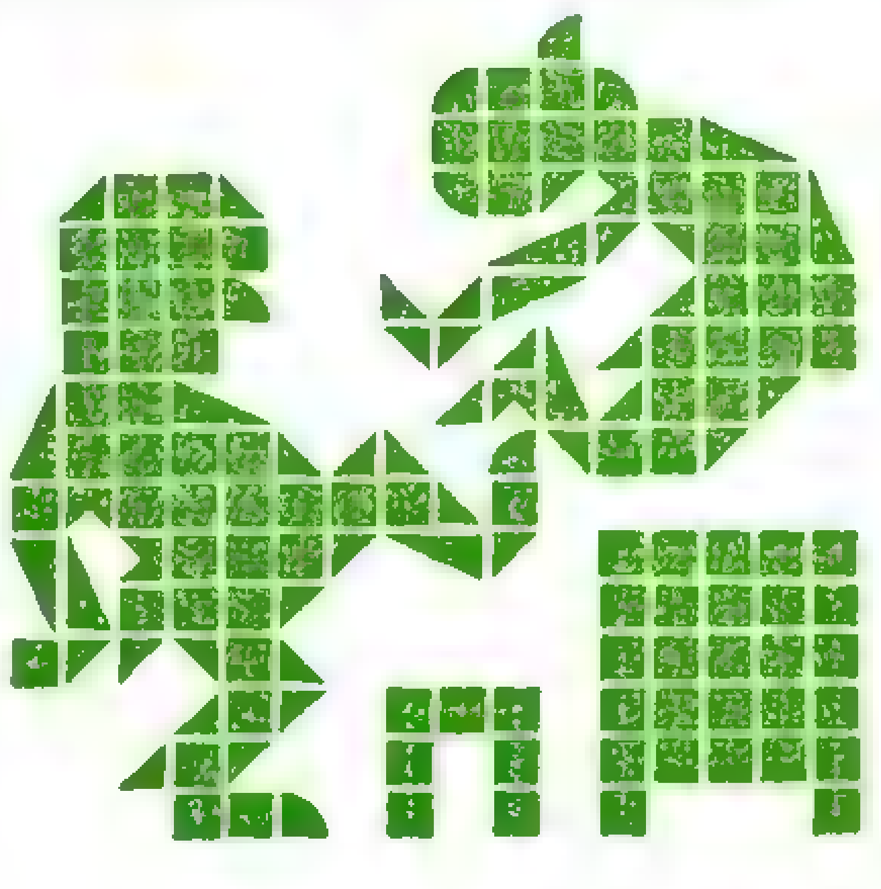
"I think he deserted you."

"Good!—for I can do without his damned sermons!" he cried, and he turned on his chair and seized his lovely love in his arms and pressed his lips to her brow, her eyes and her tremulous mouth.

A week later, at midnight, the lovers put off from the big topsail-schooner with Captain Magraw's blessing, two small but hefty leather bags for Angostura Sue and five trusty pirates for pilot and rowers, to find their way into the secret cove. They were at the very mouth of the cove when a long shadow slipped from the starshine. Oars and paddles clattered. The boat rocked violently. John Paul was yanked from his seat, and gagged and bound and then he was blindfolded. He heard the voice of King Hob.

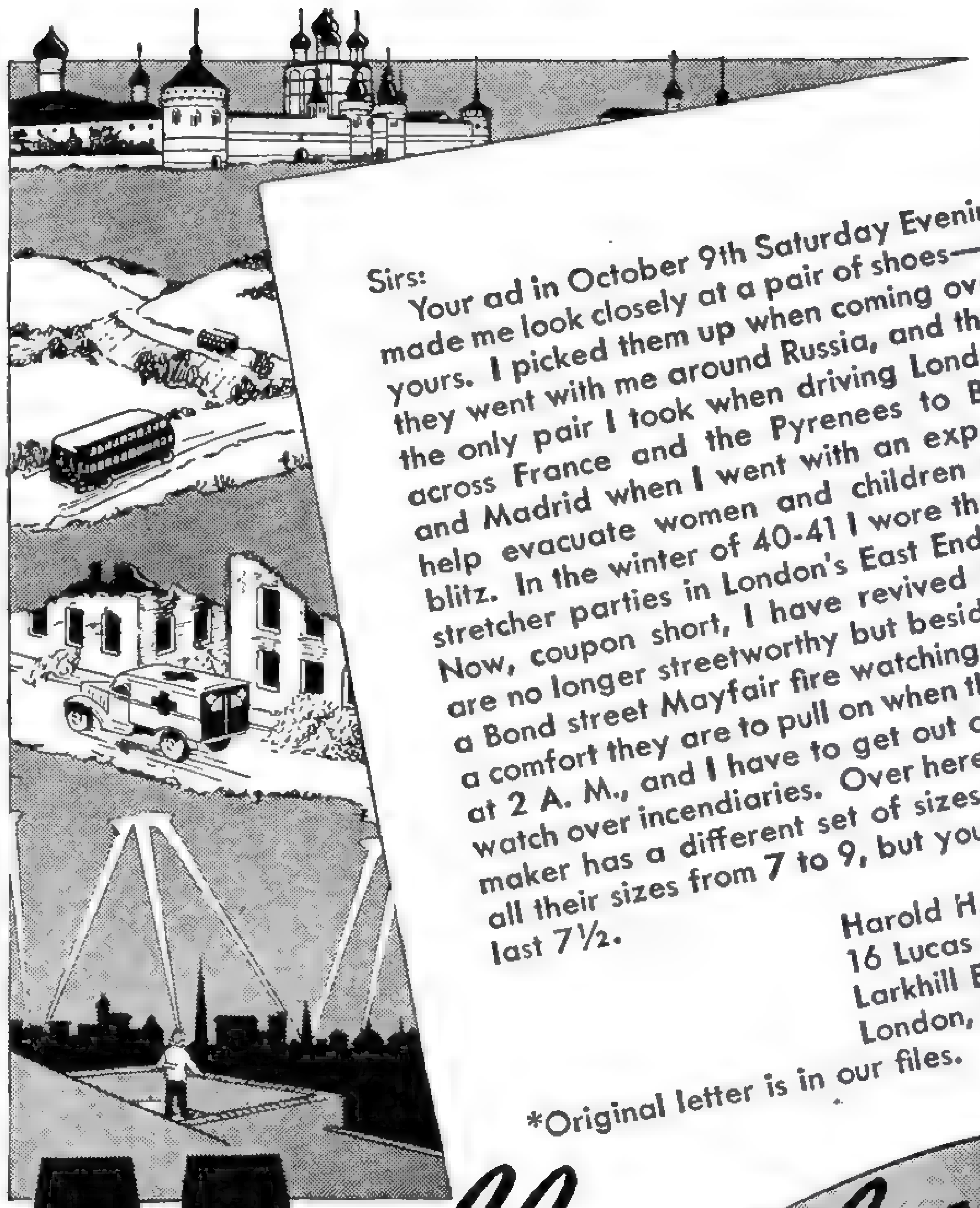
"Pull back to where you came from, you scum! I spare you for Miss Teresa's sake. As for you, young lady—may God show you the error of your ways!"

John Paul squirmed helplessly in the bottom of the big Carib canoe. He had no idea how King Hob came to be there, or where he had been, or what manner of men his new-found confederates were. These things, he knew, would all be explained in good time. At the moment he was puzzling over a thing King Hob had just said: "And as for you, Sir, have you no faith in your own bright and ruddy star?" ⧺



**Seats of Trouble**

*The Navy says that we*
*must build*
*More bottoms, and we'll*
*do it, too,*
*But we could get the order*
*filled*
*Much faster if we kicked*
*a few.*



Sirs:

Your ad in October 9th Saturday Evening Post made me look closely at a pair of shoes—they're yours. I picked them up when coming over here; they went with me around Russia, and they were the only pair I took when driving London buses across France and the Pyrenees to Barcelona and Madrid when I went with an expedition to help evacuate women and children from that blitz. In the winter of 40-41 I wore them driving stretcher parties in London's East End dockland. Now, coupon short, I have revived them. They are no longer streetworthy but beside my cot at a Bond street Mayfair fire watching post—what a comfort they are to pull on when the alert goes at 2 A. M., and I have to get out on the roof to watch over incendiaries. Over here, I think every maker has a different set of sizes. I have worn all their sizes from 7 to 9, but yours was a wide last 7½.

Harold H. Metcalfe
16 Lucas House
Larkhill Estate
London, England, S.W. 8

*Original letter is in our files.

Holland SHOES
QUALITY Racine

**HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC. Holland, Michigan**

A CUE TO FINE ENJOYMENT:

*"The World's Best is Jamaica Rum*
*Jamaica's Best is Myers's Rum"*

*Try a Myers's Million Cocktail
Appealing—Delicious—Appetizing

**MYERS'S** *"Planters' Punch" Brand Rum 100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof*

*For free illustrated recipe book, write:

R.U.Delapenha & Co., Inc., *Agents in U.S.A.*, 57 Laight St., Dept. F-3, New York 13, N.Y.

PORTIA Set 587.50
Engagement Ring 500.00

AMES Set 260.00
Engagement Ring 250.00

WAVERLY Set 400.00
Engagement Ring 300.00

PASADENA Set 134.75
Engagement Ring 100.00

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the ring.

Rings enlarged to show details.

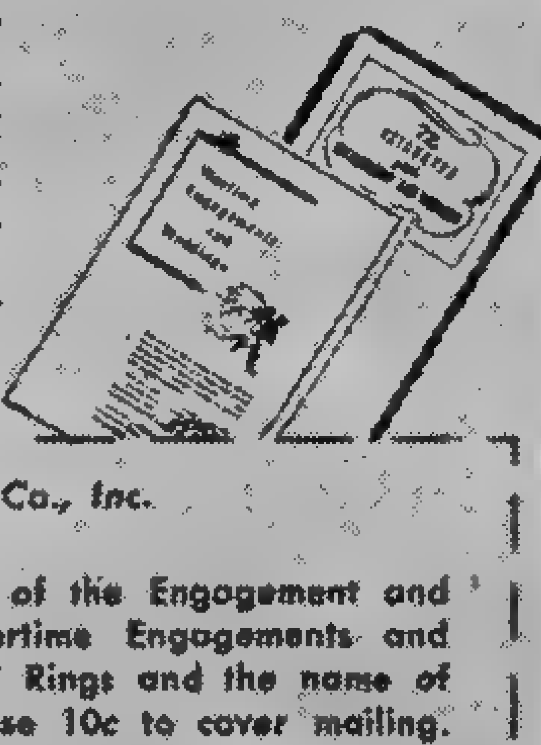
THE TRADITIONAL SYMBOL OF THE ENGAGEMENT...

a GENUINE-REGISTERED Keepsake

DIAMOND RING

IF YOU love her deeply . . . if you want to give her something she will cherish always . . . then give her a "Keepsake" Diamond Engagement Ring. Through six decades the name "Keepsake" has represented traditionally fine standards of color, cut and clarity in diamonds. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of quality and value. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . to $2500.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS *you may send a money order to the person to whom you want to give a "Keepsake" and have that person write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. There are Authorized Keepsake Jewelers in practically every city and town in the United States, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Hawaii and Alaska.*



*Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.*
*214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.*

Please send the book, "The Étiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

*Name*..........

*Street and No*..........

*City*.......... E 3-44

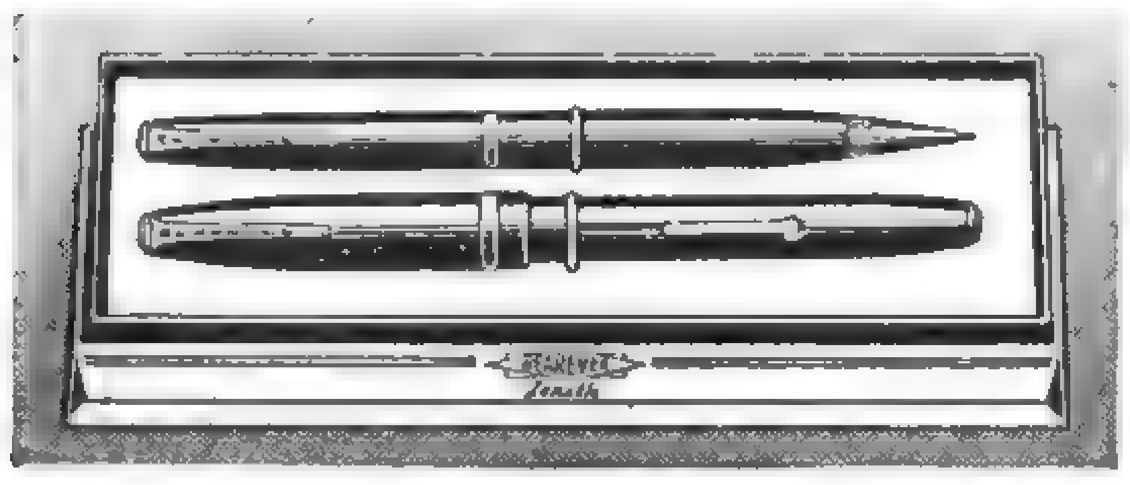
WEAREVER
Zenith
WEAREVER
$1.95
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
14K MADE IN USA
By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

It's the "write" thing to do

Write that soldier or sailor today. Letters from you make his thoughts easier, happier—help him do his job better. So it's important to write him and write him often. Let a Wearever Zenith pen speed your writing . . . a fine, durable, ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Of course, our armed forces have first call today, so if your dealer can't supply you, it's because the service man is served first!

DAVID KAHN, Inc. (est. 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil Set in attractive gift box . . . . . . $2.75



## INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

MARCH 1944

Abels, Robert 15
Abbott's Bitters 22
Adler Shoes for Men 8
Allen Edmonds 173
Allen's (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 107
Alligator Co., The 106
American Airlines, Inc. III Cover
American Safety Razor Corp. (Gem) 156
Ameritex (Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc.) 97
Andover Clothes, Inc. 170
Argus (International Industries, Inc.) 153
Arrid 118
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 95
Arrow Importing Co., Inc. (Corduroyal) 161

Bancroft Cap Co. 160
Barclay & Co., Ltd. (Corby's) 98
Bell Watch Co. 8
Blatz Brewing Co. 149
Book League of America 17
Book-of-the-Month Club 9
Bostonians (Footsaver Shoes) 149
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (King) 14
B. V. D. 165

Calvert Distillers Corp. 96
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale Brandy) 21
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Johnnie Walker 125
  Water, Ginger Ale 150
Cash's Woven Nametape 15
Castle Films, Inc. 139
Chrysler Corp. 3
Clapp & Son, Inc., Edwin 151
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 95
Cohama Men's Wear Fabrics 115
Columbia Wales Craft Co. 16
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 22
Cons-O-Lite Co. 16
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 102
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 98
Corduroyal (Arrow Importing Co., Inc.) 161
Coronet Brandy (Schenley Distillers Corp.) 144
Cortina Academy 8, 16, 18
Cougar (Eagle Clothes) 145
Crest Specialty Co. (Spiffy) 160
Croton Watch Co. 168

Dagger Jamaica Rums (Schieffelin & Co.) 156
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R.U. (Myers's Rum) 171
Disney Hats 127
Dobbs Hats 27, 103
Don Cossack (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 107
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) 147
Drueke & Sons, Wm. F. 158
Duncan, Muriel 15
Dutch Masters 170

Eagle Clothes (Cougar) 145
Eaton Co., Charles A. 158
Educator Shoe Corp. (Kinney) 12
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 104

Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 166
Fields & Co. (Readinjack) 8
"51" (The Parker Pen Co.) II Cover
Flagg Bros:
  Brawny Brogues 164
  Moccasins 166

GILBERT
1 POUND NET

If, overnight, we could make twice as much Gilbert's, we still could not supply the demand, for most of our chocolates go to the Service men and women. That is the way you would want it, we know. . . . So buy more war bonds and save for the day when fine things may be had in abundance. . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Co., Jackson, Michigan.

GILBERT
*Chocolates*
THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

In any event wire Flowers
To My Valentine

There is no sweeter way to say "Will You Be My Valentine?" Whether it's a special occasion or just because you're thoughtful, flowers say things for you in a way people never forget. Flowers boost morale too, so—

*In Any Event Wire Flowers.*

But remember, Valentine orders should be in early, so do it now! Give your F.T.D. Florist enough time to deliver your Valentine flowers on time.

In any event wire Flowers

THIS SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. All florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window. Write Direct to Headquarters.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 E. Grand Blvd. . Detroit, Michigan
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

## INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

*(Continued)*

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association .................. 172
Florsheim Shoe Co., The ........ 4
Footsaver Shoes (Bostonians) .... 149
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal) ...................... 157
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc. (Four Roses) ................ 11

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) .. 166
Gem (American Safety Razor Corp.) ...................... 156
General Motors (Oldsmobile) .... 109
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O ... 172
Gilbey's Gin (National Distillers Products Corp.) .............. 28
Globe Novelty House (Royal London) .............. 18
Glover's ...................... 16
Goebel Brewing Company ...... 167
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. ........ 112
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe) ........... 8
"Gripper" Fasteners (Scovill Mfg. Co.) .................. 143

Hamilton Watches ............. 162
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. ..... 164
Harper, I. W. (Stagg-Finch Dist.) 19
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd. ....... 168
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) ............... 169
Havana Club Rum (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.) .. 142
Henry Leonard and Thomas (Royalton) .................. 18
Heublein & Bro., G. F. (A-1 Sauce) ...................... 22
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc. ...... 171
Hollywood Polish Co. ........... 8
Home Game Co. (Porta Poker) .. 16
Homeland Tailors, Inc. .......... 16
House of Heywood, The (Matrix Shoes) ...................... 123
Hull Mfg. Co. .................. 16

Ink-o-graph Co., Inc. ........... 168
International Industries, Inc. (Argus) ..................... 153
Iodent ....................... 18

Je Reviens (Worth) ............ 145
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) .......... 102

Kahn, Inc., David (Wearever Zenith Pen) ................. 172
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) ................... 171
Kelly's, Jimmy ................ 22
Kensington (M. S. Walker, Inc.). 107
King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.) ...................... 14
Kinney (Educator Shoe Corp.) .... 12
Kinsey Distilling Corp. ......... 119
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 104
Knox ........................ 13

Lanchaud's ................... 166
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc. ....................... 15
LaPlaya (Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc.) 129
Leon & Eddie's ................ 22
Leroux & Co., Inc. ............. 174
Lexol (The Martin Dennis Co.) .. 16
Lifebuoy:
  Shaving Cream .............. 153
  Soap ...................... 159
Linguaphone Institute .......... 15
Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc:
  Ameritex .................... 97
  Weldon .................... 169

*Continued on page 174*

TODAY
**GUNS for HIM**
TOMORROW
**OVERTON Bent Wood TRAYS**
and other nice things for you

The "man with the gun" now holds our business in his hands; — and as the Overton gun stocks pour out to him, they hasten the day when you can once again indulge your choice of those choice Overton Bentwood Trays of a yesteryear.

**S. E. OVERTON CO. • South Haven, Mich.**

R FURNITURE

*This Modern Suite is First in Favor.*

You are welcome to visit our showrooms in the following listed cities

NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.

MAKERS OF BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

Boston Cleveland Chicago Cincinnati Detroit Kansas City Milwaukee
Minneapolis New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh Sheboygan St. Louis

FOR LOCAL ADDRESS CONSULT TELEPHONE BOOK AND PLEASE NOTE THAT PURCHASES MAY BE MADE ONLY THROUGH AUTHORIZED DEALERS

**YOU'LL BE WILD**
**ABOUT THESE WILD BOARHIDES!**

Nothing else like them! Tough as a tank—flexible as a 'chute—waterproof as a pontoon—and as swanky as the girls in uniform. Famed Osteo-path-ik nailess construction guarantees a world of comfort. No breaking in. Illustrated—the Nord, of Turf tan boarhide with full heavy leather sole.

$11.00
*West of Rockies* $11.50

*See classified phone directory "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer, or order direct including ration coupon. Write for free booklet, "The Shoe of Tomorrow!" Dept. EF.*

STYLED BY
Allen Edmonds

**Allen Edmonds, Belgium, Wisconsin**
OSTEO-PATH-IK NAILESS CONSTRUCTION

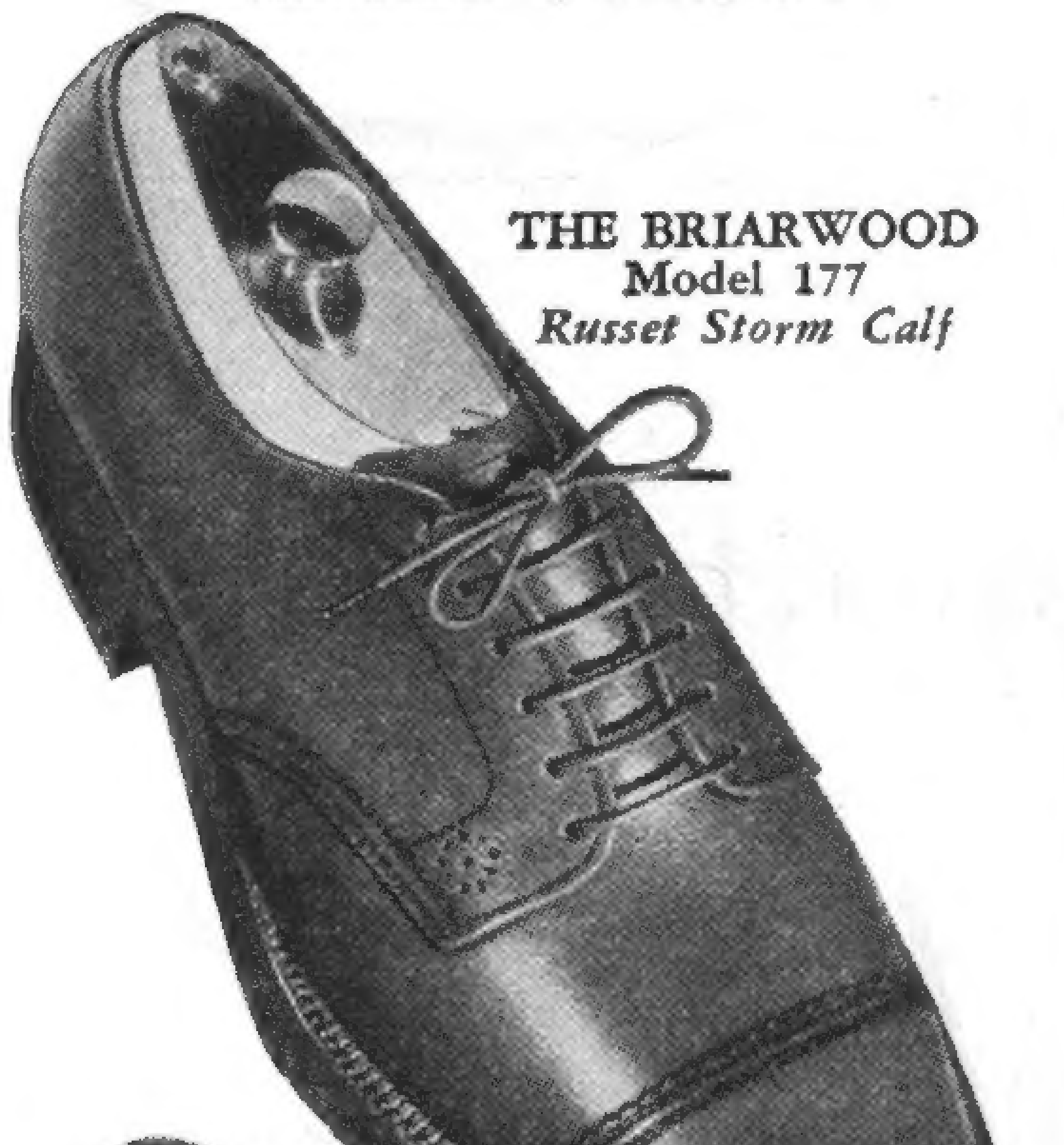
*Simply Elegant!*

Wrisley's
BATH SUPERBE
FOUR CAKES $1.00

**I'll Bet My Shirt But Not My Shoes**

That's right, mister—why take chances on your shoes? You don't want "cheap" ones—and fancy prices aren't always a guide. You'll find more blue chip values in the good leathers, comfort-fit, and fine workmanship that distinguish Weyenberg Shoes and men who wear them. See your Weyenberg dealer—or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



THE BRIARWOOD
Model 177
*Russet Storm Calf*

THE MIDWAY
Model 108
*Russet Calf, Hand Stained*

Weyenberg
SHOES FOR MEN
$5.50 TO $8.25

# INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

*(Concluded)*

Macfadden Foundation........ 18
Magazine Repeating Razor Co. (Schick)........ 146
Mallory Hat Co., The........ 121
Manhattan Shirt Co........ 26
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)........ 99
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc. (LaPlaya)........ 129
Marlin Firearms Co., The........ 16
Martin Co., The Glenn L........ 7
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co........ 168
Matrix Shoes (The House of Heywood)........ 123
McCurrach Ties........ 167
Merito Wines (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 161
Mid City Uniform Cap Co........ 154
Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 147
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor........ 16
  Marlboro Cigarettes........ 99
  Philip Morris........ 116
Multi-Facet Diamonds (Louis A. Roselaar)........ 165
Myers's Rum (R. U. Delapenha& Co., Inc.)........ 171

National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Gilbey's Gin........ 28
  Merito Wines........ 161
  Old Angus........ 150
  Old Crow........ 135
  Ron Merito........ 138
National Magic Co........ 16
National Premium Beer........ 22
New Era Shirt Co........ 148
North American Mutual Ins. Co.. 15
Northern Furniture Co........ 173
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co........ 111

Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 150
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 135
Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.)........ 162
OldMedford (M.S.Walker, Inc.).. 107
Old Melody (M. S. Walker, Inc.).. 107
Oldsmobile (General Motors)........ 109
Overton Co., S. E........ 173

Pabst Sales Co........IV Cover
Pacific Mills........ 20
Pal Razor Blades........ 170
Paris (A. Stein & Co.)........ 100
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords........ 21
  Harvey's........ 169
  Reserve........ 114
  Vat 69........ 128
Parker Pen Co., The ("51")..II Cover
Pennstate Cigar Corp. (Wedgewood Panatelas)........ 22
Peper Tobacco, Christian (London Dock)........ 21
Pepsi-Cola Co........ 117
Personna Blade Co., Inc........ 160
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 113
Plaza, The........ 21
Plymouth Mfg. Co........ 155
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds)........ 171
Professional Blade Co........ 167

Rabsons........8, 18
Rainfair, Inc........ 101
Raleigh, Sir Walter........ 169
Razoroll........ 8
Red Head Sport Shirts........ 158
Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.)........ 157
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals)... 155
Revere Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo)........ 170
River Mills, Dan (Spunray)........ 152
Rolfs Billfold........ 137
Ron Marno (M. S. Walker, Inc.)..107
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 138
Ronrico Corp........ 22
Ronson Lighters........ 163
Roselaar, Louis A. (Multi-Facet Diamonds)........ 165
Royal Tailors, Inc., The........ 164
Rugby Products Corp........ 163
Ry-Krisp........ 162

Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.)... 155
Schenley Royal Reserve (Schenley Dist. Corp.)........ 25
Schick (Magazine Repeating Razor Co.)........ 146
Schieffelin & Co:
  Dagger Jamaica Rums........ 156
  Don Q Rum........ 147
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross).. 8
Sellers Co., Ltd. (Van Merritt Beer)........ 154
Shedd-Bartush Foods, Inc........ 18
Sherman Bows........ 140
Sherwin Cody School of English.. 15
Signal Chemical Co. (Shu Prim Polish)........ 16
Simpson, Inc., J. B........ 136
Skinner & Sons, Wm........ 151
Smith Shoe Co., J. P........ 126
Spiffy (Crest Specialty Co.)........ 160
Spunray (Dan River Mills)........ 152
Stein Bros. Mfg. Co. (Stebco)... 159
Stein & Co., A. (Paris)........ 100
Stern, Inc., L. & H. (Sterncrest). 15
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)........ 162
Stone Tarlow Co., Inc........ 15
Sugar Mfrs'. Assn. (of Jamaica) Ltd., The........ 22
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 107

TexTan (Texas Tanning&Mfg.).. 130
Timely Clothes, Inc........ 141
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.)........ 170
Trix Co........ 18

Universal Geneva Watch Co........ 157

Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.). 113
Van Merritt Beer (Sellers Co., Ltd.)........ 154
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)........ 128
V-Line Clothes Co........ 146

Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)........ 125
Walker, Inc., M. S. (Allen's, Don Cossack, Kensington, Old Medford, Old Melody, Ron Marno, Swanee Pride)........ 107
Wearever Zenith Pen (David Kahn, Inc.)........ 172
Weldon (Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc.) 169
Wembley, Inc........ 124
Westminster Socks........ 152
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co........ 174
Whittemore Shoe Polish........ 15
Wildroot Co., Inc........ 148
Williams & Co., Inc., R. C. (Havana Club Rum)........ 142
Worth (Je Reviens)........ 145
Wrisley's Bath Superbe........ 173

Zenith Radio Corp........ 105
Zippo Mfg. Co........ 166

*While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.*

The very Quintessence of the Fruit
LEROUX
THE DISTILLED SPIRITS USED IN THIS PRODUCT ARE ALL BRANDY
LEROUX
Blackberry
FLAVORED
Brandy
LEROUX

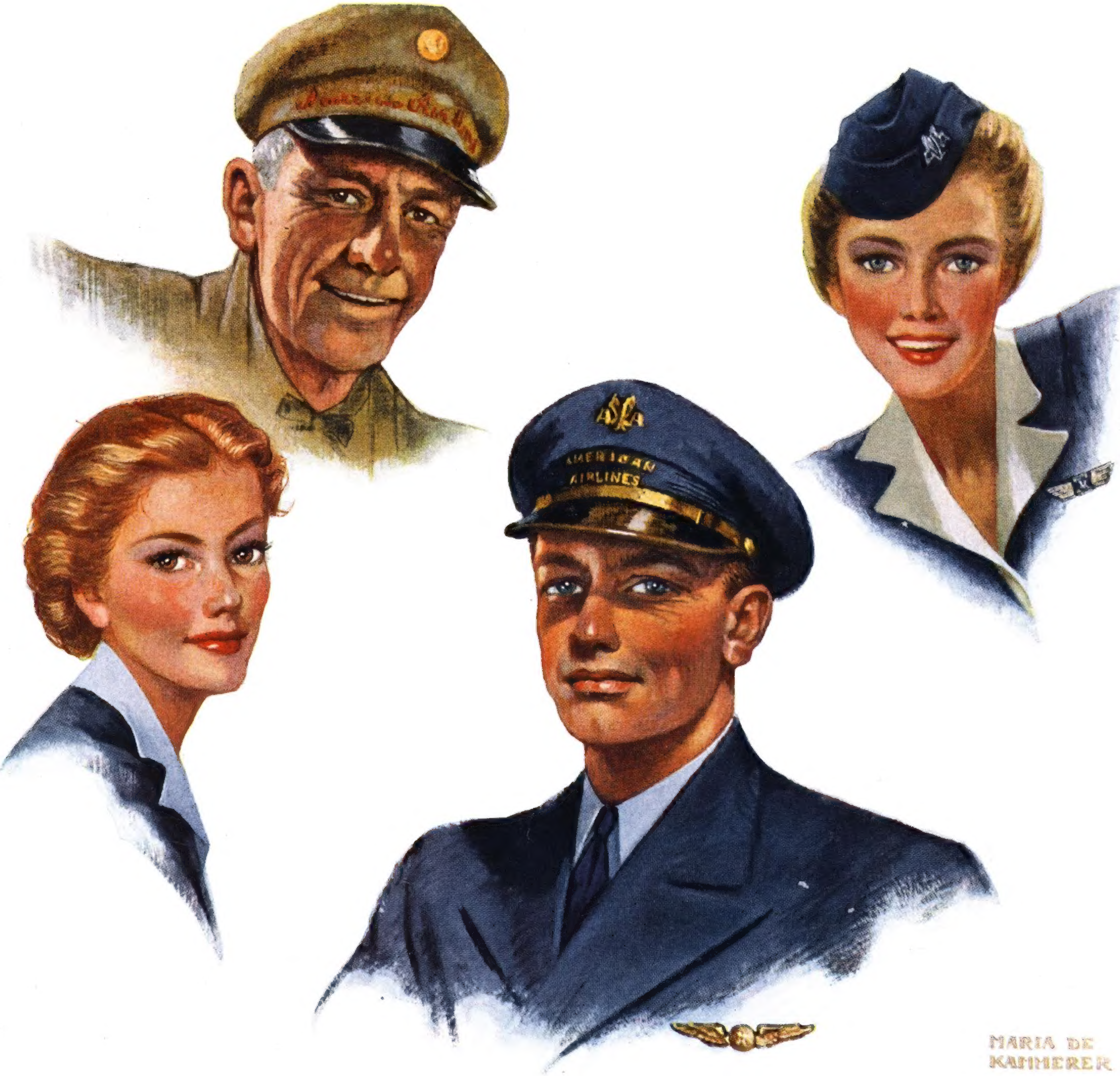
70 proof

ONE OF THE FAMED
LEROUX
Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

LEROUX & COMPANY, INC.
New York City • Philadelphia, Pa.

Available at better bars and package stores



# Courtesy Is Not Unpatriotic

Before Pearl Harbor when you traveled by Flagship for pleasure, as well as for business, you received personalized attention and courtesy from American Airlines. You expected thoughtfulness and civility as an integral part of American's service, as much as the time-saving advantage of air travel.

Then came the impact of war! Suddenly transport planes became so priceless that about half of American's Flagships were diverted to the military emergency. But the domestic transportation problem continues to increase in size and importance.

The four employees pictured above are typical of American's thousands, all of whom believe that politeness, and consideration of passenger welfare, *are needed and appreciated even more now than in peacetime.*

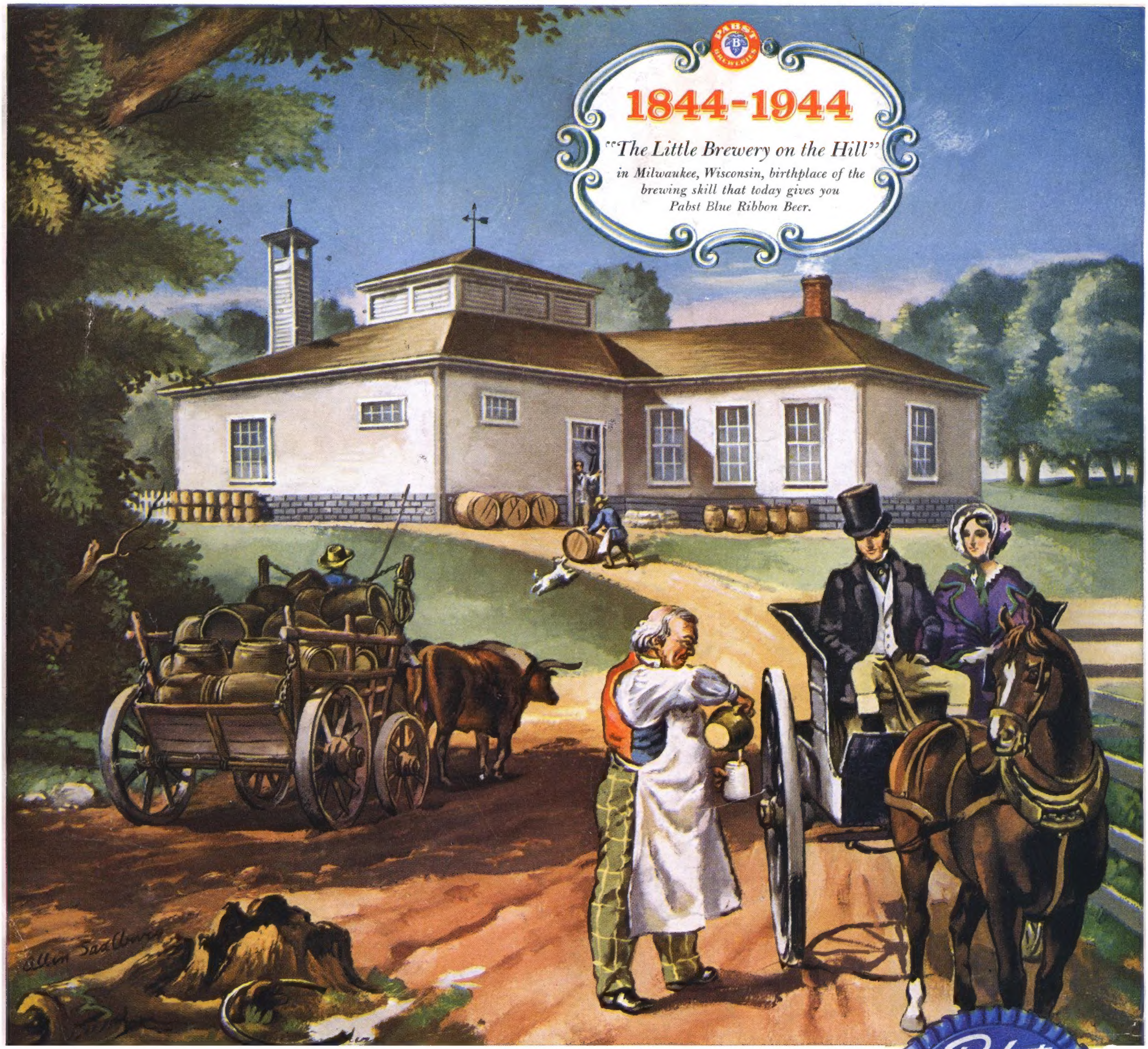
American's passengers are *people*—men and women who are working hard under the war strain. Aboard Flagships are technicians, scientists, Army and Navy personnel, manufacturers, engineers and many others who are more strenuously active than ever before. Bodies and minds become fatigued. Since you *must* travel, it is American's duty to make your trip as restful as possible.

In the air you are detached from the earth; free from the grind-on-the-ground. To make your Flagship trips interludes of relaxation is the aim of everyone in this organization.

American Airlines regrets there are not enough Flagships to serve many more essential travelers.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.* ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.



1844-1944

*"The Little Brewery on the Hill"*
*in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, birthplace of the brewing skill that today gives you Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.*

# OUR HUNDREDTH YEAR

Milwaukee was a tiny outpost when "the little brewery on the hill" produced its first barrel of beer. The year was 1844.

Today, a century later, the fame of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has spread to every corner of the civilized world. We have grown with America . . . shared her prosperity . . . weathered her depressions . . . had faith in her destiny.

We are grateful for the years of opportunity and achievement that lie behind us and ahead, under the free American way of life.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

*America's Symbol of*
*Friendly Companionship*

Copr. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin